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THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF KING HENRY VIII

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE LIFE OF
KING HENRY VIII

THE LIFE AND
DEATH OF KING
JOHN



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PREFACE

By ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eighth was printed for the first time in the First Folio. There was no Quarto edition of the play.

The text of the play is singularly free from corruptions; the Acts and Scenes are indicated throughout; ¹ the stage-directions are full and explicit.² Rowe first supplied, imperfectly, the *Dramatis Personæ*.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

Henry the Eighth was undoubtedly acted as "a new play" on June 29, 1613, and resulted in the destruction by fire of the Globe Theater on that day. The evidence on this point seems absolutely conclusive:—

(i) Thomas Lorkin, in a letter dated "this last of June" 1613, referring to the catastrophe of the previous day, says: "No longer since than yesterday, while Bourbage his companie were acting at the Globe the play of *Henry VIII*, and their shooting of certayne chambers in the way of triumph, the fire catch'd," etc.

¹ Except in the case of Act V. scene iii., where no change of scene is marked in the folio. "*Exeunt*" is not added at the end of the previous scene, but it is quite clear that the audience was to imagine a change of scene from the outside to the inside of the Council-chamber. The stage-direction runs:—"A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and placed under the state," etc.

² The lengthy stage-direction at the beginning of Act V. Sc. v. was taken straight from Holinshed; similarly, the order of the Coronation in Act IV. sc. i.

(ii) Sir Henry Wotton, writing to his nephew on July 2, 1613, tells how the Globe was burnt down during the performance "of a new play, called *All is True*,¹ representing some principal pieces of the reign of *Henry the 8th*. . . . Now, King *Henry* making a Masque at the Cardinal *Wolsey's* House, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry,² some of the paper, and other stuff, where-

¹ *Cp.* Prologue to *Henry VIII*, ll. 9, 18, 21:—

"May here find truth."

"To rank our chosen truth with such a show."

"To make that only true we now intend."

The second name of the play may very well have been a counterblast to the title of Rowley's *Chronicle History of Henry 8th*, "*When you see me you know me*," and perhaps also of Heywood's plays on Queen Elizabeth, "*If you know not me, you know no body*." It is possible that both Prologue and Epilogue of *Henry VIII* refer to Rowley's play, "the merry bawdy play," with its "fool and fight," and its "abuse of the city."

"*When you see Me*" was certainly "the Enterlude of K. Henry VIII" entered in the Stationers' Books under the date of February 12, 1604 (-5), which has sometimes been identified with Shakespeare's play.

It is noteworthy that the play, first published in 1605, was re-issued in 1613. The same is true of the First Part of Heywood's play. This play of Heywood's called forth the well-known prologue, wherein the author protested

"That some by stenography drew

The plot: put it in print: scarce one word trew."

Similarly, the *Chronicle History of Thomas Lord Cromwell*, originally printed in 1602, was re-issued in 1613 with the mendacious or equivocal statement on the title-page, "*written by W. S.*"

We know from Henslowe's *Diary* that there were at least two plays on Wolsey which held the stage in 1601, 1602, *The Rising of Cardinal Wolsey*, by Munday, Drayton & Chettle, and *Cardinal Wolsey*, by Chettle.

An edition of Rowley's play, by Karl Elze, with Introduction and Notes, was published in 1874 (Williams & Norgate).

² *Vide* Act I. sc. iv. 44-51, with stage direction:—"Chambers discharged."

with one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch," etc.

(iii) John Chamberlain, in a letter to Sir Ralph Winwood (*vide* Winwood's *Memorials*), dated July 12, 1613, alludes to the burning of the theater, "which fell out by a peale of chambers (that I know not upon what occasion were to be used in the play)."

(iv) Howes, in his continuation of Stowe's *Chronicle* (1615) says that the fire took place when the house was "filled with people, to behold the play, viz., of Henry the 8."

(v) Ben Jonson, in his *Execration vpon Vulcan*, refers to "that cruel strategem against the Globe"

"The fort of the whole parish,
I saw with two poor chambers taken in,
And razed; ere thought could urge this might have been!"¹

Internal evidence seems to corroborate this external evidence, and to point to *circa* 1612 as the date of *Henry VIII*. The panegyric on James I, with its probable reference (V, v, 51-3) to the first settlements of Virginia in 1607, and to subsequent settlements contemplated in 1612² (or to the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Elec-

¹ There were also several "lamentable ballads" on the event; one of them, *if genuine*, is of special interest, as it has for the burden at the end of each stanza:—

"O sorrow, pitiful sorrow!
And yet it all is true!"

The fifth stanza is significant:—

Away ran Lady Catherine,
Nor waited out her trial.

(*Vide* Collier, *Annals of the Stage*.) The authenticity of the ballad is most doubtful.

Halliwell doubted the identity of *All is True* and Shakespeare's play, because he found a reference in a ballad to the fact that "*the reprobates . . . prayed for the Foole and Henrye Condyne*," and there is no fool in the play, but the ballad does not imply that there was a fool's part.

² A state lottery was set up expressly for the establishment of English Colonies in Virginia in 1612.

tor Palatine which took place on February 14, 1613), fixes the late date for the play in its present form.

Some scholars have, however, held that it was originally composed either (i) towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, or (ii) at the beginning of the reign of her successor. Elze attempted, without success, to maintain the former supposition by eliminating (as later additions) not only the references to King James, but also the scene between Katharine and the Cardinals, and most of Katharine's death scene, so as to make the play a sort of apology for Henry, a glorification of Anne Boleyn, and an apotheosis of Elizabeth.¹ Hunter held the latter view, discovering *inter alia* that the last scene was "to exhibit the respect which rested on the memory of Elizabeth, and the hopeful anticipations which were entertained on the accession of King James."²

At all events no critic has attempted to regard the great trial-scene as a later interpolation, and this scene may therefore be taken to be an integral part of Shakespeare's work; it is a companion picture to the trial in *The Winter's Tale*; Hermione and Katharine are twin-sisters, "queens of earthly queens"; and indeed the general characteristics, metrical and otherwise, of this and other typically Shakespearean scenes, give a well-grounded impression that the two plays belong to the same late period, and that we probably have in *Henry VIII* "the last heir" of the poet's invention. "The opening of the play," wrote James Spedding, recording the effect produced by a careful reading of the whole, "seemed to have the full stamp of Shakespeare, in his latest manner: the same close-packed expression; the same life, and reality, and freshness; the same rapid and abrupt turnings of thought, so quick that language can hardly follow fast enough; the same im-

¹ *Vide Essays on Shakespeare by Professor Karl Elze* (translated by L. Dora Schmitz); *cp.* German Shakespeare, *Jahrbuch*, 1874. Collier held a similar theory, which numbers many advocates among the old Shakespearians—*e. g.* Theobald, Johnson, Steevens, Malone, etc.

² *New Illustrations to Shakespeare*, II. 101.

patient activity of intellect and fancy, which having once disclosed an idea cannot wait to work it orderly out; the same daring confidence in the resources of language, which plunges headlong into a sentence without knowing how it is to come forth; the same careless meter which disdains to produce its harmonious effects by the ordinary devices, yet is evidently subject to a master of harmony; the same entire freedom from book-language and common-place; all the qualities, in short, which distinguish the magical hand which has never yet been successfully imitated.”¹ But the magical touch is not found throughout the play.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE PLAY

As early as 1758, in Edward’s *Canons of Criticism* (sixth edition), Roderick called attention to the following peculiarities in the versification of Henry VIII:—(i) the frequent occurrence of a redundant syllable at the end of line; (ii) the remarkable character of the cæsuræ, or pauses of the verse; (iii) the clashing of the emphasis with the cadence of the meter. The subject received no serious attention for well-nigh a century, until in 1850 Mr. Spedding published his striking study of the play, wherein he elaborated a suggestion casually thrown out “by a man of first-rate judgment on such a point” (viz., the late Lord Tennyson), that many passages in *Henry VIII* were very much in the manner of *Fletcher*. Basing his conclusions on considerations of dramatic construction, diction, meter, and subtle æsthetic criteria, he assigned to Shakespeare Act I, sc. i, ii; Act II, sc. iii, iv; Act III, sc. ii (to exit of the King); Act V, sc. i, and all the rest of the play to Fletcher (though, possibly, even a third hand can be detected).²

Shakespeare’s original design was probably “a great

¹ “Who wrote Shakespeare’s *Henry VIII*?” (*Gentleman’s Magazine*, 1850); “New Shakespeare Society’s Papers,” 1874.

² *N. B.*—Wolsey’s famous soliloquy falls to Fletcher’s share.

As regards the Prologue and Epilogue, they seem Fletcherian; the former may well be compared with the lines prefixed to *The Mad*

historical drama on the subject of Henry VIII, which would have included the divorce of Katharine, the fall of Wolsey, the rise of Cranmer, the coronation of Anne Bullen, and the final separation of the English from the Romish Church." He had carried out his idea as far as Act III, when his fellows at the Globe required a new play for some special occasion (perhaps the marriage of Princess Elizabeth) the MS. was handed over to Fletcher, who elaborated a five-act play, suitable to the occasion, "by interspersing scenes of show and magnificence"; a splendid "historical masque or show-play" was the result.¹

Spedding's views on *Henry VIII* are now generally accepted;² they were immediately confirmed by Mr. S. Hickson, who had been investigating the matter independently (*Notes and Queries*, II, p. 198; III, p. 33), and later on by Mr. Fleay and others, who subjected the various portions of the play to the metrical tests.³

Lover; they are, however, so contradictory, that one would fain assign them to different hands.

¹ The panegyric at the end is quite in the Masque-style; so, too, the Vision in Act IV. scene ii.; compare *Pericles*, V. ii.; *Cymbeline*, V. iv., both similarly un-Shakespearean. The Masque in *The Tempest* is also of somewhat doubtful authorship. Mr. Fleay suggested as an explanation of the dual authorship that that part of Shakespeare's play was burned at the Globe, and that Fletcher was employed to rewrite this part; that in doing so he used such material as he recollected from his hearing of Shakespeare's play. Hence the superiority of his work here over that elsewhere (*vide Shakespeare Manual*, p. 171).

² Singer, Knight, Ward, Ulrici, do not accept the theory of a divided authorship. In the *Transactions of the New Shak. Soc.* for 1880-5, there is a paper by Mr. Robert Boyle, putting forth the theory that the play was written by Fletcher and Massinger, and that the original Shakespearean play perished altogether in the Globe fire.

³ These tests seem decisive against Shakespeare's sole authorship. Dr. Abbot (*Shakespearian Grammar*, p. 331) states emphatically:—"The fact that in *Henry VIII*, and in no other play of Shakespeare's, constant exceptions are formed to this rule (that an extra syllable at the end of a line is rarely a monosyllable) seems to me a sufficient proof that Shakespeare did not write that play."

THE SOURCES

There were four main sources used for the historical facts of the play:—(i) Hall's *Union of the Families of Lancaster and York* (1st ed. 1548); (ii) Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland* (1st ed. 1577; 2nd ed. 1586); (iii) *The Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, by George Cavendish, his gentleman-usher (first printed in 1641; MSS. of the work were common); (iv) Foxe's *Acts and Monuments of the Church* (1st ed. 1563). The last-named book afforded the materials for the Fifth Act.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE PLAY

Though the play keeps in many places the very diction of the authorities, yet its chronology is altogether capricious, as will be seen from the following table of historic dates, arranged in the order of the play:—¹

1520. June. Field of the Cloth of Gold.
 1522. March. War declared with France.
 May–July. Visit of the Emperor to the English Court.
 1521. April 16. Buckingham brought to the Tower.
 1527. Henry becomes acquainted with Anne Bullen.
 1521. May. Arraignment of Buckingham.
 May 17. His execution.

The following table will show at a glance the metrical characteristics of the parts:—

	SHAKESPEARE.	FLETCHER.	
double endings	1 to 3	1 to 1.7	} proportion.
unstopped lines	1 to 2.03	1 to 3.79	
light endings	45	7	} number.
weak endings	37	1	
rhymes	6 (<i>accidental</i>)	10	

¹ Vide P. A. Daniel's *Time Analysis*, *Trans. of New Shak. Soc.*, 1877–79; cp. Courtenay's *Commentaries on the Historical Plays*; Warner's *English History in Shakespeare*.

1527. August. Commencement of proceedings for the divorce.
1528. October. Cardinal Campeius arrives in London.
1532. September. Anne Bullen created Marchioness of Pembroke.
1529. May. Assembly of the Court at Blackfriars to try the case of the divorce.
1529. } Cranmer abroad working for the divorce.
1533. }
1529. Return of Cardinal Campeius to Rome.
1533. January. Marriage of Henry with Anne Bullen.
1529. October. Wolsey deprived of the great seal.
Sir Thomas More chosen Lord Chancellor.
1533. March 30. Cranmer consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury.
- May 23. Nullity of the marriage with Katherine declared.
1530. November 29. Death of Cardinal Wolsey.
1533. June 1. Coronation of Anne.
1536. January 8. Death of Queen Katherine.
1533. September 7. Birth of Elizabeth.
1544. Cranmer called before the Council.
1533. September. Christening of Elizabeth.

DURATION OF ACTION

From the above it is clear that the historical events of the play cover a period of twenty-four years; the time of the play, however, is seven days, represented on the stage, with intervals:—

- Day 1.* Act I, sc. i–iv. *Interval.*
- Day 2.* Act II, sc. i–iii.
- Day 3.* Act II, sc. iv.
- Day 4.* Act III, sc. i. *Interval.*
- Day 5.* Act III, sc. ii. *Interval.*
- Day 6.* Act IV, sc. i, ii. *Interval.*
- Day 7.* Act V, sc. i–iv.

INTRODUCTION

By HENRY NORMAN HUDSON, A.M.

The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eighth was first published in the folio of 1623, with a text unusually correct for the time, with the acts and scenes regularly marked throughout, and with the stage-directions more full and particular than in any of the previous dramas. That it should have been printed so accurately is the more remarkable, inasmuch as the construction of the sentences is often greatly involved, the meaning in many places very obscure, and the versification irregular to the last degree of dramatic freedom throughout.

The date of the composition has been more variously argued and concluded than can well be accounted for, considering the clearness and coherence of the premises. The Globe Theater was burned down June 29, 1613. Howes, in his continuation of Stowe's *Chronicle*, recording this event some time after it took place, speaks of "the house being filled with people to behold the play of Henry the Eighth." And in the Harleian Manuscripts is a letter from Thomas Lorkin to Sir Thomas Puckering, dated "London, this last of June," and containing the following: "No longer since than yesterday, while Burbage his company were acting at the Globe the play of *Henry VIII*, and there shooting of certain chambers in triumph, the fire caught, and fastened upon the thatch of the house, and there burned so furiously, as it consumed the whole house, and in less than two hours, the people having enough to do to save themselves." But the most particular account of the event is in a letter written by Sir Henry Wotton to his nephew, and dated July 6, 1613:

“Now to let matters of state sleep, I will entertain you at the present with what happened this week at the Bank-side. The king’s players had a *new play*, called *All is True*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the Eighth, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage; the knights of the order with their Georges and Garter, the guards with their embroidered coats and the like; sufficient, in truth, within a while to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now, King Henry making a mask at the Cardinal Wolsey’s house, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper, or other stuff wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where, being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes being more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming within less than an hour the whole house to the very ground. This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabric, wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks: only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broiled him, if he had not, by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with bottle ale.”

From all which it would seem that the play originally had a double title, one referring to the plan, the other to the material, of the composition. At all events, Sir Henry’s description clearly identifies the play to have been the one now in hand; and it will hardly be questioned that he knew what he was about when he called it a *new play*. And the title whereby he distinguishes it is in some sort bespoken in the Prologue; while, in the kind of interest sought to be awakened, the whole play is strictly corresponding therewith; the Poet being here more than in any other case studious of truth in the historical sense, and adhering, not always indeed to the actual order of events, but with singular closeness throughout to their actual import and form. In short, a kind of historical conscience, a scrupulous fidelity to fact, is manifestly the

regulating and informing *thought* of the piece; as if the Poet had here undertaken to set forth a drama made up emphatically of "chosen truth," insomuch that it should in all fairness deserve the significant title, *All is True*.

This of course infers the play to have been written as late as 1612, and perhaps not before the beginning of 1613. And herewith agrees that part of Cranmer's prophecy in the last scene, declaring that

"Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations";

which can scarce be understood otherwise than as referring to the *new nation* founded by King James in America, the first charter of Virginia being issued in 1606, the colony planted and *James-Town* settled in 1607, and a second charter granted, and a lottery opened in aid of the colonists, in 1612. It will not be out of place to adduce here the well-known passage from the *Diary* of the Rev. J. Ward, who became vicar of the church at Stratford in 1662, forty-six years after the Poet's death. "I have heard," says he, "that Mr. Shakespeare was a natural wit, without any art at all; he frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year." That this statement is in all points strictly true, is not pretended; nor does the writer give any part of it as a fact, but merely as what "I have heard": as to that about the "two plays every year," the most that can be said is, that it probably had some basis of truth; which basis may have been merely that Shakespeare continued to write for the stage after he retired to Stratford. And that the reverend author took no small interest in the person he was writing about, may be safely presumed from the rule he lays down for himself just after: "Remember to peruse Shakespeare's plays, and be versed in them, that I may not be ignorant in that matter." The precise date of Shakespeare's retirement from the stage has not been ascer-

tained: most probably it was some time in the course of 1610 or the following year; and there are none of his plays which, whether by internal or external marks, appear more likely to have been written after that time, than *King Henry VIII.* In style and diction it has much the same peculiarities, only in a still higher degree, as *The Tempest*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Cymbeline*, which there is every reason to believe were written during or near the period in question.

Notwithstanding all this evidence, the notion more commonly held is, that the play was written before the death of Elizabeth, which took place in March, 1603. The only reason worth naming alleged for this is, that the Poet would not have been likely to glorify her reign so amply after her death. And because there is still less likelihood that during her life he would have glorified in so large a measure the reign of her successor, therefore resort is had to the theory, that in June, 1613, the play was revived under a new title, which caused Sir Henry Wotton to think it *a new play*, and that the Prologue was then written and the passage concerning James interpolated by Ben Jonson. Which position needs no other answer, than that it is unsupported by any real evidence: it is a sheer conjecture, devised of purpose to meet the exigency of a foregone conclusion. And, surely, the evidence must be pretty strong, to warrant the belief that Jonson would have exercised such a liberal patronage over any of Shakespeare's plays while the author was yet living. And as for the passage touching James, we can perceive no such signs as have been alleged of its being an after insertion: the awkwardness of connection, which has been so confidently affirmed as betraying a second hand or a second time, seems altogether imaginary: the passage knits in as smoothly as need be with what precedes and follows, is of the same cast, color, and complexion, and, in brief, is perfectly in course and keeping with the whole drift and upshot of Cranmer's magnificent prediction. We speak the more strongly on this subject, for that the interpolation

has been assumed as beyond controversy, and the lines printed in brackets, as having no right to be considered a part of the original play. And it is worthy of special note, that the words,—“She shall be an *aged princess*,”—have not been included in the brackets; which, notwithstanding, are precisely what any man would have least dared to write, unless he meant that writing should be his last, while the great queen was living.

Nor is it easy to discover in the play itself any very strong indications of its having been written with a special view to please Elizabeth. The design, so far as she was anywise concerned therein, seems much rather to have been, to please the people by whom she was all-beloved during her life, and, if possible, still more so when, after the lapse of a few years, her prudence, her courage, and her magnanimity, save where her female jealousies were touched, had been set off to greater advantage by the blunders and infirmities of her speech-wise, act-fool successor. For it is well known that for a long while the popular feeling run back so strongly to her government, that James had no way but to fall in with and swell the current, notwithstanding the strong causes which he had, both public and personal, to execrate her memory. The play has an evident making in with this feeling, unsolicitous, generally, of what would have been likely to make in, and sometimes boldly adventurous of what would have been sure to make out, with the object of it. Such an appreciative representation of the meek and honorable sorrows of Katharine, so nobly-proud, yet in that pride so gentle and true-hearted; her dignified submission, wherein her rights as a woman and a wife are firmly watched and sweetly maintained, yet the sharpest eye cannot detect the least swerving from duty; her brave and eloquent sympathy with the plundered people, pleading their cause in the face of royal and reverend rapacity, and that with an energetic simplicity which even the witchcraft of Wolsey's tongue cannot sophisticate; and all this set in open contrast with the worldly-minded levity, and the equiv-

ocal, or at least the qualified, virtue of her rival, and with the sensual, hard-hearted, hypocritical tyranny of the king;—surely the Poet must have known a great deal less, or else a great deal more, than anybody else, of the haughty daughter of that rival and that king, to have thought of pleasing her by such a representation.

Mr. Collier, who holds much the same view as here expressed, so far as regards the prophecies touching Elizabeth and James, has however a third view as to the date of the composition. He thinks that the play was probably brought out at the Globe Theater in the summer of 1604, and that what Sir Henry Wotton described in 1613 as “a new play, called *All is True*,” was the work of another person. His only ground for this opinion is the following entry in the Stationers’ Register, made to Nathaniel Butter, February 12, 1605: “If he get good allowance for the Interlude of King Henry VIII before he begins to print it, and then procure the wardens’ hands to it for the entrance of it, he is to have the same for his copy.” Had there been at that time no other dramatic performance on the subject of Henry the Eighth, this would indeed go far to prove, not that the play described by Sir Henry was not Shakespeare’s, but that he was mistaken in calling it *new*. But it seems quite probable that the above-quoted entry relates to another play by Samuel Rowley, published in 1605, and entitled *When you see me you know me, or The Famous Chronicle History of King Henry the Eighth*.

The historical matter of this play, so far as relates to the fall of Wolsey and the divorcement of Katharine, was originally derived from George Cavendish, who was gentleman-usher to the great cardinal, and himself an eyewitness of much that he describes. His *Life of Master Wolsey* is among the best specimens extant of the older English literature; the narrative being set forth in a clear, simple, manly eloquence, which in some of his finest passages the Poet has almost literally transcribed. Whether his book had been published in Shakespeare’s time, is un-

certain, but so much of it as fell within the plot of the drama had been embodied in the *Chronicles of Holinshed* and *Stowe*. That the Poet may have read it either in manuscript or in some unknown edition, is indeed possible: howbeit, the play yields no evidence of his having gone beyond the pages of the chronicler. We subjoin a pretty full statement of the matter as it stands in *Holinshed*; where the reader will be apt to feel a certain first-hand directness and spirit, as though the words had been caught and kept in all their racy freshness, as they fell from the original speakers.

In the summer of 1527, something over six years after the death of Buckingham, it began to be whispered in London, how the king had been told by Dr. Longland, bishop of Lincoln, and others, that his marriage with Katharine was not lawful; and how for that cause he was thinking to put her away, and marry the duchess of Alencon, sister to the king of France. Hearing that this rumor was going, the king sent for the mayor, and charged him to see that the people ceased from such talk. The next year, however, the trouble, which, it seems, had long been secretly brewing in the king's conscience touching that matter, broke out sure enough. Whether this doubt were first moved by the cardinal or by Longland, the king's confessor, at all events, in doubt he was; and therefore he resolved to have the case examined and cleared by sufficient authority. And, in truth, the blame of having cast this scruple into his mind was commonly laid upon Wolsey, because of his known hatred to the emperor, Charles V, who was nephew to Katharine, and who had refused him the archbishopric of Toledo, for which he was a suitor. Therefore he sought to procure a divorce, that Henry might be free to knit a fast friendship with the French king by marrying his sister. In pursuance of his resolution Henry wrote to Rome, desiring that a legate might be sent over to hear and determine the cause; and the consistory sent Cardinal Campeius, a man of great judgment and experience, with whom was joined the car-

dinal of York. Upon his coming, which was in October, 1528, the king, knowing that the queen was somewhat wedded to her opinion, and wishing her to do nothing without counsel, bade her choose the best clerks in his realm, and licensed them to do the best they could for her. She having made her selection, the great hall at Black-Friars was fixed upon and fitted up for the trial.

The court began its work on June 21, 1529. All things being ready, at the command of the scribe the crier called, "Henry, king of England, come into the court. With that the king answered, Here. Then called he, Katharine, queen of England, come into the court. Who made no answer, but rose out of her chair; and, because she could not come to the king directly for the distance between them, she went about by the court, and came to the king, kneeling down at his feet. Sir, quoth she, I desire you to do me justice and right, and take some pity upon me; for I am a poor woman, and a stranger, born out of your dominion, having here no indifferent counsel, and less assurance of friendship. Alas, sir, in what have I offended you, or what occasion of displeasure have I showed you, intending thus to put me from you? I take God to my judge, I have been to you a true and humble wife, ever conformable to your will and pleasure, and being always contented with all things wherein you had any delight, whether little or much: without grudge or displeasure, I loved for your sake all them whom you loved, whether they were my friends or enemies. I have been your wife these twenty years and more, and you have had by me divers children. If there be any just cause that you can allege against me, either of dishonesty, or of matter lawful to put me from you, I am content to depart to my shame and rebuke: and if there be none, then I pray you to let me have justice at your hand. The king your father was in his time of excellent wit; and the king of Spain my father, Ferdinand, was reckoned one of the wisest princes that reigned in Spain many years before. It is not to be doubted, that they had gathered as wise

counselors unto them of every realm, who deemed the marriage between you and me good and lawful. Wherefore I humbly desire you to spare me, until I may know what counsel my friends in Spain will advise me to take; and if you will not, then your pleasure be fulfilled.

“Here is to be noted, that the queen in presence of the whole court most grievously accused the cardinal of untruth, deceit, and malice, which had sown dissension betwixt her and the king; and therefore openly protested that she did utterly abhor, refuse, and forsake such a judge, who was not only a malicious enemy to her, but also a manifest adversary to all right and justice: and therewith did she appeal unto the pope, committing her whole cause to be judged of him. With that she arose up, making a low courtesy to the king, and departed. The king, being advertised that she was ready to go out of the house, commanded the crier to call her again; who called, Katharine, queen of England, come into the court. With that quoth master Griffith, Madam, you be called again. On, on, quoth she; it maketh no matter: I will not tarry; go on your ways. And thus she departed, without any further answer at that time, or any other; and never would appear after in any court. The king, perceiving she was departed, said these words in effect: Forasmuch as the queen is gone, I will in her absence declare to you all, that she has been to me as true, as obedient, and as conformable a wife, as I would wish or desire. She hath all the virtuous qualities that ought to be in a woman: she is also surely noble born; her conditions well declare the same.

“With that quoth the cardinal, Sir, I most humbly require your highness to declare before all this audience, whether I have been the chief and first mover of this matter unto your majesty, or no; for I am greatly suspected herein. My lord cardinal, quoth the king, I can well excuse you in this matter; marry, you have been rather against me, than a setter-forward or mover of the same. The special cause that moved me was a scrupulosity that

pricked my conscience, upon certain words spoken by the bishop of Bayonne, the French ambassador, who had been hither sent upon the debating of a marriage between our daughter the lady Mary and the duke of Orleans. Upon the resolution and determination whereof, he desired respite to advertise the king his master, whether our daughter Mary should be legitimate, in respect of my marriage with this woman, being sometime my brother's wife. Which words within the secret bottom of my conscience engendered such a scrupulous doubt, whereby I thought myself to be greatly in danger of God's indignation; which appeared the rather, for that He sent us no issue male, and all such issue male as my wife had by me died incontinent after they came into the world.

"Thus my conscience being tossed in the waves of a scrupulous mind, it behooved me further to consider the state of this realm, and the danger it stood in for lack of a prince to succeed me. I thought it good in release of the weighty burden of my conscience to attempt the law therein, whether I may take another wife more lawfully, by whom God may send me more issue, and not for any misliking of the queen's person and age, with whom I would be as well contented, if our marriage may stand with the laws of God, as with any woman alive. In this point consisteth all that we now go about to try, by the wisdom of you, our prelates and pastors, to whose conscience and learning I have committed the charge and judgment. After that I perceived my conscience so doubtful, I moved it in confession to you, my lord of Lincoln, then ghostly father. And forasmuch as you were in some doubt, you moved me to ask the counsel of all these lords: whereupon I moved you, my lord of Canterbury, first to have your license to put this matter in question; and so I did of all you, my lords, which you granted under your seals. After that, the king rose up, and the court was adjourned till another day. The legates sat weekly, and every day were arguments brought in on both parts, and still they assayed if they could procure the

queen to call back her appeal, which she utterly refused to do. The king would gladly have had an end in the matter; but when the legates drove time, and determined no point, he conceived a suspicion, that this was of purpose that their doings might draw to no conclusion.

“Thus the court passed from session to session, till the king sent the two cardinals to the queen, who was then in Bridewell, to advise her to surrender the whole matter into the king’s hands, which should be much better to her honor, than to stand to the trial of law. The cardinals being in the queen’s chamber of presence, the gentleman-usher advertised the queen that they were come to speak with her. With that she rose up, and, with a skein of white thread about her neck, came into her chamber where they were attending. Quoth she, What is your pleasure with me? If it please your grace, quoth Cardinal Wolsey, to go into your privy chamber, we will show you the cause of our coming. My lord, quoth she, if ye have any thing to say, speak it openly before all these folk; for I fear nothing that ye can say against me, but I would all the world should hear and see it. Then began the cardinal to speak to her in Latin. Nay, good my lord, quoth she, speak to me in English. Forsooth, good madam, quoth the cardinal, we come to know your mind in this matter between the king and you, and to declare secretly our opinions and counsel unto you; which we do only for very zeal and obedience we bear unto your grace. My lord, quoth she, I thank you for your good will; but to make answer in your request I cannot so suddenly; for I was set among my maids at work, thinking full little of any such matter; wherein there needeth a longer deliberation, and a better head than mine: I need counsel in this case which toucheth me so near; and for any counsel or friendship that I can find in England, they are not for my profit. What think you, my lords, will any Englishman counsel me, or be friend to me against the king’s pleasure? Nay, forsooth; as for my counsel, in whom I will put my trust, they be not here, they be in Spain, in my own coun-

try.—My lords, I am a poor woman, lacking wit to answer to any such noble persons of wisdom as you be, in so weighty a matter: therefore, I pray you, be good to me, destitute of friends here in a foreign region; and your counsel also I will be glad to hear. And therewith she took the cardinal by the hand, and led him into her privy chamber with the other cardinal; where they tarried a season, talking with the queen: which communication ended, they departed to the king, making to him relation of her talk.”

All men now looked for a conclusion of the case the next day; but, when the time came, Campeius, instead of giving judgment, dissolved the court, saying that, as the defendant had appealed her cause to Rome, he could take no further action, but would lay all their proceedings before the pope, and abide by his decision; which delay was highly offensive to the king. Meanwhile Wolsey had been apprised that the king had set his heart upon Anne Boleyn, the queen's maid of honor. Foreseeing that if the divorce were granted the king would marry her, he set himself to defeat that match, which he thought was most of all to be avoided. The queen's appeal to Rome still pending, he sent letters and secret messengers, requesting the pope to defer judgment in the case till he could mold the king to his purpose. But his doings were not so secret but that the king got knowledge of them, and thereupon took so great displeasure that he resolved to abase the cardinal; which when the nobles perceived, they began to accuse him of such offenses as they knew could be proved, and, having drawn up certain articles, got divers of the king's council to set their hands to them. The king was now informed that what the cardinal had done in virtue of his legantine power fell under the statute of *præmunire*, and, a parliament being called, he caused his attorney to make out a writ to that effect. On November 17, 1529, he sent the dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, requiring him to surrender the great seal, and retire to Asher, a house near Hampton-court, belonging to the bishopric of Winchester.

Wolsey refused to give up the seal without further proof of their authority, saying that the king had entrusted it to him for the term of his life, and confirmed the gift with letters-patent. After a great many words between them, the dukes went off without it, and returned the next day with a written order from the king; whereupon the cardinal yielded, made over his whole personal estate to the king, and threw himself entirely on his mercy.

So big was this great man's grief, that about Christmas he was taken down with a threatening fever. On hearing of his danger, the king exclaimed,—“God forbid that he should die! I would not lose him for twenty thousand pounds.” He then forthwith sent three physicians to Asher, assured the sick man of his unabated attachment, and persuaded Anne Boleyn to send him a tablet of gold as a token of reconciliation. In the course of the winter Wolsey retired to his office as archbishop of York, the king having arrested the *præmunire* so far as to reserve him the revenues of that see and of Winchester. At this time many of his servants, the chief of whom was Thomas Cromwell, left his service, and entered the king's. It is said that he kept Easter at Peterborough, with a train of a hundred and sixty persons; and that “upon Maundy-Thursday he there had nine-and-fifty poor men, whose feet he washed, and gave every one twelve pence in money, three ells of good canvas, a pair of shoes, a cast of red herrings and three white herrings, and one of them had two shillings.” By his great thoughts, gentle acts, and liberal and gracious deportment, he was winning the hearts of all about him; on which account his enemies, fearing he might yet reinstate himself, spared no efforts to complete his undoing. Accordingly, the following November, at his manor of Cawood, he was arrested for high treason by the earl of Northumberland. On his way to London he spent several days at Sheffield park with the earl of Shrewsbury, where he was taken very ill with a fever and a flux which greatly reduced his strength. There he was met by Kingston, constable of the Tower, to whom it had

been given in charge to conduct him to London. On first coming into his presence Kingston kneeled down; but he said,—“I pray you, stand up; kneel not to me; I am but a wretch replete with misery, utterly cast away.” From thence he rode onward three days, by short and easy journeys, the flux continuing with great violence, till at length on the third day “he waxed so sick that he was almost fallen from his mule.” After night-fall he came to Leicester abbey, where, at his coming, the abbot and all the convent went out to meet him with lighted torches, and received him with great honor; and he said,—“Father abbot, I am come hither to lay my bones among you.” Having alighted, he immediately took his chamber and went to bed, where his sickness still increased. Three days after, “on Tuesday even, master Kingston came to him, and bade him good-morrow, for it was about six of the clock, and asked him how he did. Sir, quoth he, I tarry but the pleasure of God, to render up my poor soul into His hands. Not so, sir, quoth master Kingston; with the grace of God, ye shall live, and do very well, if ye will be of good cheer. Nay, in good sooth, master Kingston; my disease is such that I cannot live. Sir, quoth master Kingston, you be in much pensiveness, doubting that thing that in good faith ye need not. Well, well, master Kingston, quoth the cardinal; I see the matter how it is framed: but if I had served God as diligently as I have done the king, He would not have given me over in my gray hairs. But it is the just reward that I must receive for the pains and study I have had, to do him service, not regarding my service to God. When the clock struck eight he gave up the ghost, and departed this life; which caused some to call to remembrance how he said the day before, that at eight of the clock they should lose their master.”

This was on November 29, 1530. The Poet, with fine dramatic effect, and without any prejudice to the essential truth of history, represents the death of Katharine as occurring shortly after, though in fact it did not occur till

January 8, 1536. In July, 1531, Katharine withdrew from the court, and took up her abode at Ampthill. Upon receiving from Henry an order to do thus, she replied that to whatever place she removed, nothing could remove her from being the king's wife. Long before this time the king had been trying to persuade Anne Boleyn to be a sort of left-handed wife to him; but an older sister of hers having already held such a place and had enough of it, she stood out, being resolved to be his right-handed wife, or none at all; and, as the queen still persisted in her appeal, she still held off till she should see more prospect of the divorce being carried through. In September, 1532, she was created marchioness of Pembroke, with a thousand pounds a year, to which as much more was added soon after; and at length the king was privately married to her January 25, following. Cranmer became archbishop of Canterbury the next March, and went directly about the business of the divorce; an act of parliament having been lately passed, forbidding appeals to Rome under the penalty of *præmunire*. The archbishop, assisted by four bishops and divers other learned men, held his court in May at Dunstable, about six miles from Ampthill, where Katharine was still residing. "There she was cited to appear before the archbishop in cause of matrimony, and at the day of appearance she appeared not, but made default; and so she was called peremptorily every day fifteen days together; and at the last, for lack of appearance, by the assent of all the learned men there present she was divorced from the king, and the marriage declared to be void and of none effect."

This was followed, in June, by the coronation of the new queen, and, in September, by the birth and christening of the Princess Elizabeth. Soon after the divorce, Katharine removed to Kimbolton, where, in the course of the next year, she had to digest the hard intelligence, how the cold-hearted ruffianism of Henry, no longer tempered by the eloquence of the great cardinal, nor awed by the virtue of the good queen, had broken forth upon her

friends, and sucked the righteous blood of Fisher and More. Well might the poor woman die of a broken heart! And so, in truth, she did: yet no threats or promises could induce her to forego the title of queen; neither would she allow herself to be addressed in any other style, though the king had put forth an order making it treason to give her any title but that of Princess Dowager. The story of her death is thus told by Holinshed: "The Princess Dowager, ying at Kimbolton, fell into her last sickness, whereof the king being advertised appointed the emperor's ambassador, named Eustachius Capucius, to visit her, and will her to be of good comfort. The ambassador with all diligence did his duty therein; but she within six days after, perceiving herself to wax very weak and feeble, and to feel death approaching, caused one of her gentlewomen to write a letter to the king, commending to him her daughter and his, beseeching him to stand good father unto her. Further, she desired him to have some consideration for her gentlewomen that had served her, and to see them bestowed in marriage; and that it would please him to appoint that her servants might have their due and a year's wages besides. This in effect was all she requested; and so immediately she departed this life, and was buried at Peterborough."

The fifth act of this play is remarkable in that it yields a further disclosure as to Shakespeare's reading. Some of the incidents and, in many cases, the very words are taken from Fox the Martyrologist, whose *Acts and Monuments of the Church*, first published in 1563, had grown to be a very popular book in the Poet's time.

And it is to be noted that the Poet has here again judiciously departed from the actual order of events. For the passage between Cranmer and the Privy Council took place in 1544, more than eleven years after the event with which the play closes. Of course the inherent adaptedness of the matter to a sound and legitimate stage-effect did not escape the Poet's eye; and he has certainly used it to that end with sufficient skill and judgment: but as

the design of the piece required that it should wind up with the birth and christening of Elizabeth, he had no way to avail himself of that matter, but by anticipating and drawing it back to an earlier period. Thus far we have only a principle of dramatic convenience for the transposition. But there is really a much deeper reason for it. For the passage in question yields the most forcible and pertinent instance of that steady support of Cranmer by the king, which was necessary to prepare the way for the final establishing of the Reformation on Elizabeth's coming to the crown. So that the matter is substantially connected with the ushering in of that new era in the national life, which was to form the chief strength and glory of her reign, and with the prevision of which the drama was to conclude. For it is manifest that the main interest of the drama, taken as a whole, culminates in that national renovation of mind and soul which was to take its beginnings from or along with the establishing of the Reformed Faith: a sort of prophetic forecast to this effect runs through the play as an undercurrent, now and then working up to the surface in hopeful and joyous anticipation; while the whole ends by projecting the thoughts forward into the far-off glories thence resulting. Thus we may see that the king's treatment of Cranmer, so aptly instanced in the passage with the Privy Council, stands in some sort as the original and cause of those mighty interests which are gathered up and concentrated in the closing scene: though later in time than the birth of Elizabeth, it was in true logical and historical antecedence to the manifold great events which were bound up with her life, and which are appropriately made the theme of exultation at her christening.

It is a question of no little interest how far, and in what sort, the Poet has in this play committed himself to the Reformation; if at all, whether more as a religious or as a national movement. He certainly shows a good mind towards Cranmer, but nothing can be justly inferred from this, for he shows the same quite as much towards Kath-

arine; and the king's real motives for putting her away are made plain enough: all which bespeaks a judicial calmness and evenness of mind, such as could not easily be won to any thing savoring of advocacy or special-pleading. There are, however, several expressions in the play, especially that in Cranmer's prophecy respecting Elizabeth,—“In her days God shall be truly known,”—that indicate pretty clearly on which side the Poet stood in the great ecclesiastical question of the time: though it may be plausibly, if not fairly, urged that in all these cases he does but make the persons speak in proper keeping with their characters and circumstances, without projecting any thing of his individuality into them, or practising any ventriloquism about them; thus maintaining the usual aloofness of himself, his opinions, tastes, preferences, from his representations. Not by any means that we should make or admit any question of the Poet's being what would now be called a Protestant. That he was most truly and most wisely such, is shown unmistakably, we think, by the general complexion and toning of the piece, which, by the way, is the only one of his plays wherein this issue enters into the very structure and life of the work. It can scarce be thought that any man otherwise minded would have selected and ordered the materials of a drama so manifestly with a view to celebrate the glories of Elizabeth's reign, all the main features thereof being identified with that interest by foes as well as friends. But whether he were made such more by religious or by national sympathies, is another question, and one not to be decided so easily. For the honor and the liberties of England were then so held to be bound up with that cause, that the Poet's sound, sterling, honest English heart and the strong current of patriotic sentiment that flowed through his veins were enough of themselves to pledge him to it, and to secure it his enthusiastic and unreserved allegiance. That there was, practically, no breath for the stout, lusty nationality of old England but in the atmosphere of the Reformation, left no choice to such a downright,

thorough-paced Englishman as Shakespeare everywhere approves himself. So that all does but set off the Poet's equanimity in giving to each of the characters their due, and in letting them speak without fear or favor for themselves. That, in his view, they could best serve his ends by freely pursuing their own, is of course the best possible proof that his ends were right.

The main idea of this play, that whereon the grouping of the persons and the casting of the parts are made to proceed, is announced in the Prologue, thus:

"You see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat
Of thousand friends; then in a moment see
How soon this mightiness meets misery."

Here we have the key-note of the whole, that which draws and tempers the several particulars into consistency and harmony of effect. Accordingly the interest turns on a series of sudden and most affecting reverses. One after another the mighty are humbled and the lofty laid low, their prosperity being strained to a high pitch, as if on purpose to deepen their plunge, just when they have reached the summit with their hearts built up and settled to the height of their rising, and when the wheel of Fortune seems fast locked, with themselves at the top. First, we have the princely Buckingham in the full-blown pride of talents and station; made insolent and presumptuous by success; losing his self-control by the very elevation that renders it most needful; putting forth those leaves of hope which, as they express the worst parts of himself, of course provoke the worst parts of others, and so invite danger while blinding him to its approach: so that all things within and around him are thus made ripe for his final upsetting and ruin. Next, we have the patient and saintly Katharine sitting in state with the king, all that she can ask being given ere she asks it, sharing half his power, and appearing most worthy of it when most free to use it: she sees blessings flowing from her hand to the

people, and the honor and happiness of the nation reviving as she pleads for them; and her state seems secure, because it stands on nothing but virtue, and aims at nothing but the good of all within her reach, and because of her simple modesty and uprightness which no flatteries can surprise or beguile: yet even now the hypocritical king is cherishing in secret the passion that has already supplanted her from his heart, and his base crafty mind is plotting the means of divorcing her from his side; while at the same time he is weaving about her such a net of intrigue and conspiracy as may render her virtues, her very strength and beauty of character, powerless in her behalf, so that before she feels the meditated wrong all chance of redress is foreclosed. Then we have the overgreat cardinal who, from his plenitude of inward forces, cuts his way and carries himself upward over whatsoever offers to stop him; who walks most securely when dangers are thickest, and is sure to make his purpose so long as there is any thing to hinder him, because he has the gift of turning all that would thwart him into the ministry of a new strength; whose cunning hand quietly steals and gathers in from others the elements of power, because he best knows how to use it and wherein the secret of it lies; who at length has the king for his pupil and dependent, because his strange witchcraft of tongue is never at loss for just the right word at just the right time; and gets the keeping and control of his will, because he alone has the wit to make a way for it: yet his very power of rising against all opposers serves, apparently, but to aggravate and assure his fall, when there is no further height for him to climb; and he at last, by his own mere oversight and oblivion, loses all he has gained, because he has nothing more to gain.

Yet in all these cases, because the persons have their greatness inherent, and not adventitious, therefore they carry it with them in their reverses; or rather, in seeming to lose it, they augment it. For it is then seen, as it could not be before, that the greatness which was in their

circumstances only served to cripple or obscure that which was in themselves; their nobler and better qualities shining out afresh when they are brought low, so that from their fall we learn the real causes of their rising. Buckingham is something more and better than the gifted and accomplished nobleman, when he stands before us unpropped and simply as "poor Edward Bohun"; his innate nobility being set free by the hard discipline of adversity, and his mind falling back on its naked self for the making good his title to respect. And Wolsey towers far above the all-powerful cardinal and chancellor who "bore his blushing honors thick upon him," when, stripped of every thing that fortune and favor can give or take away, he bestows his great mind in parting counsel upon Cromwell; when he comes, "an old man broken with the storms of state," to beg "a little earth for charity"; and when

"His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little."

Nor is the change in our feelings towards them, after their fall, merely an effect passing within ourselves: it proceeds in part upon a real disclosure and outcoming of somewhat in them that was before hidden or stifled beneath the superinducings of place and circumstance; it is the seeing what they really are, and not merely the considering what they have lost, that now moves us to do them reverence. For those elements which, stimulated into an usurped predominance by the subtly-working drugs of flattery and pride, before made them hateful and repulsive, are now overmastered by the stronger elements of good that have their dwelling in them. And because this real and true exaltation springs up as the natural consequence of their overthrow, therefore it is that from the ruins of their fallen state the Poet builds "such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow."

Katharine, it is true, so nobly meek, so proudly submissive, maintains the same simple, austere, and solid sweet-

ness of mind and manners through all the changes of fortune. Yet she, too, rises by her humiliation and is made perfect by suffering, if not in herself, at least to us; for it gives her full sway over those deeper sympathies which are necessary to a just appreciation of the profound and venerable beauty of her character. She has neither great nor brilliant parts; and of this she is herself aware, for she knows herself most thoroughly; yet she is truly great,—and this is the only truth about her which she does not know, and that, because she will not,—from the wonderful symmetry and composure wherein all the elements of her being stand and move together: so that she presents a very remarkable instance of greatness in the whole, with the absence of it in the parts. How clear and piercing and exact her judgment and discrimination! yet we scarce know whence it comes, or how. She exemplifies, more than any other of Shakespeare's historical portraits, the working

“Of that fine sense, which to the pure in heart,
By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness,
Reveals the approach of evil.”

Not a little of the awe with which we justly regard her seems owing to the fact, or rather, perhaps, the impression we take, that she sees through her husband perfectly, yet never in the least betrays to him, and hardly owns to herself, what mean and wicked qualities she knows or feels to be in him. It is not possible to overstate her simple artlessness of mind, yet her simplicity is of such a texture and make as to be an overmatch for all the resources of unscrupulous cunning by which she is beset. Her betrayers, with all their dark craft, can neither keep from her the secret of their thoughts, nor turn her knowledge of it into any blemish of her innocence; and she is as brave to face and even to outface their purpose, as she is penetrating to discover it. And when her resolution is fixed, that “nothing but death shall e’er divorce her dignities,” it is not, and we feel it is not, that she anywise over-val-

ues the accidents of her position, or holds them for one iota more than they are worth; the reverse of this is rather true: but to her they are the necessary symbols of her honor as a wife, and the inseparable garments of her delicacy as a woman; and as such, (to say nothing how her thoughts of duty, of ancestral reverence, and of self-respect, are associated with them,) they have so grown in with her life, that she cannot part with them and live. Moreover, many hard, hard trials have made her conscious of her sterling virtue; she has borne too much, and borne it too well, to be ignorant what she is, and how much better things she has deserved; she knows, as she alone can know, that patience has had its perfect work with her: and this knowledge of her most solid and true worth, so sorely tried, so fully proved, enhances to her sense the insult and wrong that are put upon her, and make them eat like rust into her soul; in short, her one absorbing sentiment is that of the profoundest grief at meeting with such hardhearted injustice and indignity, where she had done and suffered so much to make good her claims as a woman and a wife.

One instance deserves to be specially noted, where by the peculiar use of a single word the Poet illustrates very pregnantly, how Katharine "guides her words with discretion," and at the same time makes her suggest the long and hard ordeal of temper and judgment which she has nobly stood through. It is in the conversation that passes between her and the two cardinals, when they come to visit her at Bridewell:

"Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure,
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honor,—*a great patience.*"

How much more is here understood to be meant than is allowed to meet the ear! By the cautious and well-guarded, but prolific hint conveyed in the words italicized, the mind is thrown back and set at work upon the long

course of trials she has suffered, yet still kept her suffering secret, lest the knowledge thereof should defeat the hope that has possession of her heart; with what considerate forbearance and reserve she has borne with and struggled against the worst parts of her husband's character; how she has wisely and thoughtfully ignored his base and cruel sins against her, that so she might still keep in action with him the proper motives to amendment; thus endeavoring by conscientious art and policy to make the best that could be out of his strong, but hard, selfish, groveling nature. And yet all this is so intimated as not to compromise the quick and apprehensive delicacy which befits her relation to him, and belongs to her character.

The scope of the suggestion in hand is well shown by a passage in the *Life of Wolsey*, referring to things that took place some time before the question of divorce was openly broached. The writer, having just spoken of Anne Boleyn's "privy grudge" against the cardinal for breaking the contract between Lord Percy and her, goes on thus: "But after she knew the king's pleasure and the bottom of his secret stomach, then she began to look very haughty and stout, lacking no manner of jewels or rich apparel that might be gotten for money. It was therefore judged bye-and-bye through the court of every man, that she being in such favor might work masteries with the king, and obtain any suit of him for her friend. All this while, it is no doubt but good Queen Katharine, having this gentlewoman daily attending upon her, both heard by report and saw with her eyes how it framed against her good ladyship: although she showed neither unto Mistress Anne Boleyn nor unto the king any kind or spark of grudge or displeasure; but accepted all things in good part, and with wisdom and great patience dissembled the same, having Mistress Anne in more estimation for the king's sake, than she was before; declaring herself to be a very perfect Grissel, as her patient acts shall hereafter more evidently be declared."

As regards the characterization of this play, perhaps

there need nothing further be said; though there is much more that would well bear dwelling upon. Taken altogether, its most note-worthy feature seems to lie in combining a very strict adherence to history with the Poet's peculiar mode of conceiving and working out character; thus showing that his creative powers could have all the freedom they desired under the severest laws of actual truth. The portrait of Henry, considering all the circumstances in which it was drawn, is a remarkable piece of work, being no less true to the original than politic as regards the author; for the cause which Henry had been made to serve, though against his will and from the very rampancy of his vices, had rendered it a long and hard process for the nation to see him as he was. His ferocious, low-minded ruffianism is set forth without palliation or disguise, yet with such simplicity of dealing as if the Poet himself were scarce aware of it: yet when one of the speakers is made to say of the king,—“His conscience has crept too near another lady,”—it is manifest that Shakespeare understood his character perfectly. His little traditional peculiarities of manner, which would be ridiculous, but that his boisterous savageness of temper renders them dreadful, so that they move disgust and terror at the same time; and the mixture of hypocrisy and fanaticism which endeavors to misderive his bad passions, his cruelty and lust, from divine sources, thus making Heaven responsible for the devil that is in him, and in the strength of which he is enabled to believe a lie, even while he knows it is a lie, and because he wishes it true;—all these things are shown up without malignity indeed, but without mercy too; the Poet nowhere betraying any the least judgment or leaning either for or against him, insomuch as almost to leave it doubtful whether himself disapproved of what he was showing. The secret of all which is, that Shakespeare does not expressly and as from himself draw and mold the king's character, but, in his usual way, allows him freely to characterize himself by his own words and deeds.

And in the brief but searching delineation of Anne Boleyn there is drawn together the essence of a long history. With little or nothing in her of a substantive or positive nature one way or the other; with scarce any legitimate object-matter of respect or confidence, she is notwithstanding rather an amiable person; possessed with a girlish fancy and hankering for the vain pomps and fripperies of state, but having no sense of its duties and dignities. She has a kindly and pitiful heart, but is so void of womanly principle and delicacy as to be from the first evidently flattered and elated by those royal benevolences, which to any just sensibility of honor would minister nothing but humiliation and shame. She has a real and true pity for the good queen; but her pity goes altogether on false grounds; and she shows by the very terms of it her eager and uneasy longing after what she scarcely more fears than hopes the queen is about to lose. She strikes infinitely below the true grounds and sources of Katharine's noble sorrow, and that in such a way as to indicate her utter inability to reach or conceive them; and thus serves to set off and enhance the deep and solid character of her of whose sole truth is not so much a quality, as it is the very substance and essential form; and who, from the serene and steady light thence shining within her, much rather than from any acuteness or strength of intellect, is enabled to detect the crooked policy and duplicity which are playing their engines about her. For, as Mrs. Jameson justly observes, this thorough honesty and integrity of heart, this perfect truth in the inward parts, is as hard to be deceived, as it is incapable of deceiving. We can well imagine, that with those of the Poet's audience who had any knowledge of English history, and many of them no doubt had much, the delineation of Anne, broken off, as it is, at the height of her fortune, must needs have sent their thoughts forward to reflect how the self-same levity of character, which lifted her into Katharine's place, soon afterwards drew on herself a far more sudden and terrible reverse than had overtaken those on whose ruins she

had risen. And indeed some such thing may be needful, in order to excuse the Poet, on the score of art, for not carrying out the truth of history from seed-time to harvest, or at least indicating the consummation of that whereof he so faithfully unfolds the beginnings. For, that the play is historically true so far as it goes, strengthens the reason for that completeness which enters into the proper idea of historical truth.

Nevertheless, the moral effect of the play is very impressive and very just. And the lesson evolved, so far as it can be gathered into generalities, may be said to stand in showing how sorrow makes sacred the wearer, and how, to our human feelings, suffering, if borne with true dignity and strength of soul, covers a multitude of sins; or, to carry out this point with more special reference to Katharine, the lesson is stated by Mrs. Jameson, with her usual felicity, to consist in illustrating how, by the union of perfect truth with entire benevolence of character, a queen and heroine of tragedy, though "stripped of all the pomp of place and circumstance," and without any of "the usual sources of poetical interest, as youth, beauty, grace, fancy, commanding intellect, could depend on the moral principle alone, to touch the very springs of feeling in our bosoms, and melt and elevate our hearts through the purest and holiest impulses."

COMMENTS

By SHAKESPEAREAN SCHOLARS

KATHARINE

Dr. Johnson observed that the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Queen Katharine. What then chiefly interested the dramatist in this designed and partly accomplished *Henry VIII*? The presence of a noble sufferer,—one who was grievously wronged, and who by a plain loyalty to what is faithful and true, by a disinterestedness of soul, and enduring magnanimity, passes out of all passion and personal resentment into the reality of things, in which much indeed of pain remains, but no ignoble wrath or shallow bitterness of heart. Her earnest endeavor for the welfare of her English subjects is made with fearless and calm persistence in the face of Wolsey's opposition. It is integrity and freedom from self-regard set over against guile, and power, and pride. In her trial-scene the indignation of Katharine flashes forth against the Cardinal, but is an indignation which unswervingly progresses towards and penetrates into the truth.—DOWDEN, *Shakspeare—His Mind and Art*.

With all his desire to please his royal mistress, Shakspeare has yet never once depreciated the virtues of the good Queen Katharine, or drawn a veil over her injuries. He has made her the most prominent, as well as the most amiable, sufferer in his drama; and, in thus closely adhering to the truth of history, he pays a silent tribute to the liberality of Elizabeth, more worth than all his warmest eulogiums.—INCHBALD, *King Henry VIII* in *The British Theatre*.

KATHARINE AND ANNE BULLEN

The two female characters between whom Henry is placed betray the same masterly manner of dramatic delineation, although one is a mere sketch. Katharine is a touching model of womanly virtue and gentleness, of conjugal devotion and love, and of Christian patience in defenseless suffering. She is surrounded by the most virtuous company; her enemy is compelled to praise in her a "disposition gentle" and a "wisdom o'ertopping woman's power." She has never done evil which must seek concealment; she was incapable of calumny and injury. Only when a natural instinct provokes her against an artful intriguer, to whom, while led away by his ambition, virtue is a folly, and when she has to take poor subjects under her protection against oppression, then only does her virtue impart to her a sting, which, however, never transgresses the limits of womanly refinement. She loves her husband "with that excellence that angels love good men with"; almost bigoted in her love, she dreams of no joy beyond his pleasure; he himself testifies to her that she was never opposed to his wishes, that she was of wife-like government, commanding in obeying; all his caprices she bore with the most saint-like patience. To see herself divorced from him after twenty years of happiness is a load of sorrow which only the noblest of women can bear with dignity and resignation; to descend from the high position of queen is moreover painful to the royal Spaniard. But she is ready to lead a life of seclusion in homely simplicity, and to bless her faithless, cruel husband even to the hour of her death. Her soul had remained beautiful upon the throne, in her outward degradation it was more beautiful still; she goes to the grave reconciled with her true enemy and destroyer. Johnson has ranked her death scene as above any scene in any other poet; so much was he impressed with its profound effect, unaided by romantic contrivance, and apart from all unnatural bursts of poetic lamentation and the ebullitions of stormy sorrow. *One*

womanly weakness the poet (in obedience to history) has imputed to her even to the brink of the grave: even in the hour of death, and after she has indeed seen heaven open, she clings to the royal honor which belongs to her. The poet indicates in Anne Bullen the counterpart to this weakness. He has portrayed this "fresh-fish," the rising queen, only from a distance, he has rather declared than exhibited her beauty, her loveliness, and chastity, her completeness in mind and feature; he does not attempt to enlist us excessively in her favor, when he exhibits her so merry in the society of a Sands; moreover, all place greater stress upon the blessing which is to descend from her than upon herself. The introductory scene makes us believe that she is as free from ambitious views as she asserts; her conversation indeed with the court lady convinces us as little as the former that she could not reconcile herself to splendid honors when they were laid upon her. We see her not as queen, but we see her self-love flattered so far that we can well divine that, raised out of her lowly position, she would play the part of queen as well as Katharine did that of a domestic woman.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries*.

ANNE

What was the real position of Anne now in the midst of all these stirring events? Shakespeare's portrait of her in the two scenes (aside from the coronation) in which she is introduced has all the delicacy of a rare water-color, daintily washed in. Before the subject of Katharine's divorce is touched upon, the poet with his dramatic instinct presents Anne to his audience at one of the fashionable masques of the time, in Wolsey's house, where she meets the king by poetic license for the first time. The meaning is to convey, subtly and without offense to Henry's memory, the well-known fact that the king had long known and paid his royal attention to Anne. Perhaps there was here a delicate reference to the often-referred-to fact, that although Anne accepted favors from the royal hand in the

shape of titles and estates, she bestowed none in return until as a lawful wife she could with honor. Such an interference could not fail to be gratefully received by Anne's daughter, and Shakespeare among his other talents possessed those of an accomplished courtier. —WARNER, *English History in Shakespeare's Plays*.

The scene in which Anna Bullen is introduced as expressing her grief and sympathy for her royal mistress is exquisitely graceful.

Here's the pang that pinches:
His highness having liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever

How completely, in the few passages appropriated to Anna Bullen, is her character portrayed! with what a delicate and yet luxuriant grace is she sketched off, with her gaiety and her beauty, her levity, her extreme mobility, her sweetness of disposition, her tenderness of heart, and, in short, all her *femalities*! How nobly has Shakspeare done justice to the two women, and heightened our interest in both, by placing the praises of Katherine in the mouth of Anna Bullen! and how characteristic of the latter, that she should first express unbounded pity for her mistress, insisting chiefly on her fall from her regal state and worldly pomp, thus betraying her own disposition—

For she that had all the fair parts of woman,
Had, too, a woman's heart, which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, and sovereignty.

That she should call the loss of temporal pomp, once enjoyed, "a sufferance equal to soul and body's severing"; that she should immediately protest that she would not herself be a queen—"No, good troth! not for all the riches under heaven!"—and not long afterwards ascend without reluctance that throne and bed from which her royal mistress had been so cruelly divorced!—how natural! The portrait is not less true and masterly than that of Katherine; but the character is overborne by the superior moral

firmness and intrinsic excellence of the latter. That we may be more fully sensible of this contrast, the beautiful scene just alluded to immediately precedes Katherine's trial at Blackfriars, and the description of Anna Bullen's triumphant beauty at her coronation, is placed immediately before the dying scene of Katherine; yet with equal good taste and good feeling Shakspeare has constantly avoided all personal collision between the two characters; nor does Anna Bullen ever appear as queen except in the pageant of the procession.—JAMESON, *Shakspeare's Heroines*.

WOLSEY

Wolsey is Shakspeare's most elaborate picture, and he has many, of the arrogant, scheming and unchristian churchman. The strongest lines mark his duplicity of act and word, his envy, malice and pitilessness against Buckingham, Catharine, Pace or Bullen—the dim-burning light that with off-hand severity he would snuff out; and yet so soon as his own ruin explodes he turns upon those who triumph in his fall, some like Surrey not without good excuse, and taxes them indignantly with envy and malice,—their ignorance of truth,—he who so often had profaned his gift of ingratiating language to betray,—with shameful want of manners, thus imputing the faults with which he of all others is most chargeable. Yet strange to say in all this seeming impudent self-assertion he is already becoming more truthful. His defenselessness comes bitterly home to him, and he grasps about wildly and eagerly for those weapons and the armor, that would bestead him in such need; and as he vainly searches in his soul for the resources he has forfeited he becomes conscious of his past and irreparable improvidence. Relieved from the obstructions of place and power, he soon sees with clear eye from what quarter might have come entire protection against, or compensation for any danger, and any insult and fall. The very features of the vices he has been practising are reflected before him in the ex-

ultation of the enemies who have leapt into his position, and with sudden pang he notes and hates their despicableness in himself. Such is the process of the purification of his mind, and the sign of it is that the taunts of the nobles have their effect in composing his mind rather than agitating or irritating it. In a bright outburst of moral enlightenment we note the refreshment and very rejuvenescence of the soul, which Shakespeare is our warrant may truly come over the corrupt,—the criminal. No repentance will ever undo and reverse the full consequence of wrong, for the better life of the man may sigh as vainly to recover the misused capacities and opportunities of youth and boyhood as their lost hours; yet is not the great Order merciless, nor are they dreamers and deceivers of the fanatical who tell that it remains for the wrong-doer—who shall set a limit and say how heinously guilty—to arrive by whatever providential process at a newness of heart that places him in completest opposition to his former self, gives him the sense of triumph over his own former errors and enables him,—the test of sincerity at last, to conquer self in the future, and to find happiness in promoting happiness entirely independent of his own temporal success, and even at the expense of it.—LLOYD, *Critical Essays*.

INACCURACIES OF THE PLAY

This very glorification of the House of Tudor has led him [Shakspeare] to commit offenses against historical truth in a way that he should not have done, because they are so many offenses against poetical beauty and the laws of dramatic art. Shakspeare has, it is true, not spared Henry's character: he appears everywhere as the obstinate, capricious, selfish and heartless man that he was—a slave to his favorites and to his passions. That Shakspeare has not *expressly* described him as such, that he has rather characterized him tacitly through his own actions, and no doubt sedulously pushed his good points into the fore-

ground, could not—without injustice—have been expected otherwise from a national poet who wrote in the reign of Henry's daughter, the universally honored Elizabeth. Further, that he does not describe Anne Boleyn exactly as she was—she who, indeed, at first rejected Henry's advances, but afterwards lived with him in adultery for three years—is also excusable, seeing that she was Elizabeth's mother, and her doings had not in Shakspeare's time been fully disclosed, at all events they were not publicly narrated in the Chronicles and popular histories.

Some inaccuracies may be left out of consideration; for instance, that the opinions expressed by the most eminent theologians in regard to Henry's divorce were not in his favor, and that Thomas Cranmer was not quite the noble, amiable Christian character he is here represented. These are secondary circumstances which the poet was free to dispose of as he pleased. But one point, where he certainly is open to censure, is, that he has not given us a *full* and *complete* account of the lives of Henry and Anne, but simply a portion of their history; the representation therefore becomes untrue from an *ideal* point of view as well. Not only does this offend the justice which proceeds from human thought, but it likewise offends poetical justice. Moreover, it is opposed to the true and actual justice of history when a man like Henry—the slave to his selfish caprice, his tastes and passions, the play-ball in the hands of such a favorite as the ambitious, revengeful, intriguing Wolsey—a man who condemns the Duke of Buckingham to death without cause or justice, and who for his own low, sensual desires repudiates his amiable, pious, and most noble consort, whose only fault is a pardonable pride in her true majesty—when, I repeat, such a man is rewarded for his heavy transgressions with the hand of the woman he loves and by the birth of a fortunate child; and again, when we see Anne Boleyn—who even in the drama seems burdened with a grievous sin, inasmuch as she forces herself into the place belonging to the unjustly banished Queen—leave the stage simply as the happy, extolled

mother of such a child, and in the full enjoyment of her unlawful possession. This is *not* the course taken by *history*. We know, and it was always well known, that Henry died while still in the prime of life and after much suffering, in consequence of his excessive dissipations—a wreck in body as well as in mind; we know, and it can never have been a secret, that Anne, after a short period of happiness, and not altogether unjustly, ended her frivolous life in prison, into which she was thrown at her own husband's command.—ULRICI, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art*.

THE PIECEMEAL CHARACTER

The piecemeal character of the play is set forth in the Prologue; comedy will be excluded (yet the comic element appears in the persons of the "Old Lady" and the Porter); but there will be occasion, it tells us, for pity, for the belief in truth, and for the delight in pageantry; in other words, the tragedy will be spoilt by history, and spectacular display will come to the rescue of both. As with the play, so with the characters; there is no leading character because there is no leading drama; Henry is variously and fitfully drawn, chiefly because the artist must devote his best time and pains to the canvas of Katherine; except perhaps at the close we are left in doubt as to whether he is noble or ignoble, a hero or a tyrant. Much the same may be said of Wolsey, Buckingham, and Anne Bullen; all this, however, is of less consequence as we possess the perfect picture of Katherine.—LUCE, *Hand-book to Shakspeare's Works*

LACK OF UNITY

As a whole, for all its splendors, the play has no kind of unity, and is rather a pageant than a drama. The texture is often thin, rhetorical, and vague to an extent almost incredible in the creator of *The Tempest*. Neither the tragedy of Wolsey nor that of the Queen is fully

worked out, while the ending is feeble and inconsequent. The last act has, in fact, no relations to those preceding it, and very little interest of any kind.—SECCOMBE AND ALLEN, *The Age of Shakespeare*.

THE STYLE OF THE DRAMA

We have a few words to add on the style of this drama. It is remarkable for the elliptical construction of many of the sentences, and for an occasional peculiarity in the versification, which is not found in any other of Shakspeare's works. The Roman plays, decidedly amongst the latest of his productions, possess a colloquial freedom of versification which in some cases approaches almost to ruggedness. But in the *Henry VIII* this freedom is carried much farther. We have repeated instances in which the lines are so constructed that it is impossible to read them with the slightest pause at the end of each line:—the sentence must be run together, so as to produce more the effect of measured prose than of blank-verse. As an example of what we mean we will write a sentence of fourteen lines as if it had been printed as prose:—

“Hence I took a thought this was a judgment on me; that my kingdom, well worthy the best heir of the world, should not be gladdened in 't by me: Then follows, that I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in by this my issue's fail: and that gave to me many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in the wild sea of my conscience, I did steer toward this remedy, whereupon we are now present here together; that is to say, I meant to rectify my conscience,—which I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—by all the reverend fathers of the land, and doctors learn'd.”

If the reader will turn to the passage (Act II, sc. iv) he will see that many of the lines end with particles, and that scarcely one of the lines is marked by a pause at the termination. Many other passages could be pointed out by this peculiarity. A theory has been set up that Jonson “tampered” with the versification. We hold this notion to be utterly untenable; for there is no play of Shakspeare's

which has a more decided character of unity—no one from which any passage could be less easily struck out. We believe that Shakspeare worked in this particular upon a principle of art which he had proposed to himself to adhere to, wherever the nature of the scene would allow. The elliptical construction, and the license of versification, brought the dialogue, whenever the speaker was not necessarily rhetorical, closer to the language of common life. Of all his historical plays, the *Henry VIII* is the nearest in its story to his own times. It professed to be a “truth.” It belongs to his own country. It has no poetical indistinctness about it, either of time or place: all is defined. If the diction and the versification had been more artificial it would have been less a reality.—KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakspeare*.

**THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF KING HENRY VIII**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY *the Eighth*

CARDINAL WOLSEY

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS

CAPUCIUS, *Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V*

CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury*

DUKE OF NORFOLK

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

DUKE OF SUFFOLK

EARL OF SURREY

Lord Chamberlain

Lord Chancellor

GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester*

Bishop of Lincoln

LORD ABERGAVENNY

LORD SANDS

SIR HENRY GUILDFORD

SIR THOMAS LOVELL

SIR ANTHONY DENNY

SIR NICHOLAS VAUX

Secretaries to Wolsey

CROMWELL, *Servant to Wolsey*

GRIFFITH, *Gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine*

Three Gentlemen

DOCTOR BUTTS, *Physician to the King*

Garter King-at-Arms

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham

BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-Arms

Door-keeper at the Council-chamber. Porter, and his Man

Page to Gardiner. A Crier

QUEEN KATHARINE, *wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced*

ANNE BULLEN, *her Maid of Honor, afterwards Queen*

An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen

PATIENCE, *woman to Queen Katharine*

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants

Spirits

SCENE: *London, Westminster; Kimbolton*

SYNOPSIS

By J. ELLIS BURDICK

ACT I

Henry VIII has returned from France and from his interview with the king of that country on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The Duke of Buckingham quarrels with Cardinal Wolsey, the lord chancellor, and the cardinal has the Duke arrested, charged with high treason. A great court supper is given by Wolsey at his palace in York place. The king and his lords attend in masks and habited like shepherds. The beauty, grace, and wit of Anne Bullen, maid of honor to Queen Katharine, greatly attracts the king.

ACT II

Buckingham is tried, and from the testimony of bribed witness, is found guilty of high treason and condemned to death. The king's conscience begins to trouble him, for he had married his brother's widow, and he consults Wolsey as to whether he should divorce her. The queen is brought to public trial, with Wolsey and another cardinal as judges. She refuses to accept Wolsey as her judge, believing the king's desire to divorce her to be a scheme of Wolsey's to rid himself of her influence over the king. She appeals to the Pope.

ACT III

Suddenly Wolsey sees why Henry wishes to put away Katharine—he desires to marry Anne Bullen. The cardinal writes a letter to the Pope, which miscarries and falls into the king's hand, along with an inventory of

Wolsey's property, most of which he had accumulated by appropriating to himself a great deal of the money raised by taxation. The king, angry at Wolsey's treachery, takes from him all of his civil offices and declares all his goods, lands, tenements, chattels, and whatever to be forfeited. In the meantime, the king has obtained from Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, an opinion on his divorce favorable to his own views, has put away the queen, and has secretly married Anne Bullen.

ACT IV

Cardinal Wolsey is arrested charged with high treason, but dies before his trial. Shortly after Queen Katharine dies. The coronation of Anne takes place with great pomp and magnificence. Cranmer anoints her queen.

ACT V

Cranmer's favor with the king arouses the jealousy of some powerful nobles. They plot his downfall and bring him to trial. They are about to send him to the Tower when the king enters and orders his release and asks him to christen Anne's daughter, Elizabeth. This he does and prophesies that "peace, plenty, love, truth, terror," shall all be servants of this royal infant in the days to come.

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF KING HENRY VIII

THE PROLOGUE

I come no more to make you laugh: things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to
see

Only a show or two, and so agree 10
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,

3. "*high and working*"; Staunton reads "*and high-working*."—
I. G.

12. "*shilling*"; the usual price for a seat on or next the stage.—
I. G.

16. "*a long motley coat*"; the professional garb of the fool or
jester.—I. G.

Will be deceived; for, gentle hearers, know,
 To rank our chosen truth with such a show
 As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
 Our own brains and the opinion that we bring
 To make that only true we now intend, 21
 Will leave us never an understanding friend.
 Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are
 known

The first and happiest hearers of the town,
 Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see
 The very persons of our noble story
 As they were living; think you see them great,
 And follow'd with the general throng and
 sweat

19. "*As fool and fight*"; "This is not the only passage," says Johnson, "in which Shakespeare has discovered his conviction of the impropriety of battles represented on the stage. He knew that five or six men, with swords, gave a very unsatisfactory idea of an army; and therefore, without much care to excuse his former practice, he allows that a theatrical fight would destroy all opinion of truth, and leave him never an understanding friend." The Prologue, partly on the strength of this passage, has been by some ascribed to Ben Jonson. It certainly accords well with what he says in the prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, though this nowise infers the conclusion some would draw from it:

"Though need make many poets, and some such
 As art and nature have not better'd much;
 Yet ours for want hath not so lov'd the stage,
 As he dare serve the ill customs of the age;
 To make a child, now swaddled, to proceed
 Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,
 Past threescore years; or, *with three rusty swords,*
And help of some few foot and half-foot words,
Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
And in the tiring-house bring wounds to scars.—H. N. H.

21. The line is either to be taken as a parenthesis, "*that*" referring to "*opinion*" (= reputation); or as following directly on "*opinion*," i. e. "the reputation we bring of making what we represent strictly in accordance with truth."—I. G.

Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery: 30
And if you can be merry then, I 'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

London. An ante-chamber in the palace.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one door; at the other, the Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Abergavenny.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done

Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace,
Healthful, and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

1. "*Enter the Duke of Norfolk,*" etc.; Thomas Howard, the present duke of Norfolk, is the same person who figures as earl of Surrey in King Richard III. His father's rank and titles, having been lost by the part he took with Richard, were restored to him by Henry VIII in 1514, soon after his great victory over the Scots at Flodden. His wife was Anne, third daughter of Edward IV, and so, of course, aunt to the king. He died in 1525, and was succeeded by his son Thomas, earl of Surrey. The Poet, however, continues them as duke and earl to the end of the play; at least he does not distinguish between them and their successors.—Edward Stafford, the Buckingham of this play, was son to Henry, the Buckingham of King Richard III. The father's titles and estates, having been declared forfeit and confiscate by Richard, were restored to the son by Henry VII in the first year of his reign, 1485. In descent, in wealth, and in personal gifts, the latter was the most illustrious nobleman in the court of Henry VIII. In the record of his arraignment and trial he is termed, says Holinshed, "the floure and mirror of all courtesie." His oldest daughter, Elizabeth, was married to the earl of Surrey; Mary, his youngest, to George Neville, Lord Abergavenny.—H. N. H.

Buck. An untimely ague
 Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
 Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
 Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde;
 I was then present, saw them salute on horse-
 back;
 Beheld them, when they 'lighted, how they
 clung
 In their embracement, as they grew together; 10
 Which had they, what four throned ones could
 have weigh'd
 Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
 I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
 The view of earthly glory: men might say,
 Till this time pomp was single, but now mar-
 ried
 To one above itself. Each following day
 Became the next day's master, till the last
 Made former wonders its. To-day the French,
 All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
 Shone down the English; and to-morrow they
 Made Britain India: every man that stood 21
 Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were

6. "*Those suns of glory*"; i. e. Francis I, King of France, and Henry VIII, King of England; Ff. 3, 4 read "*sons*."—I. G.

7. "*the vale of Andren*." "'*Twixt Guynes and Arde*." Guynes, a town in Picardy belonging to the English; Arde, a town in Picardy belonging to the French; the vale of Andren between the two towns was the scene of the famous "Field of the Cloth of Gold."—I. G.

17. "*Became the next day's master*"; taught and transmitted its triumphs to the next day.—C. H. H.

As cherubins, all guilt: the madams too,
 Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
 The pride upon them, that their very labor
 Was to them as a painting: now this masque
 Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night
 Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
 Equal in luster, were now best, now worst,
 As presence did present them; him in eye 30
 Still him in praise; and being present both,
 'Twas said they saw but one, and no discerner
 Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these
 suns—

For so they phrase 'em—by their heralds chal-
 lenged

The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
 Beyond thought's compass; that former fabu-
 lous story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
 That Bevis was believed.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect 40
 In honor honesty, the tract of every thing
 Would by a good discourser lose some life,
 Which action's self was tongue to. All was
 royal;
 To the disposing of it nought rebell'd;
 Order gave each thing view; the office did

25. "*pride*"; splendid vesture.—C. H. H.

"*their very labor was to them as a painting*"; i. e. the exertion
 inflamed their cheeks.—C. H. H.

32. "*saw but one*"; their appearance was indistinguishable.—C.
 H. H.

40. "*tract*"; course.—C. H. H.

44. "*office*"; officers.—C. H. H.

Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion 50
Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these
ends;

For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon 60
For high feats done to the crown; neither al-
lied

To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;

48. "*element*" here is commonly explained to mean the *first principles* or *rudiments of knowledge*. Is it not rather used in the same sense as when we say of anyone, that he is out of his *element*? From Wolsey's calling, they would no more think he could be at home in such matters, than a fish could swim in the air, or a bird fly in the water.—In the original, the words, "as you guess," begin this speech, instead of closing the preceding.—H. N. H.

63. Capell's reading of F. 1, "*but spider-like, Out of his self-drawing web, O gives us note.*" Further, Capell and Rowe substituted "*self-drawn*" for "*self-drawing*."—I. G.

A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him; let some graver
eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he
that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard, 70
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the
file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honor
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honorable board of council out,
Must fetch him in the papers.

Aber. I do know 80
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many

79, 80. "*The honorable . . . out, . . . him in the papers*";
Ff. 1, 2, read "*The Councell, out . . . him in, he papers*," etc.
Pope's explanation of these awkward lines is probably correct:—
"His own letter, by his own single authority, and without the con-
currence of the council, must fetch him in whom he papers" (*i. e.*
registers on the paper). Various emendations have been proposed;
e. g. "*the papers*"; "*he paupers*."—I. G.

Have broke their backs with laying manors on
'em

For this great journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of

A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was 90
A thing inspired, and not consulting broke
Into a general prophecy: That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on 't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath
attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

84. "*have broke their backs*"; "*In the interview at Andren*," says Dr. Lingard, "not only the two kings, but also their attendants, sought to surpass each other in the magnificence of their dress, and the display of their riches. Of the French nobility it was said that many *carried their whole estates on their backs*: among the English the duke of Buckingham ventured to express his marked disapprobation of a visit which had led to so much useless expense." And in a note he adds the following from Du Bellay's account of the matter: "*Plusieurs y portèrent leurs moulins, leurs forests, et leurs préz sur leurs épaules*." Whence Shakespeare may have borrowed the expression in the text, if indeed he *borrowed* it, does not appear. The passage might be cited as going to show that his reading in English history was not confined, as some would have us believe, to Holinshed.—H. N. H.

86. "*minister communication*"; Collier MS., "*the consummation*"; but the phrase is Holinshed's.—I. G.

90. "*the hideous storm*"; "On Mondaie, the eighteenth of June, was such an hideous storme of wind and weather, that manie coniectured it did prognosticate trouble and hatred shortlie after to follow betweene princes" (Holinshed).—I. G.

Aber.

Is it therefore

The ambassador is silenced?

Nor.

Marry, is 't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchased
At a superfluous rate!*Buck.*

Why, all this business

Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor.

Like it your grace, 100

The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you—
And take it from a heart that wishes towards
youHonor and plenteous safety—that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together; to consider further that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful, and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge; it's long and 't may be said
It reaches far, and where 'twill not extend, 111
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel;
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes
that rock

That I advise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purse borne before
him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries
with papers. The Cardinal in his passage
fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Bucking-
ham on him, both full of disdain.*

97. "The ambassador"; i. e. the French ambassador at the English court. He was "commanded to keep his house [in silence] and not come in presence till he was sent for" (ib. 872; Halle, 632).—C. H. H.

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha!

Where 's his examination?

First Sec. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

First Sec. Aye, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham

Shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt Wolsey and his Train.*]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore
best 121

Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's
book

Outworths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chafed?

Ask God for temperance; that 's the appliance
only

Which your disease requires.

115. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor was his cousin, Charles Knevet, or Knyvet, grandson of Humphrey Stafford, First Duke of Buckingham.—I. G.

116. "*examination*"; deposition.—C. H. H.

120. "*This butcher's cur*"; there was a tradition that Wolsey was the son of a butcher. But his father, as hath been ascertained from his will, was a burgess of considerable wealth, having "lands and tenements in Ipswich, and free and bond lands in Stoke"; which, at that time, would hardly consist with such a trade. Holinshed, however, says,—"*This Thomas Wolsie was a poore man's sonne of Ipswich, and there born, and, being but a child, verie apt to be learned: by his parents he was conveied to the universitie of Oxenford, where he shortlie prospered so in learning, as he was made bachellor of art when he passed not fifteen years of age, and was called most commonlie thorough the universitie the boie bachellor.*"

—H. N. H.

"*venom-mouth'd*"; Pope's reading; Ff. read "*venom'd-mouth'd*."
—I. G.

Buck. I read in 's looks
 Matter against me, and his eye reviled
 Me as his abject object: at this instant
 He bores me with some trick: he's gone to the
 king;
 I'll follow and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
 And let your reason with your choler question
 What 'tis you go about: to climb steep hills 131
 Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
 A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
 Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
 Can advise me like you: be to yourself
 As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king;
 And from a mouth of honor quite cry down
 This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim
 There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advised;
 Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot 140
 That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
 By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
 And lose by over-running. Know you not,
 The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er
 In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be ad-
 vised:

I say again, there is no English soul
 More stronger to direct you than yourself,
 If with the sap of reason you would quench,
 Or but allay, the fire of passion.

134. "*Self-mettle*"; his own high spirits.—C. H. H.

138. "*Ipswich*"; Wolsey's birthplace.—C. H. H.

Sir,

I am thankful to you; and I'll go along 150
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow—

Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions—by intelligence
And proofs as clear as founts in July when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not 'treasonous.'

Buck. To the king I'll say 't; and make my vouch
as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both—for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief 160
As able to perform 't; his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally—
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a
glass

Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favor, sir. This cunning
cardinal

152. "*Whom from the flow of gall I name not,*" etc.; i. e. "whom I mention, not because I am still angry," etc.—I. G.

167. "*rinsing,*" Pope's unnecessary emendation of the Folio reading "*wrenching,*" which is evidently an error for "*renching,*" a provincial English cognate of "*rinse,*" both words being ultimately derived from the same Scandinavian original, *rinse*, through the medium of French, *rench*, a direct borrowing; (Collier MS., "*wrensing*").—I. G.

The articles o' the combination drew
 As himself pleased; and they were ratified 170
 As he cried 'Thus let be,' to as much end
 As give a crutch to the dead: but our count-
 cardinal

Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
 Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows—
 Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
 To the old dam, treason—Charles the emperor,
 Under pretense to see the queen his aunt—
 For 'twas indeed his color, but he came
 To whisper Wolsey—here makes visitation:
 His fears were that the interview betwixt 180
 England and France might through their amity
 Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
 Peep'd harms that menaced him: he privily
 Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow—
 Which I do well, for I am sure the emperor
 Paid ere he promised; whereby his suit was
 granted

Ere it was ask'd—but when the way was made
 And paved with gold, the emperor thus desired,
 That he would please to alter the king's course,
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king
 know, 190

As soon he shall by me, that thus the cardinal
 Does buy and sell his honor as he pleases,
 And for his own advantage.

Nor.

I am sorry

171. "*to as much end*"; with as much useful effect.—C. H. H.

172. "*count-cardinal*"; Pope proposed, "*court-cardinal*."—I. G.

176. "*Charles the Emperor*," viz., Charles V, Emperor of Germany; Katherine was his mother's sister.—I. G.

To hear this of him, and could wish he were
Something mistaken in 't.

Buck. No, not a syllable:

I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

*Enter Brandon, a Sergeant at arms before him,
and two or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg. Sir,
My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name 201
Of our most sovereign king.

197. "*Brandon.*" This is perhaps meant for Sir Thomas Brandon, master of the king's horse, whom Holinshed and Halle mention as in the royal train the day before Henry's coronation (Stone, *Holinshed*, p. 430 n.).—C. H. H.

200. "*Hereford*"; Capell's reading; Ff., "*Hertford.*"—I. G.

201. The arrest of Buckingham took place April 16, 1521. The matter is thus related by Holinshed: "The cardinall, having taken the examination of Knevet, went unto the king, and declared unto him, that his person was in danger by such traitorous purpose as the duke of Buckingham had conceived in his heart, and shewed how that now there were manifest tokens of his wicked pretense; wherefore he exhorted the king to provide for his owne suertie with speed. The king hearing the accusation, inforced to the uttermost by the cardinall, made this answer: If the duke have deserved to be punished, let him have according to his deserts. The duke hereupon was sent for up to London, and at his comming thither was streightwaies attached, and brought to the Tower. There was also attached the foresaid Chartreux monke, maister John de la Car, *alias* de la Court, the dukes confessor, and sir Gilbert Perke priest, the dukes chancellor. After the apprehension of the duke, inquisitions were taken in divers shires of England, so that he was indicted of high treason, for certeine words spoken at Blechinglie to the lord of Abergavennie; and therewith was the same lord attached for concelement, and so likewise was the lord Montacute, and both led to the Tower."—H. N. H.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'tis his highness' pleasure
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whitest part black. The will
of heaven

Be done in this and all things! I obey. 210
O my Lord Abergavenny, fare you well!

Bram. Nay, he must bear you company. [*To
Abergavenny*] The king
Is pleased you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's
pleasure
By me obey'd!

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king to attach Lord Montacute; and the
bodies

204, 206. The meaning of these unsatisfactory lines seems to be, as Johnson explained, "I am sorry to be present, and an eye-witness of your loss of liberty."—I. G.

211. "*Abergavenny*"; Ff., "*Aburgany*," the usual pronunciation of the name.—I. G.

217. "*Montacute*"; Ff. read "*Mountacute*"; Rowe reads "*Montague*."—I. G.

This was Henry Pole, grandson to George duke of Clarence, and eldest brother to Cardinal Pole. He had married Lord Abergavenny's daughter. Though restored to favor at this juncture, he was executed for another alleged treason in this reign.—H. N. H.

Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so; 219

These are the limbs o' the plot: no more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold; my life is spann'd al-
ready:

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun. My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

219. "*chancellor*"; Theobald's correction; Ff. 1, 2, read "*Council-
lour.*"—I. G.

221. "*Nicholas Hopkins*"; Theobald's correction (from Holin-
shed) of Ff., "*Michaell*" (probably due to printer's confusion of
"*Nich*" with "*Mich*").—I. G.

226. "*cloud puts on*"; the old copies all read,—"*Whose figure even
this instant cloud puts on*"; out of which it seems impossible to make
any tolerable sense. The changing of *on* into *out* was proposed by
Dr. Johnson, and approved by Sir William Blackstone; and, in
default of anything better, some of the best editors, as Singer
and Verplanck, have adopted it. With this change, of course the
metaphor turns on the well-known propensity of the sun to cast
shadows, and of such shadows to vanish when his shining is cut
off. So that the meaning can be none other than this: Stripped
of my titles and possessions, I am but the shadow of what I was,
—no longer duke of Buckingham, but only Edward Stafford; and
even this poor figure or shadow a cloud this very instant puts out,
reduces to nothing, by darkening my sun of life.—H. N. H.

SCENE II

The same. The council-chamber.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder; the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovell: the Cardinal places himself under the King's feet on his right side.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the
level
Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks
To you that choked it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's; in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

*A noise within, crying 'Room for the Queen!'
Enter Queen Katharine, ushered by the Duke
of Norfolk, and the Duke of Suffolk: she
kneels. The King riseth from his state,
takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him.*

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.

King. Arise, and take place by us: half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power: 11
The other moiety ere you ask is given;
Repeat your will and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love

13. "Repeat"; state.—C. H. H.

KING HENRY VIII

Act I. Sc. ii.

Not unconsider'd leave your honor nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. *Kath.* I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been com-
missions
Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the
heart
Of all their loyalties: wherein although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you as putter on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master—
Whose honor heaven shield from soil!—even
he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears;
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations, 30
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

King. Taxation!

27. "*breaks the sides of loyalty*"; passes the extremest verge of what loyalty permits.—C. H. H.

37. "*danger serves among them*"; Warburton is full of admiration at this sudden rising of the poet "to a height truly sublime!" where

Wherein? and what taxation? My lord cardinal,
 You that are blamed for it alike with us,
 Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir, 40
 I know but of a single part in aught
 Pertains to the state, and front but in that file
 Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
 You know no more than others: but you frame
 Things that are known alike, which are not
 wholesome
 To those which would not know them, and yet
 must
 Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
 Whereof my sovereign would have note, they
 are
 Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear 'em,
 The back is sacrifice to the load. They say 50
 They are devised by you; or else you suffer
 Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction!
 The nature of it? in what kind, let's know,
 Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
 In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd
 Under your promised pardon. The subjects'
 grief

by the noblest stretch of fancy Danger is personified as serving in the rebel army, and shaking the government.—H. N. H.

43. To "*tell*" was used for to *count*; as in the phrase, "*keep tally*," still in use.—H. N. H.

Comes through commissions, which compel
from each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretense for this
Is named your wars in France: this makes bold
mouths: 60

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts
freeze

Allegiance in them; their curses now
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to
pass,

This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this than by
A single voice, and that not pass'd me but 70
By learned approbation of the judges. If I
am

Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither
know

My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not
stint

64. That is, "*obedience*" is *subdued*, forced to succumb, by individual will thus provoked.—H. N. H.

67. "*business*"; Warburton's emendation of Ff., "*baseness*."—I. G.

Our necessary actions, in the fear
 To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
 As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
 That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further 80
 Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
 By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
 Not ours or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
 Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
 For our best act. If we shall stand still,
 In fear our notion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
 We should take root here where we sit, or sit
 State-statues only.

King. Things done well,
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
 Things done without example, in their issue 90
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
 Of this commission? I believe, not any.
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
 A trembling contribution! Why, we take
 From every tree lop, bark, and part o' the tim-
 ber,
 And though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
 The air will drink the sap. To every county
 Where this is question'd send our letters, with
 Free pardon to each man that has denied 100
 The force of this commission: pray, look to 't;
 I put it to your care.

Wol. [*To the Secretary*] A word with you.
 Let there be letters writ to every shire,
 Of the king's grace and pardon. The grieved
 commons

Hardly conceive of me: let it be noised
 That through our intercession this revokement
 And pardon comes; I shall anon advise you
 Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*]

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
 Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many: 110

The gentleman is learn'd and a most rare
 speaker;

To nature none more bound; his training such
 That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,

And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet
 see,

When these so noble benefits shall prove
 Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,

They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
 Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,

Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when
 we,

Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find
 His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady, 121

Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
 That once were his, and is become as black
 As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall
 hear—

This was his gentleman in trust—of him
 Things to strike honor sad. Bid him recount
 The fore-recited practices; whereof
 We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what
 you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected 130
 Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
 It would infect his speech, that if the king
 Should without issue die, he 'll carry it so
 To make the scepter his: these very words
 I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
 Lord Abergavenny, to whom by oath he
 menaced

Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
 This dangerous conception in this point.
 Not friended by his wish, to your high person
 His will is most malignant, and it stretches 141
 Beyond you to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
 Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on:
 How grounded he his title to the crown
 Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
 At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
 By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.

147. "*Henton*"; i. e. Nicholas Hopkins, "a monk of an house of the Chartreux Order beside Bristow, called Henton" (Holinshead); there is no need to emend the text.—I. G.

King. What was that Henton?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor, who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou this? 150

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to
France,

The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'twas the fear indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; 'that oft,' says he, 160
'Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living but
To me should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensued: Neither the king nor's
heirs,

Tell you the duke, shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke
Shall govern England.' 171

164. "*confession's seal*"; Theobald's emendation (following Holinshed) of Ff. "*commissions*."—I. G.

170. "*To gain*"; the reading of F. 4; Ff. 1, 2, 3 read "*To*"; Collier MS. reads "*To get*"; Grant White, "*To win*."—I. G.

171. "*shall govern England*"; the following from the *Chronicles*

Q. *Kath.*

If I know you well,

You were the duke's surveyor and lost your
officeOn the complaint o' the tenants: take good
heedYou charge not in your spleen a noble per-
son

And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;

Yes, heartily beseech you.

will serve as an instance how minutely the Poet adheres to truth in this play: "The same duke, the tenth of Maie, in the twelfe yeare of the kings reigne, at London in a place called the Rose, within the parish of saint Laurence Poultnie, in Canwike street ward, demanded of the said Charles Knevet esquier what was the talke amongst the Londoners concerning the kings journie beyond the seas. And the said Charles told him that manie stood in doubt of that journie, least the Frenchmen meant some deceit towards the king. Whereto the duke answered, that it was to be feared, least it would come to passe according to the words of a certeine holie moonke. For there is, saith he, a Chartreux moonke, that diverse times hath sent to me willing me to send unto him my chancellor. And I did send unto him John de la Court my chapleine, unto whome he would not declare anie thing, till de la Court had sworne to keep all things secret, and to tell no creature living what hee should heare of him, except it were to me. And then the said moonke told de la Court that neither the king nor his heires should prosper, and that I should indeavour myselfe to purchase the good wils of the comunaltie; for I the same duke and my bloud should prosper, and have the rule of the realme of England."—H. N. H.

175. "*I say, take heed*"; the honorable part which Katharine is made to act in this scene is unwarranted by history, save that, such was the reverence inspired by her virtue and sagacity, she served generally as a check both upon the despotic temper of her husband, and the all-grasping rapacity of his minister; as appears by the king's becoming such an inexpressible compound of cruelty, meanness, and lust, when her influence was withdrawn. The matter to which she here alludes is thus narrated by Holinshed: "It chanced that the duke, comming to London to attend the king into France, went before into Kent unto a manor place which he had there. And whilst he staid in that countrie till the king set forward, greevous complaints were exhibited to him by his farmers and tenants against Charles Knevet his surveieur, for such bribing as he had used there

King. Let him on.

Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I 'll speak but truth.

I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceived; and that 'twas
dangerous for him

To ruminate on this so far, until 180

It forged him some design, which, being be-
lieved,

It was much like to do: he answer'd 'Tush,
It can do me no damage;' adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!

There's mischief in this man; canst thou say
further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About Sir William Bulmer,—

King. I remember 190

Of such a time: being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his. But on; what
hence?

amongst them. Whereupon the duke tooke such displeasure against him, that he deprived him of his office, not knowing how that in so dooing he procured his owne destruction, as after appeared."—H. N. H.

179. "*for him*"; Capell's emendation of "*For this*" of the Ff.; Collier MS. reads "*From this*," etc.—I. G.

190. "*Bulmer*"; Ff. read "*Blumer*"; Pope, "*Blomer*."—I. G.

Surv. 'If' quoth he 'I for this had been committed,
 As to the Tower I thought, I would have play'd
 The part my father meant to act upon
 The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
 Made suit to come in 's presence; which if
 granted,
 As he made semblance of his duty, would
 Have put his knife into him.'

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom, 200

And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

King. There 's something more would out of thee;
 what say'st?

199. "*would have put his knife into him*"; it will have been observed that the business of this scene is carried with somewhat the precision of legal proceedings. The matter was derived originally from Hall who was himself a lawyer, was of a manly age at the time, and had access to the official records of the trial. Here, as in many other places, Holinshed copied Hall so closely as to leave it uncertain from which of them the Poet drew. The following passage will further illustrate the point of the preceding note: "The same duke, on the fourth of November, in the eleventh yere of the kings reigne, at east Greenwich in the countie of Kent, said unto one Charles Knevet esquier, after that the king had reprooved the duke for re-teining William Bulmer knight in his service, that if he had perceived that he should have been committed to the Tower, hee would have so wrought, that the principall dooers therein should not have had cause of great rejoising. For he would have plaied the part which his father intended to have put in practise against king Richard the third at Salisburie, who made earenest sute to have come unto the presence of the same king Richard; which sute if he might have obtained, he, having a knife secretlie about him, would have thrust it into the bodie of king Richard, as he had made semblance to kneele downe before him. And in speaking these words he maliciouslie laid his hand upon his dagger, and said that if he were so evill used, he would doo his best to accomplish his purpose, swearing, to confirme his word, by the bloud of our Lord."—See *King Richard III*, Act V. sc. i.—H. N. H.

Surv. After 'the duke his father,' with the 'knife,'
 He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
 Another spread on 's breast, mounting his eyes,
 He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenor
 Was, were he evil used, he would outgo
 His father by as much as a performance
 Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There 's his period,
 To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd; 210
 Call him to present trial; if he may
 Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none
 Let him not seek 't of us: by day and night!
 He 's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

An antechamber in the palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Sands.

Cham. Is 't possible the spells of France should
 juggle

Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,
 Though they be never so ridiculous,

1. "*Enter Lord Chamberlain,*" etc.; Shakespeare has placed this scene in 1521. Charles Somerset, earl of Worcester, was then lord chamberlain, and continued in the office until his death, in 1526. But Cavendish, from whom this was originally taken, places this event at a later period, when Lord Sands himself was chamberlain. Sir William Sands, of the Vine, near Basingstoke, Hants, was created a peer in 1527. He succeeded the earl of Worcester as chamberlain.—H. N. H.

Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd
ones;

For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly

Their very noses had been counselors

To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so. 10

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones: one
would take it,

That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they 've worn out Christendom.

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

How now!

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none but the new proclamation
That 's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is 't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tail-
ors. 20

Cham. I 'm glad 'tis there: now I would pray our
monsieurs

10. "keep state so"; affect such inordinate pomposity.—C. H. H.

13. "Or springhalt"; Verplank's (Collier conj.) emendation of Ff.,
"A springhalt"; Pope, "And springhalt."—I. G.

15. "worn out"; outlasted.—C. H. H.

To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either,
For so run the conditions, leave those remnants
Of fool and feather that they got in France,
With all their honorable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks,
Abusing better men than they can be
Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean 29
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches and those types of
travel,
And understand again like honest men,
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, 'cum privilegio,' wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd
at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Aye, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whore-
sons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow. 41

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they are
going,

For, sure, there 's no converting of 'em: now

30. "*The faith they have in tennis*"; the game was peculiarly in vogue among the French.—C. H. H.

34. "*wear*"; the reading of Ff. 2, 3, 4; F. 1 reads "*wee*"; Anon. conj. "*oui*,"—I. G.

An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-
song,

And have an hour of hearing; and, by 'r lady,
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, Lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going?

Lov. To the cardinal's: 50
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I 'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind in-
deed,

A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt he 's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord; has wherewithal: in him
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doc-
trine: 60

Men of his way should be most liberal;
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;

45. "*plain-song*"; simple melody, without variations.—C. H. H.

55. "*churchman*"; ecclesiastic.—C. H. H.

59. "*has wherewithal*"; Ff., "*ha's*," probably an error for "*'has*,"
i. e. "*(he) has*."—I. G.

But few now give so great ones. My barge
stays;

Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir
Thomas,

We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands.

I am your lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

A ball in York Place.

Hautboys. *A small table under a state for the
Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then
enter Anne Bullen and divers other Ladies
and Gentlemen as guests, at one door; at an-
other door, enter Sir Henry Guildford.*

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As, first, good company, good wine, good wel-
come,
Can make good people.

63. "*My barge stays*"; the speaker is now in the king's palace at *Bridewell*, from whence he is proceeding by water to *York-Place*.—H. N. H.

67. "*comptrollers*"; i. e. of the entertainment.—C. H. H.

6. "*As, first, good company*"; so Ff. 1, 2, 3; F. 4 reads "*As, first good company*"; Theobald, "*as, first-good company*"; Halliwell, "*as far as good company*," etc.—I. G.

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and
Sir Thomas Lovell.*

O, my lord, you 're tardy:
The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal 10

But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!

Sands. I would I were;

They should find easy penance.

Lov. Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir
Harry,

Place you that side; I 'll take the charge of this:
His grace is entering. Nay, you must not
freeze; 21

Two women placed together makes cold
weather:

My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em
waking;

Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,

And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet
ladies:

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;

I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:

But he would bite none; just as I do now,

He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[*Kisses her.*

Cham. Well said, my lord. 30

So, now you're fairly seated. Gentlemen,

The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies

Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,

Let me alone.

*Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and
takes his state.*

Wol. You're welcome, my fair guests: that noble
lady

Or gentleman that is not freely merry,

Is not my friend: this, to confirm my welcome;

And to you all, good health. [*Drinks.*

Sands. Your grace is noble:

Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,

And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands, 40

I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbors.

Ladies, you are not merry: gentlemen,

Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise

In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have

'em

Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here 's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpet: chambers discharged.*

Wol. What 's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye. [*Exit Servant.*

Wol. What warlike voice, 50
And to what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you 're privileged.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now! what is 't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they 've left their barge, and
landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French
tongue;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend
him. 60

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All rise, and tables removed.*

45. "gamester"; frolicsome fellow. Sands plays on the word.—
C. H. H.

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.

A good digestion to you all: and once more
I shower a welcome on ye; welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King and others, as masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

64. "*A noble company*"; the account of this banquet at York-Place was copied by Holinshed from *The Life of Master Thomas Wolsey* by Cavendish, in his *Gentleman-Usher*. The following will instance how little the Poet was here beholden to his invention: "The king came suddenlie thither in a maske with a dozen other maskers, all in garments like sheepheards, made of fine cloth of gold and crimson sattin paned, and caps of the same, with visards of good physnomie, their haire and beards either of fine gold-wire silke or blacke silke. He came by water to the water-gate without anie noise, where were laid diverse chambers charged, and at his landing they were shot off, which made such a rumble in the aire, that it was like thunder. It made all the noblemen, gentlemen, ladies, and gentlewomen to muse what it should meane, comming so suddenlie, they sitting quiet at a solemne banket. Then immediatelie the chamberlaine and comptroller were sent to looke what it should meane, as though they knew nothing of the matter; who looking out of the windowes into the Thames, returned and shewed him, that it seemed they were noblemen and strangers that arrived at his bridge, comming as ambassadours from some forren prince. With that quoth the cardinall, I desire you, because you can speake French, to go into the hall, there to receive them according to their estates, and to conduct them into this chamber, where they shall see us and all these noble personages being merrie at our banket, desiring them to sit downe with us and take part of our fare. At their entering into the chamber two and two together, they went directlie before the cardinall, and saluted him reverentlie. To whome the lord chamberlaine for them said,—Sir, forasmuch as they be strangers, and cannot speake English, they have desired me to declare unto you, that they, having understanding of this banket, where was assembled such a number of excellent dames, could do no lesse under support of your grace, but to re-paire hither, to view as well their incomparable beaultie, as to accompanie them at mum-chance, and then to danse with them."—H. N. H.

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd

To tell your grace, that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct

70

Crave leave to view these ladies and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which
I pay 'em
A thousand thanks and pray 'em take their pleasures.

[*They choose. The King chooses Anne Bullen.*

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee! [*Music. Dance.*

Wol. My lord!

Cham. Your grace?

75. "*The fairest hand I ever touched*"; this incident of the king's dancing with Anne Boleyn did not occur during the banquet at York-House, but is judiciously introduced here from another occasion. Which occasion was a grand entertainment given by the king at Greenwich, May 5, 1527, to the French ambassadors who had come to negotiate a marriage between their king, Francis I, or his son, the duke of Orleans, and the Princess Mary. First a grand tournament was held, and three hundred lances broken; then came a course of songs and dances. About midnight, the king, the ambassadors, and six others withdrew, disguised themselves as Venetian noblemen, returned, and took out ladies to dance, the king having Anne Boleyn for his partner. As Holinshed says nothing about this matter, the Poet probably derived it from Hall or Cavendish, who give detailed accounts of it. The latter thus describes the impression made by the queen and her ladies: "They seemed to all men to be rather celestial angels descended from heaven than flesh and bone. Surely, to me, simple soul, it was inestimable."—H. N. H.

Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty 80
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Whispers the Masquers.*]

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your
grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then.
By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I'll
make
My royal choice.

King. [*Unmasking*] Ye have found him, cardinal:

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My lord chamberlain, 90
Prithee, come hither: what fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bul-
len's daughter,
The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness'
women.

79. "*this place*"; i. e. the seat of honor.—C. H. H.

King. By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated. 100

King. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies, every one. Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you. Let's be merry,

96. "*And not to kiss you*"; a kiss was anciently the established fee of a lady's partner. Thus in *A Dialogue between Custom and Veritie, concerning the Use and Abuse of Dauncing and Minstrelsie*:

"But some reply, what foole would daunce,
If that when daunce is doon
He may not have at ladyes lips
That which in daunce he woon."—H. N. H.

102. "*in the next chamber*"; according to Cavendish, the king, on discovering himself, being desired by Wolsey to take his place under the state or seat of honor, said "that he would go first and shift his apparel, and so departed, and went straight into my lord's bed-chamber, where a great fire was made and prepared for him, and there new apparelled him with rich and princely garments. And in the time of the king's absence the dishes of the banquet were cleane taken up, and the tables spread with new and sweet perfumed cloths. —Then the king took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding no man to remove, but set still as they did before. Then in came a new banquet before the king's majesty, and to all the rest through the tables, wherein, I suppose were served two hundred dishes or above. Thus passed they forth the whole night with banquetting."—H. N. H.

Good my lord cardinal: I have half a dozen
healths

To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again; and then let 's dream
Who 's best in favor. Let the music knock it.
[*Exeunt with trumpets.*]

ACT SECOND

SCENE I

Westminster. A street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gent. Whither away so fast?

Sec. Gent. O, God save ye!
Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

First Gent. I'll save you
That labor, sir. All's now done, but the cere-
mony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

Sec. Gent. Were you there?

First Gent. Yes, indeed was I.

Sec. Gent. Pray, speak what has happen'd.

First Gent. You may guess quickly what.

Sec. Gent. Is he found guilty?

First. Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd
upon't.

Sec. Gent. I am sorry for't.

First Gent. So are a number more.

Sec. Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it? 10

First Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great
duke

Came to the bar; where to his accusations

He pleaded still not guilty, and alleged
 Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
 The king's attorney on the contrary
 Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions
 Of divers witnesses; which the duke desired
 To have brought viva voce to his face:
 At which appear'd against him his surveyor;
 Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,
 Confessor to him; with that devil monk, 21
 Hopkins, that made this mischief.

Sec. Gent. That was he
 That fed him with his prophecies?

First Gent. The same.
 All these accused him strongly; which he fain
 Would have flung from him, but indeed he
 could not:

And so his peers upon this evidence
 Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
 He spoke, and learnedly, for life, but all
 Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

Sec. Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself?

First Gent. When he was brought again to the bar,
 to hear 31

His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
 With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
 And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty:
 But he fell to himself again and sweetly
 In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

Sec. Gent. I do not think he fears death.

First Gent. Sure, he does not;

29. "was either pitied in him or forgotten"; i. e. "either produced
 no effect, or only ineffectual pity" (Malone).—I. G.

He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

Sec. Gent. Certainly

The cardinal is the end of this.

First Gent. 'Tis likely, 40

By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who removed,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

Sec. Gent. That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

First Gent. At his return
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,

44. "*Lest he should help his father*"; this was in April, 1520, and was immediately occasioned by the duke's opposition to Wolsey's projected meeting of Henry and Francis. Holinshed's account of it is so illustrative of Wolsey's character, that it may well be given: "The duke could not abide the cardinall, and had of late conceived an inward malice against him for sir William Bulmer's cause. Now such greevous words as the duke uttered came to the cardinals eare; whereupon he cast all waies possible to have him in a trip, that he might cause him to leape headlesse. But bicause he doubted his freends, kinnesmen, and allies, and cheeflie the earle of Surrie lord admerall, which had married the dukes daughter, he thought good first to send him some whither out of the waie. There was great enmitie betwixt the cardinall and the earle, for that on a time, when the cardinall tooke upon him to checke the earle, he had like to have thrust his dagger into the cardinall. At length there was occasion offered him to compasse his purpose, by the earle of Kildare his comming out of Ireland. For the cardinall, knowing he was well provided with monie, sought occasion to fleece him of part thereof. The earle, being unmarried, was desirous to have an English woman to wife; and for that he was a suter to a widow contrarie to the cardinals mind, he accused him to the king, that he had not borne himselfe uprightlie in his office in Ireland. Such accusations were framed against him, that he was committed to prison, and then by the cardinals good preferment the earle of Surrie was sent into Ireland as the kings deputie, there to remaine rather as an exile than as lieutenant, as he himself well perceived."—H. N. H.

45. "*envious*"; malicious.—C. H. H.

And generally, whoever the king favors,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

Sec. Gent. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience, 50
Wish him ten fathoms deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buck-
ingham,
The mirror of all courtesy—

First Gent. Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter Buckingham from his arraignment, tip-
staves before him, the axe with the edge towards
him, halberds on each side, accompanied with
Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir
William Sands, and common people, &c.*

Sec. Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day received a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear
witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me, 60
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death;
'T has done upon the premisses but justice:
But those that sought it I could wish more
Christians:

54. "*Sir William Sands*"; Theobald's emendation (from Holinshed)
of F. 1, "*Sir Walter Sands*"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*Walter Sands*."—I. G.

Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:
 Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
 Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
 For then my guiltless blood must cry against
 'em.

For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
 Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
 More than I dare make faults. You few that
 loved me 71

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
 His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
 Is only bitter to him, only dying,
 Go with me, like good angels, to my end,
 And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice
 And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o' God's
 name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
 If ever any malice in your heart 80
 Were hid against me, now to forgive me
 frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
 As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
 There cannot be those numberless offenses
 'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: no
 black envy
 Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his
 grace,
 And if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him

74. "only"; alone.—C. H. H.

76. "the long divorce of steel"; the body-and-soul-divorcing axe.
 ("Divorce" is, as often, concrete = instrument of divorce.)—C. H. H.

86. "mark"; Warburton's emendation of Ff., "make."—I. G.

You met him half in heaven: my vows and
prayers

Yet are the king's, and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live 90
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever beloved and loving may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there;
The duke is coming: see the barge be ready,
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas, 100
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward
Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal
it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day
groan for 't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,

99. "furniture"; equipment. Holinshed speaks of "cushions and carpet" on which Lovell desired the duke to sit down.—C. H. H.

103. "now poor Edward Bohun"; the name of the duke of Buckingham most generally known was *Stafford*; it is said that he affected the surname of *Bohun*, because he was lord high constable of England by inheritance of tenure from the Bohuns.—H. N. H.

105. "I now seal it," i. e. my truth,—with blood.—I. G.

Who first raised head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succor to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with
him! 111

Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restored me to my honors, and out of ruins
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honor, name and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And must needs say, a noble one; which makes
me

A little happier than my wretched father: 120
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes: both
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved
most;

A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make
friends

And give your hearts to, when they once per-
ceive

The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again 130
But where they mean to sink ye. All good
people,

Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last
hour

Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:

And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell. I have done; and God forgive me!
[*Exeunt Duke and Train.*]

First Gent. O, this is full of pity! Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

Sec. Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall, 141
Greater than this.

First Gent. Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith,
sir?

Sec. Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

First Gent. Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

Sec. Gent. I am confident;

136. "*Exeunt Duke*"; Buckingham was executed May 17, 1521. The duke of Norfolk presided at his trial, and passed sentence upon him. After relating which, Holinshed adds the following: "The duke of Buckingham said,—'My lord of Norffolke, you have said as a traitor should be said unto, but I was never anie. But, my lords, I nothing maligne you for that you have doone to me; but the eternall God forgive you my death, as I doo! I shall never sue to the king for life; howbeit, he is a gracious prince, and more grace may come from him than I desire. I desire you, my lords, and all my fellowes to pray for me.' 'Then was the edge of the axe turned towards him, and he led into a barge. Sir Thomas Lovell desired him to sit on the cushions and carpets ordeined for him. He said,—'Nay; for when I went to Westminster I was duke of Buckingham; now I am but Edward Bohune, the most caitife of the world.' Thus they landed at the Temple, and led him through the citie, who desired ever the people to pray for him, of whom some wept and lamented."—H. N. H.

143. "*faith*"; good faith, secrecy.—C. H. H.

You shall, sir; did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

First Gent. Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of
anger 150

He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumor and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

Sec. Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was, and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately; 160
As all think, for this business.

First Gent. 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor
For not bestowing on him at his asking
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purposed.

Sec. Gent. I think you have hit the mark: but is 't
not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The
cardinal

Will have his will, and she must fall.

First Gent. 'Tis woeful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [Exeunt.

SCENE II

An ante-chamber in the palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. 'My lord, the horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason: His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king; which stopped our mouths, sir.' 10
I fear he will indeed; well, let him have them: He will have all, I think.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlain, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

6. "by commission and main power"; in virtue of a warrant and by means of main force.—C. H. H.

12. [*"Enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk"*]; Charles Brandon, the present duke of Suffolk, was son of Sir William Brandon, slain by Richard at the battle of Bosworth. He was created duke of Suffolk in February, 1514, and in March, 1515, was married to Mary, youngest sister of the king, and widow of Louis the Twelfth of France. He had been her lover before her first marriage; and when the king would have contracted her a second time to a foreign prince, she told him plainly that she had married once to please him, and would do it now to please herself, or else take religious vows in a convent. Suffolk was reckoned among the most able and accomplished noblemen of his time, both in the cabinet and the field.—H. N. H.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,

Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What 's the cause?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's
wife

Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience

Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so:

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of for-
tune, 21

Turns what he list. The king will know him
one day.

Suf. Pray God he do! he'll never know himself
else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!

And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd
the league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great
nephew,

He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,

Fears and despairs; and all these for his mar-
riage:

And out of all these to restore the king, 30

He counsels a divorce; a loss of her

That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years

21. "*That blind priest,*" etc.; Wolsey is Fortune's favorite, and like Fortune herself disposes blindly of human affairs.—C. H. H.

About his neck, yet never lost her luster,
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with, even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis
most true

These news are every where; every tongue
speaks 'em,

And every true heart weeps for 't: all that dare
Look into these affairs see this main end, 41

The French king's sister. Heaven will one day
open

The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,

And heartily, for our deliverance;

Or this imperious man will work us all

From princes into pages: all men's honors

Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd

Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords, 50

I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:

As I am made without him, so I'll stand,

If the king please; his curses and his blessings

Touch me alike; they're breath I not believe in.

I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him

To him that made him proud, the pope.

41. It was the main "end" or *object* of Wolsey to bring about a marriage between Henry and the French king's sister, the duchess of Alençon.—H. N. H.

Nor. Let's in;
 And with some other business put the king
 From these sad thoughts that work too much
 upon him:

My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;
 The king has sent me elsewhere: besides, 60
 You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
 Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain,

*[Exit Lord Chamberlain; and the King draws
 the curtain and sits reading pensively.]*

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

King. Who's there, ha?

Nor. Pray God he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust
 yourselves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king that pardons all offenses
 Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way
 Is business of estate, in which we come 70
 To know your royal pleasure.

King. Ye are too bold:

62. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain*]; the stage direction in the old copy is singular—"Exit Lord Chamberlain, and the King draws the curtain and sits reading pensively."—This was calculated for the state of the theater in Shakespeare's time. When a person was to be discovered in a different apartment from that in which the original speakers in the scene are exhibited, the artless mode of that time was, to place such person in the back part of the stage, behind the curtains which were occasionally suspended across it. These the person who was to be discovered drew back just at the proper time.—H. N. H.

Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:

Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha?

Enter Wolsey and Campeius, with a commission.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal? O my Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king. [*To Camp.*]

You're welcome,
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:
Use us and it. [*To Wols.*] My good lord,
have great care
I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference. 80

King. [*To Nor. and Suf.*] We are busy; go.

Nor. [*Aside to Suf.*] This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. [*Aside to Nor.*] Not to speak of:
I would not be so sick though for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. [*Aside to Suf.*] If it do,
I'll venture one have-at-him.

Suf. [*Aside to Nor.*] I another.
[*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.*]

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:

85. "one have-at-him"; F. 1, "one; have at him"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "one heave at him"; Knight, "one;—have at him."—I. G.

Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favor to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks, 92
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms
Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of
judgment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Cam-
peius;

Whom once more I present unto your highness.

King. And once more in mine arms I bid him wel-
come,

And thank the holy conclave for their loves: 100
They have sent me such a man I would have
wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers'
loves,

You are so noble. To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
The court of Rome commanding, you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their serv-
ant

In the impartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men. The queen shall be ac-
quainted

Forthwith for what you come. Where's
Gardiner?

Wol. I know your majesty has always loved her 110

94. "Have their free voices," i. e. "have liberty to express their opinions freely"; (Grant White, "Gave" for "Have").—I. G.

KING HENRY VIII

Act. II. Sc. ii.

So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Aye, and the best she shall have; and my favor

To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardi-
nal,

Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit Wolsey.*]

Re-enter Wolsey, with Gardiner.

Wol. [*Aside to Gard.*] Give me your hand: much
joy and favor to you:

You are the king's now.

Gard. [*Aside to Wol.*] But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised
me. 120

King. Come hither, Gardiner.

[*Walks and whispers.*

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread
then,

Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me:

Cam. They will not stick to say you envied him,
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so grieved
him

That he ran mad and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him! 130

That 's Christian care enough: for living murderers

There 's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,

If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so near else. Learn this,
brother,

We live not to be griped by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit Gardiner.*

The most convenient place that I can think of
For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business. 140

My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience!

O, 'tis a tender place; and I must leave her.

[*Exeunt.*

130. "*ran mad and died*"; "Aboute this time the king received into favour Doctor Stephen Gardiner, whose service he used in matters of great secrecie and weight, admitting him in the room of Doctor Pace, the which being continually abrode in ambassades, and the same oftentimes not much necessarie, by the Cardinales appointment, at length he toke such greefe therewith, that he fell out of his right wittes" (Holinshed).—H. N. H.

SCENE III

An ante-chamber of the Queen's apartments.

Enter Anne Bullen and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither: here 's the pang that pinches:

His highness having lived so long with her, and she

So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonor of her—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing—O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthroned,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity 10
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better
She ne'er had known pomp: though 't be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She 's a stranger now again.

14. "*that quarrel, fortune, do*"; F. 1 reads "*that quarrell. Fortune, do*"; Collier MS., "*that cruel fortune do*"; Keightley, "*that quarrel, by fortune, do*"; Lettsom conj. "*that fortunes quarrel do*"; Hanmer, "*that quarr'ler, fortune do,*" etc.—I. G.

17. "*stranger*"; alien.—C. H. H.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content, 20
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would
you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which
gifts— 30
Saving your mincing—the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth.

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth; you would not be a
queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange: a three-pence bow'd would
hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a
little; 40

I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You 'ld venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there
'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes
here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were 't worth
to know 50

The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.

46. "*little England*"; Steevens pointed out that Pembrokeshire was known as "*little England*"; and as Anne Bullen was about to be made Marchioness of Pembroke, there may be a special point in the phrase.—I. G.

48. "*Carnarvonshire*"; as a mountainous and barren country of little value (an antithesis to the fertilizing "mud in Egypt" below, v. 92, as well as, probably, to the cultivated "*little England*" above).—C. H. H.

Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,

Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion of you, and 61
Does purpose honor to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallowed, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers
and wishes

Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedi-
ence, 71

As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness,
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you. [*Aside*] I have perused
her well;

Beauty and honor in her are so mingled
That they have caught the king: and who knows
yet

But from this lady may proceed a gem

78. "*may proceed a gem*"; the carbuncle was supposed by our an-

To lighten all this isle?—I 'll to the king,
And say I spoke with you.

Anne. My honor'd lord. 80

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!

I have been begging sixteen years in court,
Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
A very fresh fish here—fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune!—have your mouth fill'd
up
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once, 'tis an old story, 90
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pem-
broke!

A thousand pounds a year for pure respect!
No other obligation! By my life,

cestors to have intrinsic light, and to shine in the dark: any other gem may reflect light, but cannot give it. Thus in a Palace described in *Amadis de Gaule*, 1619: "In the rooffe of a chamber hung two lampes of gold, at the bottomes whereof were encafed two carbuncles, which gave so bright a splendour round about the roome, that there was no neede of any other light."—H. N. H.

84. "*Come pat betwixt too early and too late for any suit*"; hit the right moment for presenting any petition.—C. H. H.

92. "*the mud in Egypt*," i. e. "the land fertilized by the Nile's overflow."—I. G.

That promises mo thousands: honor's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a duchess: say,
Are you not stronger than you were

Anne. Good lady, 100

Make yourself mirth with your particular
fancy,

And leave me out on 't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me,
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: pray, do not deliver
What here you 've heard to her.

Old L. What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

A hall in Black-Friars.

Trumpets, sennet and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; next them, with some small dis-

[*Canterbury*"]; at this time, June 21, 1529, the archbishop of Canterbury was William Warham, who died in August, 1532, and was succeeded by Cranmer the following March.—The whole of this long stage-direction is taken *verbatim* from the original copy, and in most of its particulars was according to the actual event.—The “two priests bearing each a silver cross,” and the “two gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars,” were parts of Wolsey’s official pomp and circumstance; the one being symbolic of his office as archbishop of York, the other of his authority as cardinal legate.—H. N. H.

tance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at arms bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so. Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry King of England, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the court. 11

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, &c.

[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her

chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behavior given to your displeasure, 20
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven
witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable,
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry
As I saw it inclined: when was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your
friends

Have I not strove to love, although I knew 30
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to
mind

That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest

[*"The Queen,"* etc.]; "Because she could come directly to the king for the distance which severed them, she took pain to go about unto the king, kneeling down at his feet" (Cavendish).—H. N. H.

With many children by you: if in the course
 And process of this time you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine honor aught,
 My bond to wedlock or my love and duty, 40
 Against your sacred person, in God's name,
 Turn me away, and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
 The king, your father, was reputed for
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
 My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
 The wisest prince that there had reign'd by
 many

A year before: it is not to be question'd 50
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful: wherefore I
 humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
 Be by my friends in Spain advised, whose coun-
 sel

I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,
 And of your choice, these reverend fathers; men
 Of singular integrity and learning,
 Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled 60

41. "*Aught*" is understood before "Against your sacred person."—
 H. N. H.

48. "*one the wisest*"; one of the wisest (an obsolescent partitive
 construction). Holinshed has the more current form, "one of the
 wittiest princes."—C. H. H.

To plead your cause: it shall be therefore bootless

That longer you desire the court, as well

For your own quiet, as to rectify

What is unsettled in the king.

Cam.

His grace

Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,

It's fit this royal session do proceed,

And that without delay their arguments

Be now produced and heard.

Q. Kath.

Lord cardinal,

To you I speak.

Wol.

Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Kath.

Sir,

62. "*That longer you desire the court,*" i. e. desire the court to delay its proceedings; F. 4, "*defer*"; Keightley conj. "*court delay'd*"; —I. G.

69. "*To you I speak*"; the acting of Mrs. Siddons has been much celebrated as yielding an apt and pregnant commentary on this passage. The effect, it would seem, must have been fine; but perhaps the thing savors overmuch of forcing the Poet to express another's thoughts. It is thus described by Mr. Terry: "Vexed to the uttermost by the artifices with which her ruin is prosecuted, and touched with indignation at the meanness and injustice of the proceeding, she interrupts Campeius, with the intention of accusing Wolsey, and of refusing him for her judge. Campeius, who had been urging immediate trial, imagines it addressed to him, and comes forward as if to answer. Here Mrs. Siddons exhibited one of those unequalled pieces of acting, by which she assists the barrenness of the text, and fills up the meaning of the scene. Those who have seen it will never forget it; but to those who have not, we feel it impossible to describe the majestic self-correction of the petulance and vexation which, in her perturbed state of mind, she feels at the misapprehension of Campeius, and the intelligent expression of countenance and gracious dignity of gesture, with which she intimates to him his mistake. And no language can convey a picture of her immediate reassumption of the fulness of majesty, when she turns round to Wolsey, and exclaims,—'*To you I speak!*' Her form seemed to expand, and her eyes to burn beyond human."—H. N. H.

KING HENRY VIII

Act II. Sc. iv

I am about to weep; but, thinking that 70
We are a queen, or long have dream'd so, cer-
tain

The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before.
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me;
Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say
again,

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once
more,

I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Vol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do
me wrong:

I have no spleen against you, nor injustice
For you or any: how far I have proceeded, 90
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You
charge me

That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:

The king is present: if it be known to him
 That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
 And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much
 As you have done my truth. If he know
 That I am free of your report, he knows
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him 100
 It lies to cure me; and the cure is to
 Remove these thoughts from you: the which be-
 fore

His highness shall speak in, if I do beseech
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speak-
 ing,

And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
 I am a simple woman, much too weak
 To oppose your cunning. You're meek and
 humble-mouth'd;
 You sign your place and calling, in full seem-
 ing,
 With meekness and humility; but your heart 109
 Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
 You have, by fortune and his highness' favors,
 Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are
 mounted
 Where powers are your retainers, and your
 words,
 Domestics to you, serve your will as 't please
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell
 You tender more your person's honor than

104. "*unthink your speaking*"; cancel in thought what you have said.—C. H. H.

Your high profession spiritual; that again
I do refuse you for my judge, and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness, 120
And to be judged by him.

[She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.]

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by 't: 'tis not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come into the
court.

Gent. Ush. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep
your way:

When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord
help!

They vex me past my patience. Pray you, pass
on: 130

I will not tarry, no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[Exeunt Queen, and her attendants.]

King. Go thy ways, Kate:

That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: thou art, alone,
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts 139
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,

The queen of earthly queens. She's noble
 born,
 And like her true nobility she has
 Carried herself towards me.

Vol. Most gracious sir,
 In humblest manner I require your highness,
 That it shall please you to declare in hearing
 Of all these ears—for where I am robb'd and
 bound,
 There must I be unloosed, although not there
 At once and fully satisfied—whether ever I
 Did broach this business to your highness, or
 Laid any scruple in your way which might 150
 Induce you to the question on 't? or ever
 Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
 A royal lady, spake one the least word that
 might
 Be to the prejudice of her present state
 Or touch of her good person?

King. My lord cardinal,
 I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honor,
 I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
 That you have many enemies that know not
 Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
 Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
 The queen is put in anger. You're excused: 161
 But will you be more justified? you ever
 Have wish'd the sleeping of this business, never
 desired
 It to be stirr'd, but oft have hinder'd, oft,
 The passages made toward it: on my honor,

I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me
to 't,

I will be bold with time and your attention:
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;
give heed to 't:

My conscience first received a tenderness, 170
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French am-
bassador;

Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: i' the progress of this busi-
ness,

Ere a determinate resolution, he,
I mean the bishop, did require a respite,
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate, 179
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite
shook

The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to trem-
ble

166. "*I speak my good lord cardinal*"; the king, having first addressed Wolsey, breaks off; and declares upon his honor to the whole court, that he speaks the cardinal's sentiments upon the point in question.—H. N. H.

172. "*The Bishop of Bayonne*"; strictly it should be "the Bishop of Tarbes," but the mistake was Holinshed's.—I. G.

174. "*The Duke of Orleans*," was the second son of Francis I, King of France.—I. G.

182. "*the bosom of my conscience*"; Holinshed's use of "*secret bottom of my conscience*" justified Theobald's emendation of "*bosom*" to "*bottom*."—I. G.

The region of my breast; which forced such
way

That many mazed considerings did throng
And press'd in with this caution. First, me-
thought

I stood not in the smile of heaven, who had
Commanded nature that my lady's womb,
If it conceived a male-child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to 't than 190

The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: hence I took a
thought,

This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should
not

Be gladdened in 't by me: then follows that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer 200
Toward this remedy whereupon we are
Now present here together; that 's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience, which
I then did feel full sick and yet not well,
By all the reverend fathers of the land
And doctors learn'd. First I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,

199. "*throe*"; Pope's emendation of Ff., "*throw*."—I. G.

204. "*yet not*," i. e. not yet.—I. G.

209. "*moved you*"; broached the matter to you.—C. H. H.

When I first moved you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King. I have spoke long: be pleased yourself to
say 210

How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,

The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't
And consequence of dread, that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt,
And did entreat your highness to this course
Which you are running here.

King. I then moved you,
My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
To make this present summons: unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court; 220
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,

213. "*Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,*" etc.; involving momentous issues and formidable consequences.—C. H. H.

214. "*committed the daring'st counsel which I had to doubt,*" etc.; instead of directly advising on the queen's case, Lincoln only advised further counsel. This is more clearly put by Holinshed, where the king says, addressing him: "for so much as then you yourself were in some doubt, you moved me to ask the counsel of all these my lords" (iii. 907).—C. H. H.

225. "*drive*"; Pope's emendation of Ff., "*drives*."—I. G.

Katharine our queen, before the primest creature

That's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness ²³¹
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

King. [*Aside*] I may perceive
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Prithee, return; with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.—Break up the court:
I say, set on. 241

[*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*]

²³⁹. "*Prithee, return*"; the king, be it observed, is here merely thinking aloud. Cranmer was at that time absent on a foreign embassy.—H. N. H.

ACT THIRD

SCENE I

London. The Queen's apartments.

The Queen and her Women, as at work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad
with troubles;
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: leave
working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea, 10
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,

8. "*had made a lasting spring*"; so in all the old copies. In modern editions generally, *been* has strangely crept into the place of *made*, to the great marring, well nigh to the utter spoiling, in fact, of both sense and poetry. Doubtless the change occurred by mistake; it is too bad to have come otherwise.—In the preceding line, *as is* of course used for *as if*, or *as though*.—H. N. H.

Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now!

Gent. An 't please your grace, the two great cardinals

Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces

To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favor? 20

I do not like their coming. Now I think on 't,
They should be good men, their affairs as righteous:

But all hoods make not monks.

Enter the two Cardinals, Wolsey and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;

I would be all, against the worst may happen.

23. "*hoods make not monks*"; being churchmen they should be virtuous, and every business they undertake as righteous as their sacred office: but all hoods make not monks. In allusion to the Latin proverb—*Cucullus non facit monachum*, to which Chaucer also alludes:

*"Habite ne maketh monke ne frere;
But a clene life and devotion,
Maketh gode men of religion."*—H. N. H.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There 's nothing I have done yet, o' my con-
science, 30

Deserves a corner: would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, so much I am happy
Above a number, if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina 40
serenissima,—

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have lived in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange,
suspicious;
Pray speak in English: here are some will thank
you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;

31. "*Deserves a corner*"; *i. e.* to be told secretly.—C. H. H.

38. "*and that way I am wife in*"; *i. e.* "concerning my conduct as a wife." (Rowe proposed "*wise*" for "*wife*.")—I. G.

40. "*Tanta est erga te mentis integritas regina serenissima*"; "So great is our integrity of purpose towards thee, most serene princess."
—I. G.

Believe me, she has had much wrong: lord cardinal,

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolved in English.

Wol. Noble lady, 50

I am sorry my integrity should breed,
And service to his majesty and you,
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant,
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honor every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow—
You have too much, good lady—but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference

Between the king and you, and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions 60
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honor'd madam,

My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, which was too far,
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. [*Aside*] To betray me.—

My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;
Ye speak like honest men; pray God, ye prove
so!

But how to make ye suddenly an answer, 70
In such a point of weight, so near mine honor,
More near my life, I fear, with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,

In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids, full little, God knows, look-
ing

Either for such men or such business.

For her sake that I have been—for I feel

The last fit of my greatness—good your graces,

Let me have time and counsel for my cause:

Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless! 80

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these
fears:

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England

But little for my profit: can you think, lords,

That any Englishman dare give me counsel?

Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness'
pleasure—

Though he be grown so desperate to be honest—

And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,

They that must weigh out my afflictions,

They that my trust must grow to, live not here:

They are, as all my other comforts, far hence 90

In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would your grace

Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protec-
tion;

He's loving and most gracious: 'twill be much

Both for your honor better and your cause;

86. "Though he (the Englishman) be grown so reckless as to be honest."—C. H. H.

87. "*And live a subject*"; i. e. and dare to live where Henry has sway.—C. H. H.

For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You'll part away disgraced.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:

Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge ¹⁰⁰
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye: holy men I thought ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye:
Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries;
I have more charity: but say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at
once 110

The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;

You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! would you have me—

If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits—
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?

102. "*The more shame ye*"; i. e. if I mistake you, it is by your fault, not mine, for I thought you good.—H. N. H.

Alas, has banish'd me his bed already,
His love, too long ago! I am old, my lords, 120
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I lived thus long—let me speak
myself,

Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true
one?

A woman, I dare say without vain-glory,
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? loved him next heaven?
obey'd him? 130

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his
pleasure,

And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honor, a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim
at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so
guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title 140

134. "*a constant woman*"; a woman constant (to . . .).—C. H. H.

137. "*add an honor*"; I will show a merit in addition to all hers.—
C. H. H.

Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English
earth,

Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your
hearts.

What will become of me now, wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your for-
tunes?

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grave allow'd me: like the lily,¹⁵¹
That once was mistress of the field and flour-
ish'd,

I 'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are hon-
est,

You 'ld feel more comfort: why should we, good
lady,

Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it:

We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.

For goodness' sake, consider what you do;

How you may hurt yourself, aye, utterly 160

145. "*angels' faces*"; perhaps an allusion to Gregory's "non Angli sed angeli" (Dyce).—C. H. H.

159. "*For goodness' sake*"; in Shakespeare's time this was a solemn adjuration "for God's sake."—C. H. H.

Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: pray think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends and
servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues

With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts 170
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king
loves you;

Beware you lose it not: for us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and pray forgive me,

If I have used myself unmannerly;
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray do my service to his majesty: 179
He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend
fathers,

Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,

164. "*as terrible as storms*"; it was one of the charges brought against Lord Essex, that in a letter written during his retirement in 1598 to the lord keeper, he had said, "There is no tempest to the passionate indignation of a prince."—H. N. H.

That little thought, when she set footing here,
 She should have bought her dignities so dear.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

Ante-chamber to the King's apartment.

*Enter the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Suffolk,
 the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints
 And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
 Cannot stand under them: if you omit
 The offer of this time, I cannot promise
 But that you shall sustain moe new disgraces,
 With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
 To meet the least occasion that may give me
 Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
 To be revenged on him.

Suff. Which of the peers
 Have uncontain'd gone by him, or at least 10
 Strangely neglected? when did he regard
 The stamp of nobleness in any person
 Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
 What he deserves of you and me I know;
 What we can do to him, though now the time
 Gives way to us, I much fear. If you cannot

8. "*the duke*"; i. e. Buckingham.—C. H. H.

19. "*uncontained*"; of course, the force of *not* implied in *uncontain'd* extends over *strangely neglected*.—H. N. H.

Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in 's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found 20
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he 's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letters to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was
read 31

How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if
It did take place, 'I do' quoth he 'perceive
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.'

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he
coasts

And hedges his own way. But in this point
 All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
 After his patient's death: the king already 41
 Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!
 For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now, all my joy
 Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to 't!

Nor. All men's!

Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
 Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
 To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,
 She is a gallant creature and complete 49
 In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
 Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
 In it be memorized.

Sur. But will the king
 Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
 The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry amen!

Suf. No, no;
 There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose

42. "*the king already hath married*"; the date commonly assigned for the marriage of Henry and Anne is November 14, 1532; at which time they set sail together from Calais, the king having been on a visit to his royal brother of France. Lingard, following Godwin, Stowe, and Cranmer, says they were privately married the 25th of January, 1533, and that the former date was assigned in order to afford the proper space between their marriage and the birth of Elizabeth, which latter event took place the 7th of September following. The marriage was to have been kept secret till May; but the manifest making-ready of Anne to become a mother forced on a public acknowledgment of it early in April.—H. N. H.

Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal
 Campeius
 Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
 Has left the cause o' the king unhandled, and
 Is posted as the agent of our cardinal,
 To second all his plot. I do assure you 60
 The king cried 'Ha!' at this.

Cham. Now God incense him,
 And let him cry 'Ha!' louder!

Nor. But, my lord,
 When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd in his opinions, which
 Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
 Together with all famous colleges
 Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
 His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
 Her coronation. Katharine no more
 Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager 70
 And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
 A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
 In the king's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
 For it an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.
 The cardinal!

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

64. "*He is returned in his opinions,*" i. e. having sent in advance the opinions he has gathered.—I. G.

66. "*Together with all famous colleges*"; Rowe reads, "*Gather'd from all the famous colleges.*"—I. G.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,

Gave't you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in's bedchamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,

He did it with a serious mind; a heed 80

Was in his countenance. You he bade

Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready

To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me awhile. [*Exit Cromwell.*]

[*Aside*] It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,

The French king's sister: he shall marry her.

Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:

There's more in't than fair visage. Bullen!

No, we'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish

To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of
Pembroke! 90

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king

Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,

Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. [*Aside*] The late queen's gentlewoman, a
knight's daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!

This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;

Then out it goes. What though I know her
virtuous

And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of 100
Our hard-ruled king. Again, there is sprung
up

An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer, one
Hath crawl'd into the favor of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret the
string,
The master-cord on 's heart!

Enter King, reading of a schedule, and Lovell.

Suf. The king, the king!

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the
hour

Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of
thrift,

Does he rake this together? Now, my lords, 110
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: some strange com-
motion

Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,

Strikes his breast hard, and anon he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures

We have seen him set himself.

King. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in 's mind. This morning 120
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I required: and wot you what I found
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household, which
I find at such proud rate that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

128. "*outspeaks possession of a subject*"; this incident, in its application to Wolsey, is a fiction: he made no such mistake; but another person having once done so, he took occasion thereby to ruin him. It is quite likely, however, that his vast wealth had the effect of tempting the king's rapacity; his huge overgrowth thus helping on his overthrow. So that the Poet was very judicious in making his fall turn upon a mistake which in his hands had proved so fatal to another. The story is told by Holinshed of Thomas Ruthall, bishop of Durham; who was accounted the richest subject in the realm; and who, having by the king's order written a book setting forth the whole estate of the kingdom, had it bound up in the same style as one before written, setting forth his own private affairs. At the proper time the king sent Wolsey to get the book, and the bishop gave him the wrong one. "The cardinall, having the booke, went forthwith to the king, delivered it into his hands, and breefe-ly informed him of the contents thereof; putting further into his head, that if at anie time he were destitute of a masse of monie, he should not need to seeke further than to the cofers of the bishop. Of all which when the bishop had intelligence, he was stricken with such greefe, that he shortlie ended his life in the yeare 1523. After whose death the cardinall, which had long gaped after the bishop-rike, had now his wish in effect; which he the more easilie compassed, for that he had his nets alwaies readie cast, as assuring himself to take a trout."—H. N. H.

Nor. It's heaven's will:

Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think 130

His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*King takes his seat; whispers Lovell,
who goes to the Cardinal.*]

Wol. Heaven forgive me!

Ever God bless your highness!

King. Good my lord,

You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory

Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce
time

To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span 140
To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,

For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
 As I will lend you cause, my doing well 151
 With my well saying!

King. 'Tis well said again;
 And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:
 And yet words are no deeds. My father loved
 you:

He said he did, and with his deed did crown
 His word upon you. Since I had my office,
 I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
 Employ'd you where high profits might come
 home,

But pared my present havings, to bestow
 My bounties upon you.

Wol. [*Aside*] What should this mean? 160

Sur. [*Aside*] The Lord increase this business!

King. Have I not made you
 The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell
 me,

If what I now pronounce you have found true:
 And, if you may confess it, say withal,

If you are bound to us or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,
 Shower'd on me daily, have been more than
 could

My studied purposes requite; which went
 Beyond all man's endeavors: my endeavors
 Have ever come too short of my desires, 170
 Yet filed with my abilities: mine own ends
 Have been mine so that evermore they pointed
 To the good of your most sacred person and

172. "*been mine so*"; so F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4 read "*been so.*"—I. G.

The profit of the state. For your great graces
 Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
 Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
 My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,
 Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
 Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd;
 A loyal and obedient subject is 180
 Therein illustrated: the honor of it
 Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
 The foulness is the punishment. I presume
 That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
 My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honor,
 more
 On you than any; so your hand and heart,
 Your brain and every function of your power,
 Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
 As 'twere in love's particular, be more
 To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess 190
 That for your highness' good I ever labor'd
 More than mine own; that am, have, and will
 be—

181. "*the honor of it does pay the act of it*"; the honor attaching to such loyalty sufficiently rewards it.—C. H. H.

189. "*in love's particular*"; besides your bond of duty as a loyal and obedient servant, you owe a particular devotion to me as your special benefactor.—H. N. H.

192. "*that am, have, and will be*," etc.; the reading of the Folios of these lines, which have taxed the ingenuity of scholars; some two-dozen various emendations are recorded in the Cambridge Shakespeare, but probably the text as we have it represents the author's words; the meaning of the passage is clear, and the difficulty is due to the change in construction. Instead of "*that am, have, and will be*," it has been proposed to read, "*that am your slave, and*

Though all the world should crack their duty
 to you,
 And throw it from their soul; though perils did
 Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em
 and
 Appear in forms more horrid—yet my duty,
 As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
 Should the approach of this wild river break,
 And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken.
 Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast, 200
 For you have seen him open 't. [*Giving him*
papers.] Read o'er this;
 And after, this: and then to breakfast with
 What appetite you have.
 [*Exit King, frowning upon the Cardinal: the*
nobles throng after him, smiling and whis-
pering.]

Wol. What should this mean?
 What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd
 it?
 He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
 Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed
 lion
 Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
 Then makes him nothing. I must read this
 paper;
 I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so;
 This paper has undone me: 'tis the account 210

will be"; this would get rid of the awkward "have"="have been," but probably the line is correct as it stands.—I. G.

210. "*'tis the account*," etc. Holinshed records that an inadvertence of this kind was committed by the Bishop of Durham in 1523, which

Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together

For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the pope-
dom,

And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!

Fit for a fool to fall by: what cross devil

Made me put this main secret in the packet

I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?

No new device to beat this from his brains?

I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know

A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune

Will bring me off again. What's this? 'To
the Pope! 220

The letter, as I live, with all the business

I writ to 's holiness. Nay then, farewell!

I have touch'd the highest point of all my great-
ness;

And, from that full meridian of my glory,

I haste now to my setting: I shall fall

Like a bright exhalation in the evening,

And no man see me more.

*Re-enter to Wolsey the Dukes of Norfolk and
Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord
Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who com-
mands you

To render up the great seal presently

Into our hands; and to confine yourself 230

Wolsey used to procure his disgrace. Shakespeare, not without poetic justice, makes him here play his victim's part.—C. H. H.

214. "cross"; thwarting.—C. H. H.

To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay:

Where 's your commission, lords? words cannot carry

Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,

Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it—

I mean your malice—know, officious lords,

I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel

Of what coarse metal ye are moulded—envy:

How eagerly ye follow my disgraces, 240

As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton

Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!

Follow your envious courses, men of malice;

You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,

In time will find their fit rewards. That seal

You ask with such a violence, the king,

Mine and your master, with his own hand gave me;

Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honors,

During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,

Tied it by letters-patents: now, who 'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself, then. 251

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:

Within these forty hours Surry durst better

Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur.

Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
 Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
 The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
 With thee and all thy best parts bound together,
 Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your
 policy!

You sent me deputy for Ireland; 260
 Far from his succor, from the king, from all
 That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest
 him;

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
 Absolved him with an axe.

Wol.

This, and all else

This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
 I answer, is most false. The duke by law
 Found his deserts. How innocent I was
 From any private malice in his end,
 His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
 If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you
 You have as little honesty as honor, 271
 That in the way of loyalty and truth

264. "*absolved him*," etc.; we have already seen that the Poet continues the same persons duke of Norfolk and earl of Surrey through the play. Here the earl is the same who had married Buckingham's daughter, and had been shifted off out of the way, when that great nobleman was to be struck at. In fact, however, he who, at the beginning of the play, 1521, was earl, became duke in 1525. At the time of this scene the earl of Surrey was the much-accomplished Henry Howard, son of the former, born in 1520; a man of fine genius and heroic spirit, afterwards distinguished alike in poetry and in arms, and who, on the mere strength of royal suspicion, was sent to the block in 1547 by that brutal and merciless tyrant, from whose mean and malignant jealousy there was no refuge for man or woman but the grave.—H. N. H.

272. "*that . . . dare mate*"; *i. e.* I that . . . dare mate.—
 I. G.

Toward the king, my ever royal master,
 Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
 And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
 Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou
 shouldst feel
 My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. My
 lords,
 Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
 And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
 To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet, 280
 Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
 And dare us with his cap like larks.

Wol. All goodness
 Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
 Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
 Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
 The goodness of your intercepted packets
 You writ to the pope against the king: your
 goodness,
 Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
 My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
 As you respect the common good, the state 290
 Of our despised nobility, our issues,
 Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,
 Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
 Collected from his life. I'll startle you

282. "*And dare us with his cap like larks*"; "One of the methods of daring larks was by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of these birds while the fowler drew his net over them" (Steevens).—I. G.

Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown
wench

Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this
man,

But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer 300

And spotless shall mine innocence arise,

When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you

I thank my memory, I yet remember

Some of these articles, and out they shall.

Now, if you can blush and cry 'guilty,' cardinal,

You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;

I dare your worst objections: if I blush,

It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those than my head. Have
at you!

First that, without the king's assent or knowl-
edge,

You wrought to be a legate; by which power 310

You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then that in all your writ to Rome, or else

To foreign princes, 'Ego et Rex meus'

Was still inscribed; in which you brought the
king

300. "*fairer and spotless*"; the *more*, virtually implied in *fairer*, extends its force over *spotless*; "so much *more fair* and *spotless*."—
H. N. H.

314. "*the king to be your servant*"; these several charges are taken

To be your servant.

Suf. Then that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission 320
To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caused
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance—

By what means got, I leave to your own conscience—

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities, to the mere undoing

almost literally from Holinshed, where the second item reads thus: "In all writings which he wrote to Rome, or anie other forren prince, he wrote *Ego et rex meus*, I and my king; as who would saie that the king were his servant." In the Latin idiom, however, such was the order prescribed by modesty itself. And, in fact, the charge against Wolsey, as given from the records by Lord Herbert, and lately reprinted in the *State-Trials*, was not that he set himself above or before the king, but that he spoke of himself along with him: "Also, the said lord cardinal, in divers and many of his letters and instructions sent out of this realm, had joined himself with your grace, as in saying and writing,—*The king and I would ye should do thus*;—*The king and I give you our hearty thanks*: whereby it is apparent that he used himself more like a fellow to your highness, than like a subject."—H. N. H.

321. "*Cassado*"; so Ff., following Hall and Holinshed; Rowe reads the correct form, "*Cassalis*."—I. G.

325. "*stamped on the king's coin*"; this was one of the articles exhibited against Wolsey, but rather with a view to swell the catalogue than from any serious cause of accusation; inasmuch as the Archbishops Cranmer, Bainbridge, and Warham were indulged with the same privilege.—H. N. H.

Of all the kingdom. Many more there are; 330
Which, since they are of you and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord!
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see
him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure
is—

Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legatine, within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a præmunire— 340
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection. This is my
charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall
thank you.

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me. 350
Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,

343. "*Chattels*"; Theobald's emendation of Ff., "*Castles*."—I. G.

And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory, 360
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me, and now has left me,
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
 I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women
 have:
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer, 371
 Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, and stands amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol.

What, amazed

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder

A great man should decline? Nay, an you
weep,

I am fall'n indeed.

Crom.

How does your grace?

Wol.

Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.

I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has
cured me, 380

I humbly thank his grace; and from these
shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honor.

O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden

Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right
use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer. 390
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That 's somewhat sudden:
But he 's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favor, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his
bones,

When he has run his course and sleeps in bless-
ings,

392. "*displeasure*"; disgrace.—C. H. H.

May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome, 400
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That 's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.
O Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors, 410
Or gild again the noble troops that waited

399. "*a tomb of orphans' tears*"; the chancellor is the general guardian of orphans. "*A tomb of tears*," says Johnson, "is very harsh." Steevens has adduced an *Epigram of Martial*, in which the Heliades are said to "weep a tomb of tears" over a viper. Drummond, in his *Teares for the Death of Moeliades*, has the same conceit:

"The Muses, Phœbus, Love, have raised of their *teares*
A crystal tomb to him, through which his worth appears."

—H. N. H.

408. "*gone beyond me*"; overreached me.—C. H. H.

411. "*the noble troops that waited*"; the number of persons who composed Cardinal Wolsey's household, according to the authentic copy of Cavendish, was *five hundred*. Cavendish's work, though written soon after the death of Wolsey, was not printed till 1641, and then in a most unfaithful and garbled manner, the object of the publication having been to render Laud odious, by showing how far church power had been extended by Wolsey, and how dangerous that prelate was, who, in the opinion of many, followed his example. In that spurious copy we read that the number of his household was *eight hundred* persons. In other MSS. and in Dr. Wordsworth's edition, we find it stated at *one hundred and eighty* persons.—H. N. H.

Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Crom-
well;

I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told
him

What and how true thou art: he will advance
thee;

Some little memory of me will stir him—

I know his noble nature—not to let

Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide 420
For thine own future safety.

Crom.

O my lord,

Must I then leave you? must I needs forgo
So good, so noble and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service, but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear

In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman. 430
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Crom-
well;

And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught
thee;

Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,

430. "*truth*"; fidelity.—C. H. H.

Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd
it.

Mark but my fall and that that ruin'd me. 439
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate
thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear
not:

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O
Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
And prithee, lead me in: 450

There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all

I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Crom-
well!

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell.

The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do
dwell. [Exeunt.

455. "*Had I but served my God,*" etc. Holinshed reports these words as addressed by Wolsey in his last hours to "Master Kingston."
—C. H. H.

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

A street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

First Gent. You 're well met once again.

Sec. Gent. So are you.

First Gent. You come to take your stand here and behold

The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

Sec. Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,

The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

First Gent. 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;

This, general joy.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis well: the citizens,

I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds—

As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward—

In celebration of this day with shows, 10
Pageants and sights of honor.

First Gent. Never greater,

Nor, I 'll assure you, better taken, sir.

Sec. Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,

That paper in your hand?

First Gent. Yes; 'tis the list

Of those that claim their offices this day

By custom of the coronation.

The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims

To be high-steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,

He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

Sec. Gent. I thank you, sir: had I not known
those customs, 20

I should have been beholding to your paper.

But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,

The princess dowager? how goes her business?

First Gent. That I can tell you too. The Archbishop

Of Canterbury, accompanied with other

Learned and reverend fathers of his order,

Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off

From Amptill, where the princess lay; to
which

She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:

And, to be short, for not appearance and 30

The king's late scruple, by the main assent

Of all these learned men she was divorced,

And the late marriage made of none effect:

Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,

Where she remains now sick.

Sec. Gent.

Alas, good lady!

[*Trumpets.*]

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.
[*Hautboys.*

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION

1. *A lively Flourish of Trumpets.*
2. *Then two Judges.*
3. *Lord Chancellor, with purse and mace before him.*
4. *Choristers, singing.* *Musicians.*
5. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head he wears a gilt copper crown.*
6. *Marquess Dorset, bearing a scepter of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
7. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
8. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
9. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*

36. "*Garter, in his coat of arms*"; that is, his coat of office, emblazoned with the royal arms.—H. N. H.

10. *Certain ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

They pass over the stage in order and state.

Sec. Gent. A royal train, believe me. These I know:

Who's that that bears the scepter?

First Gent. Marquess Dorset:

And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

Sec. Gent. A bold brave gentleman. That should be 40

The Duke of Suffolk?

First Gent. 'Tis the same: high-steward.

Sec. Gent. And that my Lord of Norfolk?

First. Gent. Yes.

Sec. Gent. [*Looking on the Queen*] Heaven bless thee!

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more and richer, when he strains that lady:

I cannot blame his conscience.

First Gent. They that bear
The cloth of honor over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.

Sec. Gent. Those men are happy; and so are all
are near her. 50

I take it, she that carries up the train

Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

First Gent. It is; and all the rest are countesses.

Sec. Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars
indeed,

And sometimes falling ones.

First Gent.

No more of that.

[*Exit procession; and then a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! where have you been broiling?

Third Gent. Among the crowd i' the abbey; where
a finger

Could not be wedged in more: I am stifled

With the mere rankness of their joy.

Sec. Gent.

You saw

The ceremony?

Third Gent. That I did.

First Gent.

How was it?

60

Third Gent. Well worth the seeing.

Sec. Gent.

Good sir, speak it to us.

Third Gent. As well as I am able. The rich
stream

Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen

To a prepared place in the choir, fell off

A distance from her; while her grace sat down

To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,

In a rich chair of state, opposing freely

The beauty of her person to the people.

Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman

That ever lay by man: which when the people

Had the full view of, such a noise arose 71

As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,

As loud and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,—

Doublets, I think,—flew up; and had their faces

Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such

joy

I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man liv-
ing

Could say 'This is my wife' there, all were
woven— 80

So strangely in one piece.

Sec. Gent. But what follow'd?

Third Gent. At length her grace rose, and with
modest paces

Came to the altar, where she kneel'd and saint-
like

Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd de-
voutly;

Then rose again and bow'd her to the people;

When by the Archbishop of Canterbury

She had all the royal makings of a queen,

As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,

The rod, and bird of peace, and all such em-
blems 89

Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,

With all the choicest music in the kingdom,

Together sung 'Te Deum.' So she parted,

92. "together sung 'Te Deum'"; thus in Holinshed's description of the event: "When she was brought to the high place made in the midst of the church, she was set in a rich chaire. And after she had rested a while, she descended downe to the high altar, and there prostrate hirselfe, while the archbishop said certeine collects: then she rose, and the bishop anointed hir on the head and on the brest; and then she was led up again, where, after diverse orisons said, the archbishop set the crowne of saint Edward on hir head, and then delivered hir the scepter of gold in hir right hand, and the rod of ivorie with the dove in hir left hand, and then all the queere soong *Te Deum*." The coronation of Anne took place June 1, 1533; the di-

And with the same full state paced back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

First Gent.

Sir,

You must no more call it York-place; that's
past;

For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost:

'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

Third Gent.

I know it;

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name

Is fresh about me.

Sec. Gent.

What two reverend bishops

Were those that went on each side of the queen?

Third Gent. Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of
Winchester, 101

Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,

The other, London.

Sec. Gent.

He of Winchester

Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,

The virtuous Cranmer.

Third Gent.

All the land knows that:

However, yet there is no great breach; when it
comes,

Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from
him.

Sec. Gent. Who may that be, I pray you?

Third Gent.

Thomas Cromwell;

A man in much esteem with the king, and truly

A worthy friend. The king has made him
master 110

forcement of Katharine having been formally pronounced the 17th
of May.—H. N. H.

101. "*the one*"; viz. Gardiner.—C. H. H.

O' the jewel house,
And one, already, of the privy council.

Sec. Gent. He will deserve more.

Third Gent. Yes, without all doubt.

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way,
Which is to the court, and there ye shall be my
guests:

Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

Kimbolton.

Enter Katharine, Dowager, sick; led between Griffith, her Gentleman Usher, and Patience, her woman.

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O Griffith, sick to death!

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burthen. Reach a chair.
So; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.

Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st
me

That the great child of honor, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

6. "*Cardinal Wolsey, was dead*"; Wolsey died November 29, 1530; and the events of this scene did not occur till January, 1536, which was more than two years after the event that closes the play. This transposition is amply justified, in that the design of the play required it to end with the birth and christening of Elizabeth: whil-

Grif. Yes, madam; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.

Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily, 10
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodged in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his covent, honorably received him;
To whom he gave these words, 'O father abbot, 20
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness

the solemn pathos lingering about the injured Katharine equally required that the last scene of her life should be set forth in all the beauty that belongs to that model of a woman and a queen. The present scene is, in strictness, episodical; but what an episode! Even so what we chance upon in the race of life, is often worth more than the object for which we are running.—H. N. H.

14. "*to his answer*"; to stand trial.—C. H. H.

16. "*sit his mule*"; Cardinals generally rode on mules, as a mark perhaps of humility. Cavendish says that Wolsey "rode like a cardinal sumptuously upon his mule, trapped altogether in crimson velvet and gilt stirrups."—H. N. H.

17. "*roads*," or *rodes*, here, is the same as *courses*, *stages*, or *journays*.—H. N. H.

Pursued him still; and three nights after this,
 About the hour of eight, which he himself
 Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
 Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
 He gave his honors to the world again, 29
 His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.
Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
 Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak
 him,
 And yet with charity. He was a man
 Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
 Himself with princes; one that by suggestion
 Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair-play:
 His own opinion was his law: i' the presence
 He would say untruths, and be ever double
 Both in his words and meaning: he was never,
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful: 40
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
 But his performance, as he is now, nothing:
 Of his own body he was ill, and gave
 The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
 Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
 We write in water. May it please your high-
 ness

44. "*The clergy ill example*"; this speech was evidently founded upon the following, copied by Holinshed from Hall: "This cardinall was of a great *stomach*, for he compted himselfe equall with princes, and by craftie *suggestion* got into his hands innumerable treasure: he forced little on simonie, and was not pittifull, and stood affectionate in his own opinion: in open presence he would lie and seie untruth, and was double both in speech and meaning: he would promise much and perform little: he was vicious of his bodie, and gave the clergie evill example."—H. N. H.

To hear me speak his good now?

Kath.

Yes, good Griffith;

I were malicious else.

Grif.

This cardinal,

Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honor from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one; 51
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with
him,

Unwilling to outlive the good that did it; 60
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,

47. "*hear me speak his good.*" Griffith's defense of Wolsey is based upon the character of him in Edmund Campian's *History of Ireland*, as quoted by Holinshed. The queen's indictment of him expresses the view conveyed by Halle, also quoted in Holinshed.—C. H. H.

58-59. "*Those twins of learning. . . Ipswich and Oxford*"; Wolsey's College, Ipswich, of which the gateway still remains, was founded by Wolsey. Christ Church College, Oxford, was founded by Wolsey: it was first called Cardinal College.—I. G.

60. "*the good that did it*"; Pope reads, "*the good he did it*"; Collier MS., "*the good man did it*"; Staunton, "*the good that rear'd it*," etc. The words, if not corrupt, must mean the "good man (or the goodness) that caused it, i. e. founded it."—I. G.

And found the blessedness of being little:

And, to add greater honors to his age

That man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,

No other speaker of my living actions, 70

To keep mine honor from corruption,

But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.

Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,

With thy religious truth and modesty,

Now in his ashes honor: peace be with him!

Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:

I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,

Cause the musicians play me that sad note

I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating

On that celestial harmony I go to. 80

[*Sad and solemn music.*

Grif. She is asleep: good wench, let's sit down
quiet,

For fear we wake her: softly, gentle Patience.

68. "*died fearing God*"; this speech is formed on the following passage in Holinshed: "This cardinall (as Edmund Campian in his *Historie of Ireland* described him) was a man undoubtedly born to honour; exceeding wise, faire-spoken, high-minded, full of revenge, vitious of his bodie; loftie to his enemies, were they never so big, to those that accepted and sought his friendship wonderful courteous; a ripe schooleman; thrall to affections, brought a-bed with flatterie; insatiable to get, and more princelie in bestowing; as appeareth by his two colleges at Ipswich and Oxenford, the one overthrown with his fall, the other unfinished, and yet as it lyeth, for an house of studentes incomparable throughout Christendome.—He held and enjoied at once the bishopprickes of Yorke, Duresme, and Winchester, the dignities of lord cardinall, legat, and chancellor, the abbaie of St. Albans, diverse priories, sundrie fat benefices *in commendam*. A great prefferer of his servants, and advauncer of learning, stoute in every quarrel, never happy till this his overthrow; wherein he shewed such moderation, and ended so perfectlie, that the houre of his death did him more honour than all the pomp of his life passed."

—H. N. H.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverent curtsies; then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone,

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:

Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not even now a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness, 90
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave;
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*

Pat. Do you note
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn! how pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold! Mark her eyes!

Grif. She is going, wench: pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow: 100
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behavior: go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly. There is stay-
ing

A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.*

Re-enter Griffith, with Capucius.

If my sight fail not,

103. "go to, kneel"; Queen Katharine's servants, after the divorce at Dunstable, were directed to be sworn to serve her not as *queen* but as *princess dowager*. Some refused to take the oath, and so were forced to leave her service; and as for those who took it and stayed, she would not be served by them, by which means she was almost destitute of attendants.—H. N. H.

You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,

My royal nephew, and your name Capucius. 110

Cap. Madam, the same; your servant.

Kath. O, my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me since first you knew me. But, I pray
you,

What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by
me

Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too
late; 120

'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me;
But now I am past all comforts here but
prayers.

How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor
name

Banish'd the kingdom! Patience, is that letter,
I caused you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.

[Giving it to Katharine.]

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver

This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam. 130

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter,—

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on
her!—

Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding—
She is young and of a noble modest nature:

I hope she will deserve well—and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved
him,

Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor pe-
tition

Is that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long 140

Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:

Of which there is not one, I dare avow,—

And now I should not lie—but will deserve,

For virtue and true beauty of the soul,

For honesty and decent carriage,

A rich good husband, let him be a noble:

And, sure, those men are happy that shall have
'em.

The last is, for my men; they are the poorest,

But poverty could never draw 'em from me;

That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,

And something over to remember me by: 151

If heaven had pleased to have given me longer
life

And able means, we had not parted thus.

146. "*let him be a noble*"; even if he should be.—H. N. H.

These are the whole contents: and, good my lord,

By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king

To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will,

Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me 160

In all humility unto his highness:

Say his long trouble now is passing

Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd him,

For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,

My lord. Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience,

You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;

Call in more women. When I am dead, good wench,

Let me be used with honor: strew me over

With maiden flowers, that all the world may know

I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me, 170

Then lay me forth; although unqueen'd, yet like

A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.

I can no more. [*Exeunt, leading Katharine.*]

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I

London. A gallery in the palace.

Enter Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir
Thomas!

Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, Sir Thomas, and left him at primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the
matter? 10

It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offense belongs to't, give your friend

3. "*not for delights*"; Gardiner himself is not much delighted. The delights at which he hints seem to be the king's diversions, which keep him in attendance.—H. N. H.

Some touch of your late business: affairs that
walk,

As they say spirits do, at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's
in labor,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd
She'll with the labor end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with 20
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir
Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,
Hear me, Sir Thomas: you're a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me, 30
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for
Cromwell,
Beside that of the jewel house, is made master

O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further,
sir,

Stands in the gap and trade of moe preferments,
With which the time will load him. The arch-
bishop

Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare
speak

One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,

There are that dare; and I myself have ven-
tured 40

To speak my mind of him: and indeed this day,

Sir, I may tell it you, I think I have

Incensed the lords o' the council that he is—

For so I know he is, they know he is—

A most arch-heretic, a pestilence

That does infect the land: with which they
moved

Have broken with the king; who hath so far

Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace

And princely care foreseeing those fell mischiefs

Our reasons laid before him, hath commanded

To-morrow morning to the council-board 51

He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir
Thomas,

And we must root him out. From your affairs

I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord: I rest your serv-
ant. [*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*]

Enter King and Suffolk.

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night;

My mind's not on 't; you are too hard for me.
Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, Charles,
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play. 60
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desired your
highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou, ha?
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman, and that her sufferance
made
Almost each pang a death.

King. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burthen, and 70
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

King. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Prithee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, good night. [*Exit Suffolk.*]

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha! Canterbury? 81

Den. Aye, my good lord.

King. 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us.

[*Exit Denny.*]

Lov. [*Aside*] This is about that which the bishop
spake:

I am happily come hither.

Re-enter Denny, with Cranmer.

King. Avoid the gallery. [*Lovell seems to stay.*]

Ha! I have said. Be gone.

What! [*Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*]

Cran. [*Aside*] I am fearful: wherefore frowns he
thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my lord! you do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] It is my duty 90
To attend your highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: come, come, give me
your hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,

Grievous complaints of you: which, being con-
sider'd, 99

Have moved us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: you a brother
of us,

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know, 111
There's none stands under more calumnious
tongues

Than I myself, poor man.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury:
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend: give me thy hand, stand up:
Prithee, let's walk. Now, by my holidame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I
look'd

You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers, and to have heard
you, 120

Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread liege,

106. "you a brother of us," i. e. being a Privy Councillor.—I. G.

The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh
not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the
whole world?

Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices

Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question car-
ries

The due o' the verdict with it: at what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? Such things have been
done.

You are potently opposed, and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjured witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God and your majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

King. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see

You do appear before them. If they shall
chance,

In charging you with matters, to commit you,

The best persuasions to the contrary

Fail not to use, and with what vehemency

The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties

Will render you no remedy, this ring 150

Deliver them, and your appeal to us

There make before them. Look, the good man
weeps!

He's honest, on mine honor. God's blest
mother!

I swear he is true-hearted, and a soul

None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,

And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*]

He has strangled

His language in his tears.

156. "*strangled his language in his tears*"; this is taken almost literally from Fox, who makes the king speak to the archbishop as follows: "Doe not you know what state you be in with the whole world, and how manie great enemies you have? Do you not consider what an easie thing it is to procure three or four false knaves to witnesse against you? Think you to have better lucke that wai than your master Christ had? I see by it you will run headlong to your undoing, if I would suffer you. Your enemies shall not so prevaile against you, for I have otherwise devised with myselfe to keepe you out of their hands. Yet notwithstanding, to morrow, when the counsell shall sit and send for you, resort unto them, and if in charging you with this matter they do commit you to the Tower, require of them, because you are one of them, a counsellor, that you may have your accusers brought before them without any further indurance, and use for yourselfe as good perswasions that way as you may devise; and if no intreatie will serve, then deliver unto them this my ring, and say unto them, *if there be no remedie, my lords, but that I must needs go to the Tower, then I revoke my cause from you, and appeale to the kings owne person, by this his token unto you all*: for, so soon as they shall see this my ring, they shall under-

Enter Old Lady; Lovell following.

Gent. [Within] Come back: what mean you?

Old L. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners. Now, good
angels

Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person 160
Under their blessed wings!

King. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, aye, and of a boy.

Old L. Aye, aye, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her! 'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovell!

Lov. Sir? 169

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the
queen. [Exit.

Old. L. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll
ha' more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.

I will have more, or scold it out of him.

Said I for this, the girl was like to him?

I will have more, or else unsay 't; and now,

While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

stand that I have resumed the whole cause into mine owne hands.' The archbishop, perceiving the kings benignitie so much to him-wards, had much ado to forbear teares. 'Well,' said the king, 'go your waies, my lord, and do as I have bidden you.'—H. N. H.

167. "and to be"; i. e. and you to be.—C. H. H.

SCENE II

Before the council-chamber.

Pursuivants, Pages, &c. attending.

Enter Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman

That was sent to me from the council pray'd me

To make great haste. All fast? what means this? Ho!

Who waits there? Sure, you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep.

Yes, my lord;

But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

Enter Doctor Butts.

Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Cran. So.

Butts. [*Aside*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad

I came this way so happily: the king

Shall understand it presently. [*Exit.*

Cran. [*Aside*] 'Tis Butts, 10

The king's physician: as he pass'd along,

How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!

Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,

This is of purpose laid by some that hate me—
 God turn their hearts! I never sought their
 malice—

To quench mine honor: they would shame to
 make me

Wait else at door, a fellow-councilor,

'Mong boys, grooms and lackeys. But their
 pleasures

Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butts at a window above.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight—

King. What's that, Butts? 20

Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.

King. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
 Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursui-
 vants,

Pages and footboys.

King. Ha! 'tis he, indeed:

Is this the honor they do one another?

'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had
 thought

They had parted so much honesty among 'em,

18. [*"at a window above"*]; the suspicious vigilance of our ancestors contrived windows which overlooked the insides of chapels, halls, kitchens, passages, etc. Some of these convenient peepholes may still be seen in colleges, and such ancient houses as have not suffered from the reformations of modern architecture. In a letter from Matthew Parker, archbishop of Canterbury, 1573, printed in Seward's *Anecdotes*: "And if it please her majestie, she may come in through my gallerie, and see the disposition of the hall in dynner time, at a window opening thereinto."—H. N. H.

At least good manners, as not thus to suffer
 A man of his place and so near our favor 30
 To dance attendance on their lordship's pleasures,

And at the door too, like a post with packets.

By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:

Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;

We shall hear more anon. [Exeunt.

SCENE III

The council-chamber.

Enter Lord Chancellor, places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for Canterbury's seat; Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, Gardiner, seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at lower end, as secretary. Keeper at the door.

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:

34. "*draw the curtain*"; that is, the curtain of the balcony or upper stage, where the king now is. The matter of this passage is thus given by Fox: "On the morrow, about nine of the clock before noone, the counsell sent a gentleman usher for the archbishop, who, when hee came to the counsell chamber doore, could not be let in, but of purpose, as it seemed, was compelled there to wait among the pages, lackies, and serving men al alone. Doctor Buts, the kings physician, resorting that way, and espying how my lord of Canterbury was handled, went to the kings highnesse and said, 'My lord of Canterbury, if it please your grace, is well promoted: for now he is become a lackey or a serving man; for yonder he standeth this half hower at the counsell chamber doore amongst them.' 'It is not so,' quoth the king, 'I trowe; nor the counsell hath not so little discretion as to use the metropolitan of the realm in that sort, specially being one of their own number. But let them alone,' sayd the king, 'and we shall heare more soone.'"—H. N. H.

Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honors,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canter-
bury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleas-
ures.

Chan. Let him come in.

Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[*Cranmer enters and approaches the council-table.*]

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I'm very sorry
To sit here at this present and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men, 10
In our own natures frail and capable
Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which
frailty
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach
us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your
chaplains,—
For so we are inform'd,—with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,

11-12. "*frail and capable of our flesh*"; Keightley, "*culpable and frail*," etc.; Pope, "*and capable Of frailty*"; Malone, "*incapable; Of our flesh*"; Mason conj. "*and culpable: Of our flesh*," etc.—I. G.

And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too, 20

My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits and
spur 'em,

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,
Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honor, this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as of late days our neigh-
bors,

The upper Germany, can dearly witness, 30
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labor'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching
And the strong course of my authority
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living,
I speak it with a single heart, my lords,
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place, 40
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment

22. "*pace 'em not in their hands*"; i. e. "leading them by the
bridle."—I. G.

30. "*The Upper Germany*"; alluding to Thomas Munzer's insur-
rection in Saxony (1521–1522), or to the Anabaptist rising in Mun-
ster (1535); the passage is from Foxe.—I. G.

Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,

That cannot be: you are a councilor,

And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you. 50

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more
moment,

We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness'
pleasure,

And our consent, for better trial of you,

From hence you be committed to the Tower;

Where, being but a private man again,

You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,

More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank
you;

You are always my good friend; if your will
pass,

I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,

You are so merciful. I see your end; 61

'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,

Become a churchman better than ambition:

Win straying souls with modesty again,

Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,

Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,

I make as little doubt as you do conscience

In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,

But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

59. "*pass*"; prevail.—C. H. H.

66. "*Lay*," i. e. "though ye lay."—I. G.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary; 70
That's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers,

To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favor, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honor mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favorer 80
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their
fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord: it stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith

85. "*This is too much*"; the Folios give the speech to the Chamberlain, evidently due to confusion of "*Cham.*" and "*Chan.*"—I. G.

You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: are you all agreed, lords? 91

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other
Would you expect? you are strangely trouble-
some.

Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it 100
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Cham. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,

102. "*This is the king's ring*"; it seems to have been a custom, begun probably before the regal power experienced the restraints of law, for every monarch to have a ring, the temporary possession of which invested the holder with the same authority as the owner himself could exercise. The production of it was sufficient to suspend the execution of the law; it procured indemnity for offenses committed, and imposed acquiescence and submission to whatever was done under its authority. The traditional story of the earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth, and the countess of Nottingham, long considered as an incident of a romance, is generally known, and now as generally credited.—H. N. H.

When we first put this dangerous stone a-roll-
ing,

'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on't!

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations 110
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye!

Enter King, frowning on them; takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to
heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince,
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church

113. "*now have at you*"; so in Fox: "Anone the archbishop was called into the counsaile chamber, to whome was alledged as before is rehearsed. The archbishop answered in like sort as the king had advised him; and in the end, when he perceived that no maner of perswasion or intreatie could serve, he delivered them the kings ring, revoking his cause into the kings hands. The whole councill being thereat somewhat amazed, the earle of Bedford with a loud voice, confirming his wordes with a solemn othe, said, 'When you first began the matter, my lords, I tolde you what would come of it. Do you thinke that the king will suffer this mans finger to ake? Much more, I warrant you, will hee defend his life against brabbling varlets. You doe but cumber yourselves to heare tales and fables against him.' And so, incontinently upon the receipt of the kings token, they all rose, and caryed the king his ring, surrendering that matter, as the order and use was, into his own hands."—H. N. H.

The chief aim of his honor; and, to strengthen
 That holy duty, out of dear respect,
 His royal self in judgment comes to hear 120
 The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You were ever good at sudden commendations,

Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
 To hear such flattery now, and in my presence
 They are too thin and bare to hide offenses.
 To me you cannot reach you play the spaniel,
 And think with wagging of your tongue to win
 me;

But, whatsoe'er thou takest me for, I'm sure
 Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.

[*To Cranmer*] Good man, sit down. Now let
 me see the proudest 130

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
 By all that's holy, he had better starve
 Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

125. "*bare*"; Malone's emendation of Ff., "*base*."—I. G.

133. "*becomes thee not*"; the original here reads,—"*Think his place becomes thee not*," which is commonly retained in modern editions. Congruity of sense carries the mind at once to the seat Cranmer has just taken, as the place meant. And Mr. Dyce has shown, what is familiar enough to experienced proof-readers, that the misprint of *his* for *this* is one of the commonest.—We must quote again from Fox's narrative: "When they were all come to the king's presence, his highness with a severe countenance said unto them, 'Ah, my lords, I thought I had wiser men of my council than now I find you. What discretion was this in you, thus to make the primate of the realm, and one of you in office, to wait at the council chamber doore amongst serving men? You might have considered that he was a counsellor as well as you, and you had no such commission of me as to handle him. I was content that you should trie him as a counsellor, and not as a mean subject. But now I well perceive that things be done against him maliciously, and if some of you might have had your minds, you would have

Sur. May it please your grace,—

King. No, sir, it does not please me.

I had thought I had had men of some understanding

And wisdom of my council; but I find none.

Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,

This good man,—few of your deserve that title,—

This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy 139

At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?

Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission

Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye

Power as he was a councilor to try him,

Not as a groom: there's some of ye, I see,

More out of malice than integrity,

Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;

Which ye shall never have while I live.

Chan. Thus far,

My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace

To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed

tried him to the uttermost. But I doe you all to wit, that if a prince may bee beholding unto his subject, by the faith I owe to God, I take this man here, my lord of Canterbury, to be above all other a most faithfull subject unto us, and one to whome wee are much beholding; giving him great commendations otherwise. And with that one or two of the chiefest, making their excuse, declared that in requesting his indurance, it was rather meant for his triall and purgation against the common fame and slander of the world, than for any malice conceived against him. 'Well, well, my lords,' quoth the king, 'take him and use him well, as he is worthy to be, and make no more adoe.' And with that every man caught him by the hand, and made faire weather altogether which might easily be done with that man."—H. N. H.

Concerning his imprisonment, was rather, 150
 If there be faith in men, meant for his trial
 And fair purgation to the world, than malice,
 I 'm sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
 Take him and use him well; he 's worthy of it.
 I will say thus much for him, if a prince
 May be beholding to a subject, I
 Am, for his love and service, so to him.
 Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
 Be friends, for shame, my lords! My Lord of
 Canterbury, 160

I have a suit which you must not deny me;
 That is, a fair young maid that yet wants bap-
 tism;

You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
 In such an honor: how may I deserve it,
 That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, my lord, you 'ld spare your
 spoons: you shall have two noble partners
 with you; the old Duchess of Norfolk, and
 Lady Marquess Dorset: will these please 170
 you?

Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge
 you,

Embrace and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart
 And brother-love I do it.

165. "*You 'ld spare your spoons,*" i. e. "you wish to save your spoons"; alluding to the old custom of giving spoons as christening presents.—I. G.

Cran.

And let heaven

Witness how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart:

The common voice, I see, is verified

Of thee, which says thus: 'Do my Lord of Canterbury

A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.'

Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long

To have this young one made a Christian. 180

As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;

So I grow stronger, you more honor gain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

*The palace yard.**Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.**Port.* You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.[*Within*] 'Good master porter, I belong to the larder.'*Port.* Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, ye rogue! Is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em. I'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings? 10 do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much impossible—

Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons—

To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep

On May-day morning; which will never be:

We may as well push against Powle's as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?

As much as one sound cudgel of four foot— 20

You see the poor remainder—could distribute,

I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,

To mow 'em down before me: but if I spared

any

That had a head to hit, either young or old,

He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,

Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;

And that I would not for a cow, God save her!

[*Within*] 'Do you hear, master porter?'

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master 30

puppy. Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down

by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster

in? or have we some strange Indian with the

28. "*And that I would not for a cow, God save her!*" a proverbial expression still used in the South of England.—I. G.

35. "*some strange Indian.*" Five American Indians came to London in 1611. Nearly at the same time Shakespeare, in *The Tempest*, II. ii., speaks of the popular curiosity excited even by "a dead Indian."—C. H. H.

great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together. 40

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in 's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out 'Clubs!' when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succor, which were the hope 'o the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place: at length 50 they came to the broomstaff to me; I defied 'em still: when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honor 60

51. "*a haberdasher's wife of small wit*"; probably with a play on the phrase "haberdasher of small wit," *i. e.* dealer in trifling jests.—C. H. H.

in and let 'em win the work: the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear 70 brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here! They grow still too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here. Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves? Ye have made a fine hand, fellows!
There 's a trim rabble let in: are all these Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have 80
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An 't please your honor,

69, 70. "*The tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse.*" There is no evidence for finding in these words the names of Puritan congregations, as commentators have supposed; the alternative phrases are sufficiently expressive without any such supposition, and were perhaps coined for the occasion; they are not found elsewhere.—I. G.

79. "*made a fine hand*"; played a pretty game.—C. H. H.

Act V. Sc. v.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for 't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect: ye're lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bombards when
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets
 sound; 90
They're come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two
months.

Man. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I 'll make your head ache.

Port. You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail;
I'll peck you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*]

The palace.

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls

87. "*lay by the heels*"; put in the stocks.—C. H. H.

1. "*Standing-bowls*" were bowls elevated on feet or pedestals.—
H. N. H.

for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c., train borne by a Lady; then follows the Marchioness Dorset, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen.

My noble partners and myself thus pray:
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good lord archbishop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord. 10

[The King kisses the child.]

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!

Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:

I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran.

Let me speak, sir,

For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em
truth.

This royal infant—heaven still move about
her!—

Though in her cradle, yet now promises 19
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall
be—

But few now living can behold that goodness—
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mold up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse
her, 29

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be loved and fear'd: her own shall
bless her;

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good
grows with her:

In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbors:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.

27. "*piece*"; creation,—"*mighty*" in virtue of her destiny.—C. H. H.

Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but, as when
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix, 41
 Her ashes new create another heir
 As great in admiration as herself,
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one—
 When heaven shall call her from this cloud of
 darkness—

Who from the sacred ashes of her honor
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth,
 terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
 His honor and the greatness of his name 52
 Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
 To all the plains about him. Our children's
 children

Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
 An aged princess; many days shall see her,
 And yet no day without a deed to crown it. 59
 Would I had known no more! but she must die;
 She must; the saints must have her; yet a virgin,

41. "maiden"; i. e. mateless.—C. H. H.

53. "new nations"; on a picture of King James, which formerly belonged to Bacon, and is now in the possession of Lord Grimston, he is styled *imperii Atlantici conditor*. In 1612 there was a lottery for the plantation of Virginia. The lines probably allude to the settlement of that colony.—H. N. H.

61. "yet a virgin"; we here follow a suggestion of Mr. Dyce, in so pointing the passage as to make Cranmer express regret at his

A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn
her.

King. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man! never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing.
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my
Maker. 69

I thank ye all. To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding;
I have received much honor by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way,
lords:

Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank
ye;

She will be sick else. This day, no man think
Has business at his house; for all shall stay:

This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*]

foreknowledge that Elizabeth was to die *childless*, not that she was to *die*; which latter is the meaning given by the usual pointing, thus:

“’Would I had known no more! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass,” &c.—H. N. H.

71. “*And your good brethren*”; Thirlby’s conjecture, adopted by Theobald; Ff. read “*and you good brethren*.”—I. G.

76. “*has*”; i. e. he has; Ff., “*Has*.”—I. G.

THE EPILOGUE

'Tis ten to one this play can never please
All that are here: some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frightened with our trumpets; so, 'tis
clear,
They'll say 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abused extremely, and to cry 'That's witty!'
Which we have not done neither; that, I fear,
All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women; 10
For such a one we show'd 'em: if they smile,
And say 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

GLOSSARY

By ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.

- ABERGAVENNY**, (*vide* Note); I. i. 211.
- ABHOR**, protest strongly against; (according to Blackstone, a technical term of the canon law = Latin *detestor*, but Holinshed has "*Abhor, refuse, and forsake*"); II. iv. 81.
- ABODED**, foreboded; I. i. 93.
- ADMIT**, permit, allow; IV. ii. 107.
- ADVERTISE**, inform; II. iv. 178.
- ADVISED**; "be a.", be careful, reflect; I. i. 139.
- AFTER**, afterwards; III. ii. 202.
- ALIKE**; "things known a.", *i. e.* equally to you as to the others; I. ii. 45.
- ALLAY**, subdue, silence; II. i. 152.
- ALLEGIANCY**, loyal; III. ii. 176.
- ALLOW'D**, approved; I. ii. 83.
- AN**, if; III. ii. 375.
- ANON**, presently; I. ii. 107.
- A-PIECES**, in pieces; V. iv. 84.
- APPLIANCE**, application, cure; I. i. 124.
- APPROVE**, confirm; (Collier MS., "*improve*"); II. iii. 74.
- ARROGANCY**, arrogance; (F. 1, "*Arrogancie*"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*Arrogance*"); II. iv. 110.
- AS**, as if; I. i. 10.
- ASHER-HOUSE**; Asher was the old spelling of Esher, a place near Hampton Court; III. ii. 231.
- AT**, with; V. i. 131.
- ATTACH**, arrest; I. i. 217.
- , seized; I. i. 95.
- ATTAINDER**, disgrace; (Ff. 1, 2, "*Attendure*"; Ff. 3, 4, "*Attaindure*"); II. i. 41.
- AVAUNT**; "give her the a.", bid her begone; II. iii. 10.
- AVOID**, quit, leave; V. i. 86.
- BAITING**, drinking heavily; V. iv. 89.
- BANQUET**, dessert; "running b.", *i. e.* hasty refreshment; used figuratively; I. iv. 12.
- BAR**, prevent; III. ii. 17.
- BEHOLDING**, beholden; I. iv. 41.
- BENEFICIAL**, beneficent; "beneficial sun," *i. e.* the King; I. i. 56.
- BESHREW ME**, a mild asseveration; II. iii. 24.
- BESIDE**, besides; Prol. 19.
- BEVIS**, alluding to the old legend of the Saxon hero Bevis, whom William the Conqueror made Earl of Southampton; he was credited with performing incredible deeds of valor; he conquered the giant Ascapar; I. i. 38.
- BEVV**, company of ladies; (originally a flock of birds, especially quails); I. iv. 4.

- BLISTER'D, slashed, puffed; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, "*blistred*"; F. 4, "*bolstred*"); I. iii. 31.
- BLOW US, blow us up; V. iv. 51.
- BOMBARDS, large leathern vessels to carry liquors; V. iv. 89.
- BOOK, learning; (Collier MS., "*brood*"; Lettsom conj. "*brat*"); I. i. 122.
- BOOTLESS, useless; II. iv. 61.
- BORES, undermines, over-reaches; (Becket conj. "*bords*"); I. i. 128.
- BOSOM UP, inclose in your heart; I. i. 112.
- BOW'D; "a three-pence b." i. e. bent; perhaps alluding to the old custom of ratifying an agreement by a bent coin; or merely equivalent to a "worthless coin"; II. iii. 36.
- BRAKE, thicket; I. ii. 75.
- BRAZIER, used quibblingly in double sense of (i.) a worker in brass, (ii.) a portable fireplace; V. iv. 44.
- BROKEN WITH, broached the subject to; V. i. 47.
- BROOMSTAFF, broomstaff's length; V. iv. 61.
- BUZZING, whisper; II. i. 148.
- BY DAY AND NIGHT! an exclamation; an oath; I. ii. 213.
- CAMLET, a light woolen stuff originally made of camel's hair; (Ff., "*Chamblet*"); V. iv. 97.
- CAPABLE OF; susceptible to the temptations of; V. iii. 11.
- CARDINAL, (dissyllabic; F. 1, "*Cardinal*"); II. ii. 97.
- CARRIED, carried out; managed; I. i. 100.
- CAUTION, warning; II. iv. 186.
- CENSURE, judgment; I. i. 33.
- CERTAIN, certainly; II. iv. 71.
- CERTES, certainly; I. i. 48.
- CHAFED, angry, enraged; (Ff. 1, 2, "*chaff'd*"); I. i. 123.
- CHALLENGE, the legal right of objecting to being tried by a person; II. iv. 77.
- CHAMBERS, small cannon discharged on festal occasions; I. iv. 49.
- CHERUBINS, cherubs; I. i. 23.
- CHEVERIL, kid-skin, used adjectively; II. iii. 32.
- CHIDING, noisy, clamorous; III. ii. 197.
- CHINE, joint of beef; (Collier MS., "*queen*"); V. iv. 27.
- CHURCHMAN, ecclesiastic; I. iii. 55.
- CITED, summoned to appear; IV. i. 29.
- CLERKS, clergy; II. ii. 92.
- CLINQUANT, glittering with gold or silver lace; I. i. 19.
- CLOTHARIUS, one of the Merovingian kings of France; taken as a type of antiquity; I. iii. 10.
- CLUBS! "In any public affray, the cry was *Clubs! Clubs!* by way of calling for persons with clubs to part the combatants" (Nares); clubs were the weapons of the London apprentices; V. iv. 56.
- COASTS, creeps along, like a vessel following the windings of the coast; III. ii. 38.
- COLBRAND, the Danish giant who, according to the old legend, was slain by Sir Guy of Warwick; V. iv. 23.
- COLD, coldness; (Collier MS., "*coldness*"; S. Walker, "*color*"); IV. ii. 98.
- COLOR, pretext; I. i. 178.

- COME OFF, get out, escape; III. ii. 23.
- COMMENDS, delivers; II. iii. 61.
- COMMISSIONS, warrants; I. ii. 20.
- COMPELL'D, thrust upon one, unsought; II. iii. 87.
- COMPLETE, accomplished; I. ii. 118.
- CONCEIT, conception, opinion; II. iii. 74.
- CONCEIVE, think, look upon; I. ii. 105.
- CONCLAVE, "the holy c.", *i. e.* the College of Cardinals; II. ii. 100.
- CONFEDERACY, conspiracy; I. ii. 3.
- CONFIDENT; "I am c.", I have confidence in you; II. i. 146.
- CONJUNCTION; the technical term in astrology for the "conjunction" of two planets; III. ii. 45.
- CONSULTING; "not c.", *i. e.* not c. with each other spontaneously; I. i. 91.
- CONTRARY, contradictory; III. ii. 26.
- CONVENTED, convened, summoned; (Johnson, "*convened*"); V. i. 52.
- COPE; "to c.", of encountering; I. ii. 78.
- COVENT, convent; IV. ii. 19.
- CRAB-TREE, crab apple tree; V. iv. 8.
- CREDIT, reputation; III. ii. 265.
- CUM PRIVILEGIO, "with exclusive right"; I. iii. 34.
- CURE, curacy; I. iv. 33.
- DARE, make to cower in fear; (*v. note*); III. ii. 282.
- DEAR, dearly; II. ii. 111.
- DELIVER, relate, report; I. ii. 143.
- DEMURE, solemn; I. ii. 167.
- DERIVED, drawn upon, brought upon; II. iv. 32.
- DESPERATE, reckless, rash; III. i. 86.
- DID, (*v. Note*); IV. ii. 60.
- DIFFERENCE, dissension; I. i. 101.
- DISCERNER, critic; I. i. 32.
- DISCOVERS, reveals, betrays; V. iii. 71.
- DISPOSED, used, employed; I. ii. 116.
- DUE; "due o' the verdict," right verdict; (Ff. 1, 2, "*dew*"); V. i. 131.
- DUNSTABLE, Dunstable Priory; IV. i. 27.
- EASY ROADS, easy journeys, stages; IV. ii. 17.
- ELEMENT, component part; I. i. 48.
- EMBALLING, investment with the ball; one of the insignia of royalty used at a coronation; II. iii. 47.
- EMBRACEMENT, embrace; I. i. 10.
- END; "the e.", at the bottom; (Long MS., "*at the end*"); II. i. 40.
- ENVY, malice, hatred; II. i. 85.
- EQUAL, impartial; II. ii. 108.
- ESTATE, state; II. ii. 70.
- EVEN, pure, free from blemish; III. i. 37.
- EVER; "not e.", *i. e.* not always; V. i. 129.
- EXCLAMATION, reproach, outcry; I. ii. 52.
- EXHALATION, meteor, shooting star; III. ii. 226.
- FAIL, failure of issue; I. ii. 145.
- FAIL'D, died; I. ii. 184.
- FAINTS, makes faint; II. iii. 103.
- FAITH, fidelity; II. i. 145.
- FATHER, father-in-law; II. i. 44.
- FEARFUL, afraid, full of fear; V. i. 88.

- FELLOW, equal; I. iii. 41.
 FELLOWS, comrades; II. i. 73.
 FIERCE, excessive; I. i. 54.
 FILE, list; I. i. 75.
 FILED WITH, kept pace with;
 (Ff., "*fill'd*"); III. ii. 171.
 FINE HAND, nice business; V. iv.
 79.
 FIRE-DRAKE, fiery dragon, meteor,
 will o' the wisp; V. iv. 48.
 FIT, "fit o' the face," grimace; I.
 iii. 7.
 FIT, suitable; II. ii. 117.
 FLAW'D, broken; I. i. 95; made
 rents in, wrought damage; I.
 ii. 21.
 FOOL AND FEATHER, alluding to
 the grotesque plume of feathers
 in the jester's cap; I. iii. 25.
 FOR, as for; II. ii. 50.
 FORCE, urge; III. ii. 2.
 FOREIGN MAN, one employed in
 foreign embassies; II. ii. 129.
 FORGED, framed, planned; I. ii.
 181.
 FORTY HOURS, used for an in-
 definite time; III. ii. 253.
 FORTY PENCE, a sum commonly
 used for a trifling wager; II.
 iii. 89.
 FRAME, plan; I. ii. 44.
 FREE, freely; II. i. 82.
 FREE OF, unaffected by; II. iv. 99.
 FRET, eat away; III. ii. 105.
 FROM, of; III. ii. 268.
 FRONT, am in the front rank; I.
 ii. 42.
 FULLERS, cloth cleaners; I. ii. 33.
 FURNISH'D, suitably appointed,
 arranged; II. ii. 141.
 GAINSAY, deny; II. iv. 96.
 GAIT, walk; (Ff., "*gate*"); III.
 ii. 116.
 GALL'D, wounded; III. ii. 207.
 GAP, passage; V. i. 36.
 GAPIING, bawling, shouting; V. iv.
 3.
 GAVE; "My mind g. me," *i. e.*
 gave me to understand, I had
 a misgiving; V. iii. 109.
 GAVEST, didst impute to; III. ii.
 262.
 GIVES WAY, makes way, gives op-
 portunity; III. ii. 16.
 GLADED, gladdened; II. iv. 196.
 GLADDING, gladdening; V. i. 71.
 GLISTERING, glistening, shining;
 II. iii. 21.
 GLOSS; "painted g.," highly col-
 ored comment, rhetorical flour-
 ish; V. iii. 71.
 GO ABOUT, intend to do; I. i. 131.
 GOING OUT, expedition; I. i. 73.
 GOOD, goodness, (? wealth; or,
 good man) merit (Johnson
 conj. "*ground*"); V. i. 22;
 (*vide* Note); IV. ii. 60.
 GOSSIPS, sponsors; V. v. 13.
 GOVERNMENT, self-control; II. iv.
 138.
 GRIEF, grievance; I. ii. 56.
 GROSSER, coarser, ruder; I. ii. 84.
 GUARDED, trimmed, ornamented;
 Prol. 16.
 GUY, the famous Sir Guy of
 Warwick, the hero of the old
 romances; V. iv. 23.
 HALL; "the hall," *i. e.* Westmin-
 ster Hall; II. i. 2.
 HAPPIEST; "h. hearers," *i. e.* best
 disposed, most favorable; Prol.
 24.
 HAPPILY, haply, perhaps; IV. ii.
 10.
 HARDLY, harshly, unfavorably; I.
 ii. 105.
 HARD-RULED, not easily managed;
 III. ii. 101.
 HAVE-AT-HIM, attack, thrust;
 (*vide* Note); II. ii. 85.

- HAVE AT YOU**; an exclamation of warning in attacking; III. ii. 309.
- HAVING**, possession, wealth; II. iii. 23.
- HE**, man; V. iii. 131.
- HEART**; "the best h.", the very essence, core; I. ii. 1.
- HEDGES**, creeps along by hedge-rows; (Warburton, "*edges*"); III. ii. 39.
- HEIGHT**; "to the h.", in the highest degree; I. ii. 214.
- HELD**, i. e. have it acknowledged; I. iii. 47.
- , did hold good; II. i. 149.
- HIRE**, (dissyllabic); II. iii. 36.
- HOLIDAME**; "by my h.", an oath; (Ff., "*holydame*"; Rowe, "*holy Dame*"); V. i. 116.
- HOURS**, (dissyllabic); V. i. 2.
- HULLING**, floating to and fro; II. iv. 199.
- HUSBAND**; "an ill h.", a bad economist or manager; III. ii. 142.
- IN**, concerning; II. iv. 103.
- INCENSED**, incited, made to believe; (Nares, "*insens'd*" i. e. informed); V. i. 43.
- INDIFFERENT**, impartial, unbiased; II. iv. 17.
- INDURANCE**, durance, imprisonment; V. i. 121.
- INNUMERABLE**; "i. substance," untold wealth, immense treasure; (Hanmer, "*i. sums*"); III. ii. 326.
- INTERPRETERS**; "sick i.", prejudiced critics; I. ii. 82.
- ISSUES**, sons; III. ii. 291.
- ITEM**, again, further; used in enumeration; III. ii. 320.
- ITS**, its own; (Ff., "*it's*"); I. i. 18.
- JADED**, treated like jades, spurned; III. ii. 280.
- JUSTIFY**, confirm, ratify; I. ii. 6.
- KEECH**, the fat of an ox or cow, rolled up by a butcher in a round lump, hence a name given to Wolsey, the butcher's son; (F. 4, "*Ketch*"); I. i. 55.
- KIMBOLTON**, Kimbolton Castle in Huntingdon; now the seat of the Duke of Manchester; (F. 1, 2, "*Kymmaltou*" probably the contemporary pronunciation of the word); IV. i. 34.
- KNOCK IT**, beat time; I. iv. 108.
- LAG END**, latter end; I. iii. 35.
- LARGE COMMISSION**, warrant exercising full power; III. ii. 320.
- LATE**, "lately considered valid"; IV. i. 33.
- LAY**, resided, dwelt; IV. i. 28.
- LAY BY THE HEELS**, put in the stocks; V. iv. 87.
- LAY UPON**, charge, impute; III. ii. 265.
- LEARNEDLY**, like one learned in the law; II. i. 28.
- LEAVE**, leave off, desist; IV. ii. 94.
- LEGATINE**, pertaining to a legate (F. 1, "*Legative*"; Ff. 2, 3, "*Legantive*"; F. 4, "*Legan-tine*"); III. ii. 339.
- LEISURE**, time at one's own disposal; (Collier MS., "*labour*"); III. ii. 140.
- LET**; "let him be," even though he be; IV. ii. 146.
- LETTERS-PATENTS** (the correct Anglo-French form of *literæ patentēs*), letters patent; III. ii. 250.
- LEVEL**, aim; I. ii. 2.
- LIKE IT**, may it please; I. i. 100.

- LIMBO PATRUM**, prison; strictly the place where the souls of the Fathers of the Old Testament remained till Christ's descent to hell; V. iv. 72.
- LINE**, equator; V. iv. 47.
- LIST**, pleases; II. ii. 22.
- LITTLE**; "in a l.", in few words, briefly; II. i. 11.
- 'LONGING**, belonging; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, "*longing*"); F. 4, "*longing*"; I. ii. 32.
- LOOK FOR**, expect; V. iv. 11.
- LOOSE**, free of speech; II. i. 127.
- LOR**, the smaller branches of a tree cut off for faggots; I. ii. 96.
- LOSE**, forget; II. i. 57.
- MAIDENHEAD**, maidenhood; II. iii. 23.
- MAIN**, general; IV. i. 31.
- MAKINGS**; "royal m.", ensigns of royalty; IV. i. 87.
- MANAGE**, training; V. iii. 24.
- MARK**, a coin worth 13s. 4d.; V. i. 170.
- MARSHALSEA**, the well known prison; afterwards used as a debtors' prison; V. iv. 94.
- MAY**, can; I. ii. 200.
- MAY-DAY MORNING**; "in the month of May, namely, on May-day in the morning, every man except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods; there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savor of sweet flowers, and with the noise of birds, praising God in their kind" (Stowe); V. iv. 16.
- MAZED**, amazed, bewildering; II. iv. 185.
- MEAN**, means; V. iii. 146.
- MEASURE**, a slow stately dance; I. iv. 106.
- MEMORIZED**, made memorable; III. ii. 52.
- MERE**, utter, absolute; III. ii. 329.
- MINCING**, affectation; II. iii. 31.
- MIND**, memory; III. ii. 138.
- MINDS**, "their royal m.", their devotion to the king"; (Pope, "*loyal*"); IV. i. 8.
- MISTAKEN**, misjudged; I. i. 195.
- MISTAKES**, misunderstands; III. i. 101.
- Mo**, more; II. iii. 97.
- MODEL**, image, copy; IV. ii. 132.
- MODEST**, moderate; V. iii. 69.
- MODESTY**, moderation; IV. ii. 74.
- MOIETY**, half; I. ii. 12.
- MOORFIELDS**, a place of resort where the trainbands of the city were exercised; V. iv. 34.
- MOTIONS**, motives, impulses; I. i. 153.
- MOUNTING**, raising on high; I. ii. 205.
- MOUNTS**, makes to mount; I. i. 144.
- MUSIC**, musicians; IV. ii. 94.
- MYSTERIES**, artificial fashions; I. iii. 2.
- NAUGHTY**, wicked; V. i. 138.
- NEW-TRIMM'D**, newly fitted up; I. ii. 80.
- NOISED**, rumored, reported; I. ii. 105.
- NOTE**, notice; "gives n.", proclaims; I. i. 63; information; I. ii. 48.
- NOTED**, noticed, observed; II. i. 46.
- NOTHING**, not at all; V. i. 125.
- O'**, off from; V. iv. 97.
- OBJECTIONS**, accusations; III. ii. 307.

- OFFER, opportunity; III. ii. 4.
 OFFICE; "the o.", *i. e.* the officers
 (Roderick conj. "*each office*");
 I. i. 44.
 OMIT, miss, neglect; III. ii. 3.
 ON, of; I. i. 94.
 ONCE, at one time; I. ii. 82.
 ON'S, of his; III. ii. 106.
 OPEN; "in o.", openly, in public;
 III. ii. 404.
 OPINION, reputation (*Vide* note);
 Prol. 20.
 OPPOSING, placing face to face;
 (Long MS., "*exposing*"); IV.
 i. 67.
 OTHER, otherwise; I. iii. 58.
 OUTGO, go beyond, surpass; I. ii.
 207.
 OUT OF, except; III. ii. 13.
 OUTSPEAKS, exceeds; III. ii. 127.
 OUTWORTHS, exceeds in value; I.
 i. 123.
 PACE, put through their paces;
 V. iii. 22.
 PAIN, pains; III. ii. 72.
 PAINTING; "as a p.", *i. e.* of the
 cheeks; I. i. 26.
 PALES, palings, enclosure; V. iv.
 98.
 PANGING, inflicting great pain;
 II. iii. 15.
 PAPERS, sets down on the list;
 (Campbell, "*the papers*";
 Staunton conj. "*he paupers*");
 (*vide* Note); I. i. 80.
 PARAGON'D, regarded as a model
 or pattern; II. iv. 230.
 PARCELS, parts, items; III. ii.
 125.
 PARED, diminished; III. ii. 159.
 PARIS-GARDEN, the celebrated
 bear-garden on Bankside,
 Southwark (Ff. 1, 2, 3, "*Parish*
Garden"); V. iv. 2.
 PART AWAY, depart; III. i. 97.
 PARTED, departed; IV. i. 92;
 shared, V. ii. 28.
 PARTICULAR, special ground; III.
 ii. 189.
 PART OF, in part, partly; III. i.
 24.
 PECK, pitch, fling; (Johnson,
 "*pick*"); V. iv. 98.
 PEPIN, one of the Carlovingian
 Kings of France, taken as a
 type of antiquity; I. iii. 10.
 PERIOD; "his p.", the end he
 wishes to attain; I. ii. 209.
 PERK'D UP, made smart, dressed
 up; II. iii. 21.
 PERNICIOUSLY, hatefully, to the
 death; II. i. 50.
 PHENIX; "maiden p.", so called
 because the bird was sexless
 and did not reproduce itself
 in the ordinary course of na-
 ture, but arose from its ashes;
 V. v. 41.
 PILLARS, the insignia of cardi-
 nals; II. iv. (stage direction).
 PINKED, pierced with holes; V.
 iv. 53.
 PITCH, height, dignity; (Warbur-
 ton, "*pinch*"; Theobald conj.
 "*batch*"); II. ii. 50.
 PITY, subject for compassion; II.
 iii. 10.
 PLAIN-SONG, simple melody, with-
 out variations; I. iii. 45.
 PLAY; "make my play"; *i. e.*
 "win what I play for"; I. iv.
 46.
 PLUCK OFF, abate from the rank;
 II. iii. 40.
 PORRINGER, cap shaped like a
 porringer or porridge bowl; V.
 iv. 53.
 POWERS, people of highest power
 and authority; (Vaughan
 conj. "*peers*"); II. iv. 113.
 POWLE'S, *i. e.* St. Paul's Cathed-

- dral; (Ff. 1, 2, "*Powles*"; F. 3, "*Poules*"; F. 4, "*Pauls*"; V. iv. 17.
- PRACTICE, plot, artifice; I. i. 204.
- PRÆMUNIRE, a writ issued against any one who has committed the offense of introducing foreign authority into England; (probably a corruption of *præmonere*); III. ii. 340.
- PRAYERS (dissyllabic); II. i. 77.
- PREFERR'D, promoted; IV. i. 102.
- PRESENCE, presence-chamber; III. i. 17; King's presence, IV. ii. 37.
- PRESENT, present moment; V. iii. 9.
- PRESENT, immediate; I. ii. 211.
- PRESS, crowd, mob; (Ff. 1, 2, "*preasse*"; F. 3, "*preass*"; V. iv. 92.
- PRIME, first; III. ii. 162.
- PRIMER, more urgent, more pressing; I. ii. 67.
- PRIMERO, an ancient game of cards, fashionable in those days; V. i. 7.
- PRIVATE, alone; II. ii. 12.
- PRIVILY, privately; I. i. 183.
- PRIVITY, concurrence, knowledge; I. i. 74.
- PROOF, "in p.", when brought to the test; I. i. 197.
- PROPER, fine, (used ironically); I. i. 98.
- PURSE, "the p.", i. e. the bag containing the great seal carried before him as Lord Chancellor; I. i. 114-115.
- PUT OFF, dismissed; I. ii. 32; discard, dismiss; II. iv. 21.
- PUTTER ON, instigator; I. ii. 24.
- QUALITY, nature; I. ii. 84.
- QUEEN, play the queen; II. iii. 37.
- RAISED HEAD, levied an army; II. i. 108.
- RANGE, rank; II. iii. 20.
- RANKNESS, exuberance; IV. i. 59.
- RATE, estimation, scale; III. ii. 127.
- READ, learn, take example; (Collier conj. "*tread*"); V. v. 38.
- RECEIPT, reception; "such r. of learning"=the reception of such learning; II. ii. 139.
- RESPECT; "dear r.", i. e. intense regard; V. iii. 119.
- RINSING, (*vide* Note); I. i. 167.
- RUB, obstacle, impediment; (a term in bowling); II. i. 129.
- RUN IN; "is r. in," has run into, incurred; I. ii. 110.
- SABA, the queen of Sheba; (the Vulgate "*Regina Saba*"); V. v. 24.
- SACRING BELL, the bell rung at mass at the elevation of the Host; (Rowe, Pope, "*scaring bell*"); III. ii. 295.
- SALUTE, touch, affect, exhilarate; (Collier MS., "*elate*"); II. iii. 103.
- SAVING, with all due respect to; II. iii. 31.
- SAW, "we s."; i. e. saw each other, met; (Ff. 3, 4, "*saw y'*"); I. i. 2.
- SECTARY, dissenter; V. iii. 70.
- SEEMING, show, appearance; II. iv. 108.
- SENNET, a set of notes on the trumpet or cornet, played at the entry or exit of a procession; II. iv. (stage direction).
- SET, sitting; III. i. 74.
- SET ON, set forward; II. iv. 241.
- SHOT; "loose s.", random shooters, skirmishers; V. iv. 63.

- SHREWD, ill, ill-natured; V. iii. 178.
- SHROUDS, sail-ropes, rigging of a ship; IV. i. 72.
- SICK, sick with pride; II. ii. 83; feeble, III. i. 118.
- SICKEN'D, impaired; (Theobald conj. "*slacken'd*"); I. i. 82.
- SIGN, set a stamp on; II. iv. 108.
- SILENCED; "the ambassador is s.", i. e. "commanded to keep his house in silence," (Hall's *Chronicles*); I. i. 97.
- SINGLE, sincere, untainted; V. iii. 38.
- SLEPT UPON, been blinded to the faults of; II. ii. 43.
- SLIGHTLY, smoothly, rapidly; (S. Walker conj. "*lightly*"); II. iv. 112.
- SOLICITED, informed, moved, stirred; I. ii. 18.
- SOMETHING, somewhat; I. i. 195.
- SOMETIMES, sometime, at one time; II. iv. 181.
- SOOTH, truth; II. iii. 30.
- SOUGHT, gave occasion for, incurred; V. ii. 15.
- SOUND, proclaim; V. ii. 13.
- SOUNDER, more loyal; III. ii. 274.
- SPANIARD; "the S.", i. e. the Spanish court; II. ii. 90.
- SPANN'D, measured, limited; I. i. 223.
- SPARING, niggardliness; I. iii. 60.
- SPAVIN, a disease in horses; I. iii. 12.
- SPEAK, bear witness; II. iv. 166; describe, III. i. 125.
- SPINSTERS, spinners; I. ii. 33.
- SPLEEN, malice, enmity; I. ii. 174.
- SPLEENY, hot-headed; III. ii. 99.
- SPOIL, destroy, ruin; I. ii. 175.
- SPRINGHALT, a disease in horses; I. iii. 13.
- STAND ON, rely upon; V. i. 122.
- STATE, chair of state, throne; I. ii.; canopy; I. iv. (stage direction).
- STAYING, waiting; IV. ii. 105.
- STILL, continually, constantly; II. ii. 126.
- STIRS AGAINST, is active against; (Collier MS., "*strives*"); V. iii. 39.
- STOMACH, pride, arrogance; IV. ii. 34.
- STOOD TO, sided with; II. iv. 86.
- STRAINS, embraces; IV. i. 46.
- STROVE, striven; II. iv. 30.
- SUDDENLY, immediately; V. iv. 87.
- SUFFERANCE, suffering, pain; II. iii. 15.
- SUGGESTION, underhanded practice, craft; IV. ii. 35.
- SUGGESTS, incites; I. i. 164.
- TAINTED, disgraced; IV. ii. 14.
- TAKE PEACE, make peace; II. i. 85.
- TALKER, a mere talker (as opposed to one who performs his promise); II. ii. 80.
- TEMPERANCE, moderation, self-restraint; I. i. 124.
- TENDANCE, attention; III. ii. 149.
- TENDER, have care, regard for; II. iv. 116.
- THAT, so that; I. i. 25.
- THIS, (Ff. "*his*"); V. iii. 133.
- THROUGHLY, thoroughly; V. i. 110.
- TIED, brought into a condition of bondage; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, "*Ty'de*"; F. 4, "*Ty'd*"; Hamner, "*Tyth'd*"); IV. ii. 36.
- TIME, present state of things; V. i. 37.
- TO, against; III. ii. 92.
- TO BE, as to be; III. i. 86.

Glossary

TOP-PROUD, proud in the highest degree; I. i. 151.
TOUCH, hint; V. i. 13.
TRACE, follow; (Clark MS., "*grace*"); III. ii. 45.
TRACT, course, process; I. i. 40.
TRADE, beaten track; (Warburton "*tread*"); V. i. 36.
TREMBLING; "a tr. contribution," a c. so great that it makes the giver tremble, (or, (?) makes us tremble); (Collier MS., "*trebling*"); I. ii. 95.
TROW; "I t.", I believe; (Ff. 1, 2, "*troa*"); I. i. 184.
TRUNCHEONERS, men with clubs or truncheons; (Ff. 3, 4, "*Truncheons*"); V. iv. 57.
TYPE S, distinguishing marks, signs; I. iii. 31.
UNDERTAKES, takes charge of; II. i. 97.
UNHAPPILY, unfavorably; I. iv. 89.
UNPARTIAL, impartial; II. ii. 107.
UNWITTINGLY, unintentionally; III. ii. 123.
USE; "make u.", take advantage of the opportunity; III. ii. 420.
USED MYSELF, behaved, conducted myself; III. i. 176.
VACANT, devoid, empty; V. i. 125.

KING HENRY VIII

VALUES; "not v.", is not worth; I. i. 88.
VIRTUE; "by that v."; by virtue of that office; V. iii. 50.
VISITATION, visit; I. i. 179.
VOICES; "free v.", candid opinion; II. ii. 94.
VOICE, vote; I. ii. 70; rumor, general talk, III. ii. 405.
VOUCH, testimony, attestation; I. i. 157.
WAG, move; I. i. 33.
WAS, "w. too far"; i. e. went beyond proper bounds; III. i. 65.
WAY, way of thinking, religious belief; V. i. 28.
WEEN, deem, imagine; V. i. 135.
WEIGH, value; V. i. 124.
WEIGH OUT, outweigh; III. i. 88.
WELL SAID, well done; I. iv. 30.
WHOEVER, whomsoever; II. i. 47.
WILL, desire; I. ii. 13.
WILL'D, desired; III. i. 18.
WIT, understanding; III. i. 72.
WITHAL, with; III. ii. 130.
WITNESS, testimony; V. i. 136.
WORK, outwork, fortification; V. iv. 65.
WORSHIP, noble rank, nobility; I. i. 39.
WOT, know; III. ii. 122.
YOU, yourself; I. iv. 20.

THE LIFE AND DEATH
OF KING JOHN

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PREFACE

By ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

King John was first printed in the First Folio, where it occupies the first place in the division of "Histories." The ten plays belonging to this series form as it were a great national Epic on the crises in English History from the reign of Richard II to that of Richard III, with *King John* and *Henry VIII* respectively as the Prologue and Epilogue of the whole. The Editors of the Folio were guided absolutely by chronological sequence in their arrangement of these plays: hence the place of *King John*.

SOURCE OF THE PLAY

Shakespeare's *King John* is a recast of an older play entitled *The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England*, printed for the first time in 1591, and again in 1611 and 1622. It is significant that the title-page of the 1611 edition states that the play was "written by W. Sh.;" in the later edition boldly expanded to "W. Shakespeare."¹ *The Troublesome Raigne* may safely be assigned to about the year 1589, with its pseudo-Marlowan lyrical note and classical frippery so common in the plays of the period, *e.g.*:—

"The whistling leaves upon the trembling trees,
Whistle in concert I am Richard's son:
The bubbling murmur of the water's fall,
Records Philippus Regius filius:

¹ *Cp. Shakespeare Quarto Facsimiles*, ed. by Dr. F. J. Furnivall, Vols. 40, 41 (*Hazlitt's Shakespeare Library*; Nichols' *Six Old Plays*, etc.).

Birds in their flight make music with their wings,
 Filling the air with glory of my birth:
 Birds, bubbles, leaves, and mountains, echo, all
 Ring in mine ears, that I am Richard's son." ¹

The old "two-sectioned" play may be described as the work of an imitator of Marlowe clinging to pre-Marlowan versification and diction and clownage.

It has many of the faults of the older Chronicle plays, as opposed to the Historical Dramas; chiefly noteworthy are:—(i) there is no hero; (ii) no one in whom one can take interest, except perhaps Faulconbridge; (iii) its Anti-Romish spirit which is at times harsh in the extreme; (iv) the doggerel character of much of its dialogue. On the other hand, the old playwright's treatment of his materials shows considerable merit, and to him belongs the invention of Faulconbridge ² and his mother, his avoidance of Constance's re-marriages, important modifications in Holinshed's characters of Arthur, of Limoges, etc.; while the comic scene where the Bastard finds the nun locked up in the Prior's chest "to hide her from lay men," and then discovers "Friar Lawrence" locked up in the ancient nun's chest, must, as Dr. Furnivall puts it, have been very telling on the Elizabethan stage; "you can fancy the audience's chuckles over it." Finally, it must be mentioned that the patriotic tone of Shakespeare's play re-echoes the sentiment of his original: especially striking

¹ "*The Troublesome Raigne*" must be carefully distinguished from Bale's "*Kynge Johan*" (about 1548, printed by the Camden Society, ed. by J. P. Collier), which holds an interesting place in the history of Bale's attempt to build a Protestant drama on the ruins of the Catholic Mystery (cp. Herford's *Literary Relations of England and Germany* in the xvi. cent., ch. iii.). Shakespeare had certainly never seen this play.

² Mr. Watkiss Lloyd suggested that some of Faulconbridge's characteristics were got from that *raptarius nequissimus* and bastard, Falco de Brenta,—or Foukes de Brent, as Holinshed calls him,—who though he was one of the Barons who wrested Magna Charta from King John, yet gave him great help in his fight with his Barons, and backed his son against Lewes.

OF KING JOHN

Preface

are the closing words of *The Troublesome Raigne* which have remained almost intact in the recast:—

“Thus England’s peace begins in Henry’s reign
And bloody wars are closed with happy league,
Let England live but true within itself,
And all the world can never wrong her state.
Lewis thou shalt be bravely shipped to France
For never Frenchman got of English ground
The twentieth part that thou hast conquered.

If England's peers and people join in one,
Nor Pope, nor France, nor Spain, can do them wrong."

"KING JOHN" AND "THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE"

In comparing the two plays we note the following more striking points:—(i) Shakespeare has compressed the ten acts of his original into five,¹ though he only omits four entire scenes, and introduces but one new one (at the end of Act IV): (ii) there is hardly a single line in the two plays exactly alike; by a mere touch, the re-arrangement of the words, the omission of a monosyllable, and the like, Shakespeare has alchemized mere dross: (iii) Shakespeare, for the most part, follows the older play in its treatment of historical fact,² but he departs therefrom noticeably in representing Arthur as a child: (iv) certain characters of the play as well as striking incidents have been elaborated and refined, *e. g.* Constance,³ Hubert, Pandulph, and espe-

¹ Much actually takes place in *The Troublesome Raigne* which Shakespeare merely speaks of, e. g. there is a scene in which the five "moons" actually appear.

² Surprise is often expressed at the omission of all mention of the Magna Charta in Shakespeare's play, but it is due in the first instance to the author of *The Troublesome Raigne*.

³ The famous scene of Constance's Lament (Act III. sc. iv.) was evolved from the following crude original:—

"My tongue is tuned to story forth mishap:
When did I breathe to tell a pleasing tale?
Must Constance speak? Let tears prevent her talk.
Must I discourse? Let Dido sigh, and say

cially Faulconbridge, whose character Shakespeare has rendered consistent and ennobled; he makes him not merely the central character, but also a sort of Chorus of the play, giving vent to sentiments of truest patriotism, and enunciating the highest national interests,—an embodiment of the typical Englishman, plain, blunt, honest, and loyal: (v) Shakespeare omits altogether the coarse comic scenes which, in the older play, detract from the dignity of the historical surroundings: (vi) the two plays have the same fault in having no hero; John is not the hero of *King John*.

On the other hand, there are three points in Shakespeare's play not as clear as in the original:—(i) Faulconbridge's hatred of Austria: (ii) his anger at the betrothal of Blanch to the Dauphin: (iii) the reason why the monk poisoned King John. The old play explains clearly (i) that Austria had been cruel to Cœur-de-Lion: (ii) that Blanch had previously been betrothed to Faulconbridge: (iii) that John "contemned" the Pope, and never loved a Friar; (*cp. Shakespeare as an Adapter*, Edward Rose, Preface to *Troublesome Raigne*, Part i; *Forewords to Troublesome Raigne*, Part ii, Dr. Furnivall; *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare*, Watkiss Lloyd; *Commentaries on the Historical Plays of Shakespeare*, Courtney; Warner's *English History in Shakespeare* (Longman, 1894), etc.).

DATE OF COMPOSITION

King John is mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* (1598). From internal evidence, it belongs to the same group as *Richard II* and *Richard III*, especially in the characteristic absence of prose. The large amount of rhyme in *Richard II* makes it, in all probability, anterior to *King John*. The play may safely be dated c. 1595.

She weeps again to hear the wrack of Troy:
Two words will serve, and then my tale is done—
Elinor's proud brat hath robbed me of my son."

Similarly, the scene in which John suggests to Hubert his murderous design is based on a mere hint of the older play.

DURATION OF ACTION

The time of the play occupies seven days, with intervals comprising in all not more than three or four months. The historical time covers the whole of King John's reign.

INTRODUCTION

By HENRY NORMAN HUDSON, A.M.

Shakespeare has probably done more to spread a knowledge of English history, than all the historians put together, our liveliest and best impressions of "merry England in the olden time" being generally drawn from his pages. Though we seldom think of referring to him as authority in matters of fact, yet in some way and for some reason or other we secretly make him our standard of old English manners, and character, and life, reading other historians by his light, and trying them by his measures, whether we be aware of it or not. He had indeed

"A mind reflecting ages past, whose clear
And equal surface can make things appear,—
Distant a thousand years,—and represent
Them in their lively colors, just extent."

Drawing forth from "the dark backward and abysm of time" the shades of departed things, he causes them to live their life over again, to repeat themselves, as it were, under our eye, we being rather spectators than students of their course and passage.

And yet, the further we push our historical researches, the more we are brought to acknowledge the general justness of his representations. Even when he makes free with chronology, and varies from the actual order of things, it is generally in quest of something higher and better than chronological accuracy; and the result is in most cases favorable to right conceptions: the events being thereby knit together and articulated into that vital harmony and circulation of nature, wherein they can be better understood, than if they were ordered with literal exactness of

time and place. If, which is often the case, he bring in fictitious persons and events, mixing them up with real ones, it is that he may set forth into view those parts, and elements, and aspects of life, which lie without the range of common history, embodying in imaginary forms that truth of which the real forms have not been preserved.

So that, without any loss, perhaps we should say, with much gain, of substantial truth, Shakespeare clothes the dry bones of historical matter with the warm living flesh of poetry and wit, and thus gives them an interest such as no mere narrative could be made to possess, insomuch that thousands, who would fail to be won even by the fascinating pages of Hume, are caught and held by the Poet's dramatic revivifications of the past. If there be any others able to give us as just notions, provided we read them, still there are none that come near him in the art of causing themselves to be read.

But what, perhaps, is most remarkable is, that out of the materials of an entire age and nation he so selects and orders and uses a few, as to give a just conception of the whole; by subtle conveyances impressing upon the mind a sort of daguerre, wherein a close inspection may discern "the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure;" all the lines and features of its life and action, public and private, its piety, chivalry, policy, wit, and profligacy, being gathered up and wrought out in fair proportion and clear expression. So true is this, that even the gleanings of after-times have produced scarce any thing touching the history of old England, but what may be better understood for a previous acquaintance with the Poet's historical representations; though it must be owned that these have in turn received much additional light from those. Where he deviates most from all the historical authorities accessible to him, there is a large wise propriety in his deviations, such as to justify the conjecture entertained by some, that he must have written from some traditionary matter which the historians received in his day had failed to chronicle, but which later researches have amply verified. An in-

stance of which we shall have occasion to notice hereafter, in the change of character from "the madcap Prince of Wales" to the brave, wise, gentle, heroic Henry V. So that our latest study and ripest judgment in any historical subject handled by the Poet will be pretty sure to fall in with and confirm the impressions at first derived from him; that which in the outset approved itself to the imagination as beauty, in the end approving itself to the reason as truth.

These remarks must not be taken as in disparagement of other forms of history. It is important for us to know much which it was not the Poet's business to teach, and which if he had attempted to teach, we should probably learn far less from him. Exactness and variety of historical knowledge, running out into the details of time, place, and circumstance, is every way a most useful and desirable acquisition. Nor can we be too much on our guard against resting in those vague general notions of the past, which are so often found ministering to conceit, and fume, and fond impertinence. For, in truth, however we may exult in the free soarings of the spirit beyond the bounds of time and sense, one foot of the solid ground of facts, where our thoughts must needs be limited by the matter that feeds them, is worth far more than acres upon acres of cloud-land glory, where men may expatiate forever without coming to anything, because the only knowledge it yieldeth is of that kind which, being equally good for all purposes, is therefore practically good for none, and which naturally fosters a conceit of far-sightedness, because it presents nothing to be seen, and therefore nothing to bound the vision. And perhaps the best way to drive off or keep off this frightful disease is by drawing and holding the mind down to the facts, by gluing the thoughts to the specialties of particular local truth. These specialties, however, it is not for poetry to supply; nay, rather, it would cease to be poetry, should it go about to supply them.

Let none suppose, then, that we would anyway substi-

tute Shakespeare for the ordinary sources of history. It is enough, surely, that in giving us what lay within the scope of his art he facilitates and furthers the learning of that which lies out of it; working whatsoever matter he takes into a lamp to light our way through that which he omits. This, indeed, is to make the historical drama what it should be, namely, "the concentration of history;" setting our thoughts at the point where the several lines of truth converge, and from whence we may survey the field of his subject in both its unity and its variety.

All which is to be understood but as referring to the dramas in English history, these being the only of Shakespeare's plays that were originally, or can be properly, termed historical. And respecting these the matter has been put so strongly and so well by Schlegel, that we gladly avail ourselves of his statement. "The dramas," says he, "derived from the English history, ten in number, form one of the most valuable of Shakespeare's works, and are partly the fruit of his maturest age. I say advisedly "one" of his works; for the Poet evidently intended them to form one great whole. It is, as it were, an historical heroic poem in the dramatic form, of which the several plays constitute the rhapsodies. The main features of the events are set forth with such fidelity; their causes, and even their secret springs are placed in so clear a light, that we may gain from them a knowledge of history in all its truth, while the living picture makes an impression on the imagination which can never be effaced. But this series of dramas is designed as the vehicle of a much higher and more general instruction: it furnishes examples of the political course of the world, applicable to all times. This mirror of kings should be the manual of princes: from it they may learn the intrinsic dignity of their hereditary vocation, but they will also learn the difficulties of their situation, the dangers of usurpation, the inevitable fall of tyranny, which buries itself under its attempts to obtain a firmer foundation; lastly, the ruinous consequences of the weaknesses, errors and crimes of kings, for whole na-

tions, and many subsequent generations. Eight of these plays, from Richard II to Richard III, are linked together in uninterrupted succession, and embrace a most eventful period of nearly a century of English history. The events portrayed in them not only follow each other, but are linked together in the closest and most exact connection; and the cycle of revolts, parties, civil and foreign wars, which began with the deposition of Richard II, first ends with the accession of Henry VII to the throne."

In respect, however, of *King John*, what we have been saying must be received with not a little abatement or qualification. As a work of art, the play has indeed considerable, though by no means the highest merit; but as a piece of historical portraiture, its claims may easily be overstated. In such a work diplomatic or documentary exactness is not altogether possible, nor is it even desirable any further than may well consist with the laws of art, or with the conditions of the poetic and dramatic form. For to be truly an historical "drama," a work should not adhere to the literal truth of history in such sort as to hinder the dramatic life, or to cramp, or fetter, or arrest its proper freedom of movement and spirit. In a word, the laws of the drama are here paramount to the facts of history; which of course infers that where the two cannot stand together, the latter are to give way. Yet, when and so far as they are clearly compatible, neither of them ought to be sacrificed: historical accuracy, so far forth as it can be made to combine freely with the principles and methods of dramatic life, seems essential to the perfection of the work. And perhaps Shakespeare's mastery of his art is in nothing more forcibly approved than in the degree to which he has reconciled them. And the inferiority of *King John*, as an historical drama, lies in that, taking his other works in the same line as the standard, the facts of history are disregarded much beyond what the laws of art seem to require. For it need scarce be urged that in an historical drama literal truth is fairly entitled to give law, whenever dramatic truth does not overrule it.

The point where all the parts of *King John* center and converge into one has been rightly stated to be the fate of Arthur. That is the hinge whereon the whole action is made to turn,—the heart whose pulsations are felt in every part of the structure. The alleged right of Arthur to the throne draws on the wars between John and Philip, and finally the loss from the English crown of the provinces in France. And so far the drama is strictly true to historical fact. But, besides this, the real or reputed murder of Arthur by John is set forth as the chief if not the only cause of the troubles that distracted the latter part of his reign, and ended only with his life; the main-spring of that popular disaffection to his person and government, which let in upon him the assaults of papal arrogance, and gave free course to the wholesome violence of the nobles. Which was by no means the case. For though, by the treatment of his nephew, John did greatly outrage the loyalty and humanity of the nation, still that was but one act in a life-long course of cruelty, cowardice, lust, and perfidy, which stamped him as a most base and wicked wretch, and finally drew down upon him the general hatred and execration of his subjects. Had he not thus sinned away and lost the hearts of the people, he might perhaps have safely defied the papal interdict; for who can doubt that they would have braved the thunders of the Vatican for him, since they did not scruple afterwards to do so against him? But the fact or the mode of Arthur's death was not the chief, much less the only cause of that loss. So that here the drama involves in its central point such a breach of history, which it is not easy to see how the laws of the dramatic form should require, and which nothing less than such a requirement could fairly excuse: in other words, the rights of historical truth are sacrificed without sufficient cause.

Such a flaw at the heart of the piece must needs greatly disarrange the order of the work as a representation of facts, and make it very untrue to the ideas and sentiments of the English people at the time; for it implies all along

that Arthur was clearly the rightful sovereign, and his uncle as clearly an usurper, and that they were so regarded: whereas, in truth, the rule of lineal descent was not then settled in the state, and the succession of John to the throne was so far from being irregular, that of the last five occupants four had derived their main title from election, the same right whereby John himself took it.

The same objection lies proportionably against another feature of the play. The life of the Austrian archduke, who had behaved so harshly and so meanly towards Richard I, is prolonged five or six years beyond its actual period, and he is made responsible for the death of the English king, for no other purpose, seemingly, than that the king's natural son may have the honor of revenging his father's wrongs and death. Richard fell in a quarrel with Vidomar, viscount of Lymoges, one of his own vassals. A treasure having been found on the viscount's estate, and a part of it having been offered the king, he claimed the whole; and while in pursuance of this claim he was making war on the owner he was wounded with an arrow from the hand of Gourdon, one of Vidomar's archers. This occurred in 1199, when Leopold of Austria had been dead several years. The play, however, drives the sin against history to the extreme point of making Austria and Lymoges the same person. Now, if such an exploit were needful or desirable for the proper display of Faulconbridge's character, it does not well appear but that the real Vidomar would have answered the purpose: at all events, the thing might surely have been compassed without so gross a breach of historical truth. Here, however, the vice stops with itself, instead of vitiating the other parts, as in the former case.

Again, in the play the people of Angiers stoutly refuse to own either John or Arthur as king, until the question shall have first been decided in battle between them; whereas in fact Anjou, Touraine, and Maine declared from the first for Arthur, and did not waver at all in their allegiance. The drama also represents the imprisonment and death of

Arthur as occurring in England; while in fact he was first put under guard in the castle of Falaise in Normandy, and afterwards transferred to a dungeon in the castle of Rouen, from whence he was never known to come out alive. Other departures from fact there are, which may easily be justified or excused, as being more than made up by a gain of dramatic truth and effect. Such, for example, are the freedoms taken with Constance, who, in the play, remains a widow after the death of her first husband, and survives to bewail the captivity of her son, and the wreck of his hopes; but who, in fact, after a short widowhood was married to Guy of Thouars, and died in 1201, the year before Arthur fell into the hands of his uncle. A breach of history every way justifiable, since it gives an occasion, not otherwise to be had, for some noble outpourings of maternal grief; and her depth of maternal affection might well enough consist with a second marriage, though to have represented her thus would have impaired the pathos of her situation, and at the same time have been a needless embarrassment of the action. It is enough that so she would have felt and grieved, had she been still alive; her proper character being thus allowed to transpire in circumstances which she did not live to see.

But of the justifiable departures from fact the greatest consists in anticipating by several years the papal instigations as the cause of the war in which Arthur was taken prisoner. For in reality Rome had no hand in setting on that war; it was undertaken by Philip of his own will and for his own ends; there being no rupture between John and the Pope till some time after Arthur had disappeared. The crusade which Philip did undertake against John by order of the Pope was in 1213. Thus the Poet brought the two together; and he was right in doing so for this reason, that the conditions of dramatic interest required more intensity of life than either would yield of itself: united, they might stand in the drama; divided, they must fall. So that, by concentrating the interest of both in one, as much of actual truth was secured as could be told

dramatically without defeating the purpose of the telling. Than which no better justification of the thing could well be given, or asked.

Shakespeare drew the material of his other histories from Holinshed, and no doubt he had, or might have had access to the same authority in writing *King John*. Yet in all the others the rights of historical truth are for the most part duly observed. Which would seem to argue that in this case he not only left his usual guide, but had some special reason for doing so. Accordingly it appears that the forementioned sins against history were not original with him. The whole plot and plan of the drama, the events and the ordering of them, all indeed but the poetry and character, the life and glory of the work, were borrowed. And it seems deserving of special note, that in his historical dramas he committed no offenses worth naming against the laws of his art, but when building on another's foundation.

The first and second part of the troublesome Reign of John, King of England, upon which Shakespeare's play was founded, came from the press, first, in 1591, again in 1611, and a third time in 1622. The first edition was anonymous; the second claimed to be by "W. Sh.," the third by "W. Shakespeare;" which has been taken by some as strong evidence of its being the Poet's work; and would indeed go far to prove it, but that plays that were certainly none of his were often thus fathered upon him. Steevens at one time thought it to be Shakespeare's, but he afterwards gave it up, as well he might; and all the English critics since agree that he did not write it, though scarce any two of them agree who did. The German critics, so far as we know, uniformly take the other side, arguing the point at much length, but with little effect. To answer their arguments were more easy than profitable; and such answer can better be spared than the space it would fill, since no English reader of but tolerable competence, none able to understand the reasoning, will need it, after having once read the play. Coleridge, indeed,

writing of the play in 1802, went so far as to pronounce it "not his, yet of him;" a judgment in which few, we apprehend, will concur. For not a single passage or even line of the old play is to be found in Shakespeare's *King John*; and as there are many that were well worth keeping had they been his, this concludes pretty strongly that he had no hand in it.

The Troublesome Reign bears strong internal marks of having been written when the enthusiasm of the nation was wrought up to the height about the Spanish Armada, and when the Papacy was spitting its impotent thunders against the throne and state of the lion-queen. Abounding in spoken and acted satire and invective against Rome, the play must have been hugely grateful to that national feeling which, issuing in the Reformation, was greatly deepened and strengthened by its own issues. The subject was strikingly apt for this purpose; which was most likely the cause of its being chosen.

This aptness had suggested a like use or abuse of the same matter many years before. The precise date is not known, but Bishop Bale's *Pageant of Kynge Johan* was probably written in the time of Edward VI. Touching this singular performance, perhaps we cannot do better than to abridge the account given by Mr. Collier. The design of *Kynge Johan* was to promote and confirm the Reformation, of which Bale was one of the most strenuous and unscrupulous supporters. Some of the leading events of John's reign, his disputes with the Pope, the suffering of his kingdom under the interdict, the surrender of his crown to the legate, and his reputed death by poison, are there applied in a way to suit the time and purpose of the writer. Historical persons, also, are liberally introduced, the king himself, who figures largely till his death, Pope Innocent III, Cardinal Pandulph, Stephen Langton, Simon of Swinstead, and a monk called Raymundús, and with these are mixed up divers personifications, such as England, who is said to be a widow, Imperial Majesty, who is supposed to take the government at John's death, No-

bility, Clergy, Civil Order, Treason, Verity, and Sedition, who serves as the Jester of the piece. Thus we have some elements of historical plays, such as were used on the public stage forty or fifty years later, and some of the common materials of the old moralities, which gradually gave place to real or imaginary characters. So that the play stands about midway between moralities and historical plays; and it is the only specimen in that kind of so early a date that is known to exist.

The original manuscript of Bale's *Pageant* was preserved in the library of the Duke of Devonshire, and has been lately edited by Mr. Collier, and published by the Camden Society. The play, though written by a bishop, teems with the lowest ribaldry and vituperation, insomuch that Mr. Knight pronounces "the intolerance of Bale against the Romish Church the most fierce and rampant exhibition of passion that ever assumed the ill-assorted garb of religious zeal." And, therewithal, the thing is totally barren of any thing that can pretend to the name of poetry or of dramatic life; and, in brief, is at once thoroughly stupid, malignant, and vile. In both these respects the *King John* of 1591 is a prodigious advance upon its predecessor. The most considerable exception in the later play is where Faulconbridge, while by order of the King he is plundering the religious houses, finds a fair young nun hidden in a chest which was supposed to contain the abbot's treasures. Campbell regrets that the Poet did not retain this incident; a regret with which we can by no means sympathize: for, surely, to set forth the crimes of individuals in such a way or at such a time as to fix a stigma upon whole classes of men, was a work that might well be left to meaner hands. In both the old plays, however, an intense hatred of Popery runs as a special purpose through the drama. Which matter is reformed altogether in Shakespeare; who, no doubt, understood well enough that any such special purpose would not consist with the just proportions of art; that to make the drama a vehicle for any such particular invective or sarcasm was quite "from the

purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature." He therefore betrays no repugnance to Popery save in the form of a just and genuine patriotism; has no particular symptoms of a Protestant spirit, but only the natural beatings of a sound, honest English heart, resolute to withstand alike all foreign encroachments, whether from kings, or emperors, or popes. Thus his feeling against Rome is wisely tempered in that proportion which is equally required by the laws of morality and of art, issuing in a firm, manly national sentiment with which all men may justly sympathize, be their creed what it may. And, surely, no English mouth can refuse the words,—“We must be free or die, who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake.” So that the Poet’s *King John*, viewed thus in connection with the model after which it was framed, yields a most forcible instance and proof of his universality. He follows his guide in those things which appeal to the feelings of man as man; but forsakes him in whatsoever flatters the prejudices and antipathies of men as belonging to this or that party or sect. And as aversion to Rome is chastised down from the prominence of a special purpose in the play, the parts of Arthur and Constance and Faulconbridge proportionably rise; parts that spontaneously knit in and combine with the common sympathies and sentiments of humanity,—such a language as may always dwell together with the spirit of a man, and be twisted about his heart forever.

Still the question recurs, why did Shakespeare, with the authentic materials of history at hand, and with his own matchless power of shaping those materials into beautiful and impressive forms of dramatic life,—why did he in the single instance of *King John* depart from his usual course, preferring a fabulous history to the true, and that, too, even though, for aught now appears, the true would have answered his purpose just as well. It is with the view of suggesting a probable answer to this question that we have dwelt so much at length on the two plays that preceded

his. We thus see that for special causes the subject of *King John* was early brought upon the stage. The same causes long operated to keep it there. The *King John* of the stage, striking in with the passions and interests of the time, had become familiar to the people, and twined itself closely with their feelings and thoughts. A faithful version would have worked at great disadvantage in competition with the theatrical one already thus established. This strong prepossession of the popular mind Shakespeare probably did not think it wise to offend or disturb. We agree therefore with Mr. Knight, that "it was a submission of his own original powers of seizing upon the feelings and understanding of his audience, to the stronger power of habit in the same audience." In other words, the current of popular association being so strong already, he chose to fall in with it, rather than undertake to stem it. We may regret that he did so; but we can scarce doubt that he did it knowingly and upon principle: nor should we so much blame him for not turning that stream, as thank him for thus purifying it.

The only extant or discovered notice of Shakespeare's *King John*, till it appeared in the folio of 1623, is by Meres in his *Wit's Commonwealth*. So that all we can say with any certainty is, that the play was written some time before 1598. Blount and Jaggard made an entry in the Stationers' Register, November 8, 1623, of the plays "not formerly entered to other men;" and *King John* is not among them. From which we might naturally infer that the play had been "entered to other men," and perhaps already published; but nothing of the sort has been heard of in our day. In the folio it stands the fifteenth in the volume, and the first in the division of Histories; printed so clearly and carefully in the main, as to leave little room for question concerning the text.

Divers attempts have been made to argue the date of the writing from allusions to contemporary matters; respecting which attempts we cannot stop, nor is it worth the while, to say more than that they do not really amount

to anything at all. Some of the German critics, on the other hand, seem altogether out, when, arguing from the internal evidence of style, structure of the verse, tone of thought, and peculiarity of dramatic logic, they refer *King John* to the same period of the author's life with *The Tempest*, *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale*. In all these respects it strikes us rather as having something of an intermediate cast between *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *The Merchant of Venice*. We are persuaded, though we should be troubled to tell why, that it was written some time before the two parts of *King Henry IV*. The play, especially in the first three acts, has a certain smoothness and fluency of diction, an uniformity of pause, and a regularity of cadence; therewithal, the persons deliver themselves somewhat in the style of set speeches, rather as authors striving for effect, than as men and women stirred by the real passions and interests of life; there is something of a bookish grandiloquent tang in the dialogue: all which smacks as if the Poet had here written more from what he had read in books, or heard at the theater, than from what his most prying, quick, and apprehensive ear had overheard of the hitherto unwritten drama of actual and possible men. These peculiarities, to be sure, have been partly justified by Schlegel, as growing naturally out of the subject: still we must needs think them to have proceeded mainly from the undergraduate state, so to speak, of the author's genius. "In *King John*," says that accomplished scholar and critic, "the political and warlike events are dressed out with solemn pomp, for the very reason that they have little of true grandeur. The falsehood and selfishness of the monarch speak in the style of a manifesto. Conventional dignity is most indispensable where personal dignity is wanting. Faulconbridge is the witty interpreter of this language: he ridicules the secret springs of politics, without disapproving of them; for he owns that he is endeavoring to make his fortune by similar means, and would rather be of the deceivers than the deceived, there being in his view of the world no other choice." In

the last two acts, however, we have much more of the full-grown Shakespeare, sure-footed and self-supporting: the hidden elements of character, and the secret subtle shapings and turnings of guilty thought, shining out in clear transparence, or flashing forth amidst the very stress of action and the exigencies of passion; with frequent kindlings of poetic and dramatic inspiration, such as might befit his wealthiest years.

That the reader may have the whole matter before him here, we will present, as briefly as may be, so much of actual history as will throw light directly upon the play, omitting, however, such points as we have already noticed. In 1190, when Arthur was but two years old, his uncle Richard I contracted him in marriage with the daughter of Tancred, king of Sicily, at the same time owning him as "our most dear nephew, and heir, if by chance we should die without issue." At Richard's death, however, in 1199, John produced a testament of his brother, giving him the crown. Anjou, Touraine, and Maine were the proper patrimony of the Plantagenets, and therefore devolved to Arthur as the acknowledged representative of that house, the rule of lineal succession being there fully settled. To the ducal chair of Brittany Arthur was the proper heir in right of his father, and his mother was then duchess regnant of that province. John claimed the dukedom of Normandy, and his claim was there allowed, as the proper inheritance from his ancestor, William the Conqueror. Poictou and Guienne were the inheritance of his mother Elinor; but she made over her title to him; and there also his claim was recognized. The English crown he claimed in virtue of his brother's testament; but took care, as we have seen, to strengthen that claim with whatsoever of force might accrue from a popular election. In the strict order of hereditary right, all these possessions, be it observed, were due to Arthur; but that order, it appears, was not fully established, save in the three provinces belonging to the house of Anjou.

As duke of Brittany, Arthur was a vassal of France,

and therefore bound to homage as the condition of his title. Constance, feeling his need of a protector, engaged to Philip Augustus, the French king, that he should do homage also for the other provinces, where his right was clogged by no such conditions. Philip accordingly met him at Mans, received his oath, gave him knighthood, and took him to Paris. Philip was cunning, ambitious and unscrupulous, and his plan was to drive his own interests in Arthur's name: with the prince entirely in his power, he could use him as an ally or as a prisoner, whichever would best serve his turn; and in effect "Arthur was a puppet in his hands, to be set up or knocked down, as he desired to bully or cajole John out of the territories he claimed in France." In the year 1200 Philip was at war with John in pretended maintenance of Arthur's rights; but before the close of the year the war ended in a peace, by the terms of which John was to pay twenty thousand marks, and give his niece, Blanch of Castile, in marriage to Lewis the Dauphin, with a dowry of several valuable fiefs, and was acknowledged rightful heir to his late brother; and Arthur was to hold even his own Brittany as a vassal of John, and was created earl of Richmond. At the time of this treaty Constance was still alive; and Arthur, fearing, it is said, his uncle's treachery, remained in the care of Philip. In less than two years, however, the peace was broken. John, though his former wife was still living, having seized and married Isabella of Angouleme, already betrothed to the Count de la Marche, the Count headed an insurrection in Aquitaine, and Philip joined him, brought Arthur again upon the scene, and made him raise the flag of war against his uncle. For some time Philip was carrying all before him in the French territories of his adversary, till at length Arthur was sent with a small force against the town of Mirabeau, where his grandmother Elinor was stationed; and while he was besieging her in the castle, John, being apprised of her danger, "used such diligence that he was upon his enemies' necks ere they could understand any thing of his coming." His mother was quickly relieved,

Arthur fell into his hands, and was conveyed to the castle of Falaise; and Philip withdrew from the contest, as the people would have nothing to do with him but as the protector of their beloved Prince.

The capture of Arthur took place in July, 1202. The story of what presently followed is thus told by Holinshed: "It is said that King John caused his nephew to be brought before him at Falaise, and went about to persuade him all that he could to forsake his friendship and alliance with the French king, and to lean and stick to him his natural uncle. But Arthur, like one that wanted good counsel, and abounding too much in his own wilful opinion, made a presumptuous answer, not only denying so to do, but also commanding John to restore unto him the realms of England, with all those other lands and possessions which King Richard had in his hand at the hour of his death. . . . King John, being sore moved by such words thus uttered by his nephew, appointed that he should be straitly kept in prison."

The king then betook himself to England, and had his coronation repeated by Hubert the Primate, who, by the way, must not be confounded with Hubert de Burgh, the jailer of the young prince; and shortly after he returned to France, where, a rumor being spread abroad of Arthur's death, the nobles made great suit to have him set at liberty, and, not prevailing in that, banded together, and "began to levy sharp wars against King John in divers places, insomuch that it was thought there would be no quiet in those parts, so long as Arthur lived." A charge of murder being then carried to the French court, and the king being summoned thither for trial, he refused; whereupon the court gave judgment, that "whereas John, duke of Normandy, in violation of his oath to Philip his lord, had murdered the son of his elder brother, an homager of the crown of France, and near kinsman to the king, and had perpetrated the crime within the seigniorship of France, he was found guilty of felony and treason, and was therefore adjudged to forfeit all the lands which he held by homage."

Thence sprung up a war in which John was totally stripped of his French possessions, and at last stole off with inexpressible baseness and cowardice to England.

The quarrel between John and the Pope did not break out till 1207. First came the interdict, then, some years after, the excommunication, and finally, at a like interval, the deposition, Philip being engaged, as we have already seen, to go with an army and execute the sentence; wherein he was likely to succeed, till, John having made his submission, the Pope took his side against the French king. John died in 1216, amidst his contests with the barons touching Magna Charta. Sundry critics have complained that the Poet made no use of this celebrated instrument, and did not even once allude to it in the play. Concerning which point we need but say that, besides that Magna Charta was then little known and less cared for by any but lawyers, it was nowise legitimate matter of dramatic interest. So that the complaint may be set aside at once as altogether impertinent.

The characterization of this play in the degree of excellence corresponds very well with the period to which we have on other grounds assigned the writing. The king, as he stands in authentic history, was such a piece of irredeemable depravity, so thoroughly rotten-hearted, weak-headed, and bloody-handed, that to set him forth truly without seeming to be dealing in caricature or lampoon, required no little art. The Poet was under the necessity in some sort of leaving his qualities to be inferred, instead of directly expressing them: the point was to disguise his meannesses, and yet so to order that disguise as to suggest that it covered something too vile to be seen. And what could better infer his cringing, cowardly, slinking, yet malignant spirit, than his two scenes with Hubert de Burgh, where he durst not look his purpose in the face; and his base mind dodges and skulks and backs out from fathering its own issues; and he tries by hints and fawning innuendoes to secure the passage of his thought into effect, without committing himself to any responsibility for

it; and wants another should be the agent of his will, and yet bear the blame as if acting of his own accord; and then, when the consequences begin to threaten and press upon him, he accuses the aptness of the instrument as the cause of his suggestion; and the only sagacity he shows is in shirking and shifting the responsibility of his own guilty purpose; his sneaking selfish fear inspiring him with a quickness and fertility of thought, such as he could never exert in any good cause.

The genius and art of Mrs. Siddons, to which the part of Constance was no doubt peculiarly fitted, have apparently caused the critics of her time, and their immediate followers, to set a higher estimate upon the character than seems fully borne out by the work itself. The abatement, however, that we would make refers not so much to the idea of the character, as to the style of the execution, wherein we cannot but think her far from exemplifying the Poet's full strength and inwardness with nature. That idea is well stated by Hazlitt as "the excess of maternal tenderness, rendered desperate by the fickleness of friends and the injustice of fortune, and made stronger in will, in proportion to the want of all other power." The character, though drawn in the best of situations for its amiability to appear, is not a very amiable one, and therein is perhaps the truer to history, as the chroniclers make her out rather selfish and weak; not so religious in motherhood, but that she betrayed a rather unhandsome impatience of widowhood. Nevertheless, it must be owned that the voice of maternal grief and affection speaks from her lips with not a little majesty of pathos, and occasionally flows in strains of the most melting tenderness: though in general the effect of her sorrow is marred by too great an infusion of anger; in her grief she has too much pride, self-will, and volubility of scorn, to have the full touch of our sympathies; her speech being stinging and spiteful, and sounding quite as much of the intemperate scold, as of the broken-hearted and disconsolate mother. As to the execution of the part, there is in many of her speeches too much

of what we have already referred to as smacking more of the author than of the woman: redundancy of rhetoric and verbal ingenuity giving them something of a theatrical relish, as though they were spoken rather for effect than from true feeling.

As Shakespeare used the allowable license of art in stretching the life of Constance beyond its actual date, that he might enrich his work with the eloquence of a mother's love; so he took a like freedom in making Arthur younger than he really was, that he might in larger measure pour in the sweetness of childish innocence and wit. At all events, we cannot in either case blame the fault, if it be one, the issue of it being so proper. And in Arthur he gained thereby the further advantage, that the sparing of his eyes is owing to his potency of tongue and the awful might of unresisting gentleness; whereas in actual history he is indebted for this to his strength of arm. The Arthur of the play is an artless, gentle, natural-hearted, but high-spirited and eloquent boy, in whom we have the voice of nature pleading for nature's rights, unrestrained by pride of character or of place; who at first braves his uncle, because set on to do so by his mother, and afterwards fears him, yet knows not why, because his heart is too full of the holiness of youth to conceive how any thing so treacherous and unnatural can be, as that which he fears. In his dying speech,—“O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones,”—our impression against John is most artfully heightened, all his foregoing inhumanity being, as it were, gathered and concentrated into an echo. Of the scene between him and Hubert, when he learns the order to put out his eyes, Hazlitt justly says,—“If any thing ever were penned, heart-piercing, mixing the extremes of terror and pity, of that which shocks and that which soothes the mind, it is this scene.” Yet even here the tender pathos of the loving and lovely boy is marred by some artificial conceits and prettinesses which we cannot believe Shakespeare would have let fall in his best days. The Poet has several times thrown the sweet witchery of his genius into pictures of

nursery life, bringing children upon the scene, and delighting us with their innocent archness and sweet-witted prattle, as in case of Hermione and Mamillius in *The Winter's Tale*, and of Lady Macduff and her son in *Macbeth*; but the part of Arthur is by far his most charming and powerful thing in that line. That his glorious, manly heart loved to make childhood its playmate, cannot be doubted.

The reign of King John furnished no characters fully answerable to the demands of dramatic interest. To meet this want, therefore, there was need of one or more "representative" characters,—men in whom should be centralized and consolidated various elements of national character, which were in fact dispersed through a multitude of individuals. And such is Faulconbridge, with his fiery flood of Norman vigor bounding through his veins, his irrepressible gush of animal spirits, his athletic and frolicsome wit, his big, brave, manly heart, his biting sword, and his tongue equally biting, afraid of nothing but to do what were dishonorable or wrong. And with all his laughing roughness of speech, and iron sternness of act, so blunt, bold, and downright, he is full of humane and gentle feeling. With what burning eloquence of indignation does he denounce the supposed murder of Arthur! though he has no thought of abetting his claim to the throne against the present occupant. The Poet has managed with great art that he may be held to John throughout the play, by ties which he is too clear of head and too upright of heart to think of renouncing. "In the outset he receives honor from the hands of John,—and he is grateful: in the conclusion he sees his old patron, weak indeed and guilty, but surrounded with enemies,—and he will not be faithless." In his clear-sighted and comprehensive patriotism the diverse interests that split others into factions, and plunge them into deadly strife, are smoothly reconciled; and he is ready with tongue and sword to beat down whatsoever anywhere obstructs the reign of a broad and generous nationality. Verily, he stands next to Falstaff as an ideal repre-

OF KING JOHN

Introduction

sentative of actual men. Thoroughly Gothic in features and proportions, and as thoroughly English in temper and spirit, his presence rays life and true manliness into every part of the drama, where they would else be wanting. Is it strange that a nation which could grow such originals should have beaten all the rest of the world in everything useful, or beautiful, or great?

COMMENTS

By SHAKESPEAREAN SCHOLARS

KING JOHN

The character of King John himself is kept pretty much in the background; it is only marked in by comparatively slight indications. The crimes he is tempted to commit are such as are thrust upon him rather by circumstances and opportunity than of his own seeking: he is here represented as more cowardly than cruel, and as more contemptible than odious. The play embraces only a part of his history. There are, however, few characters on the stage that excite more disgust and loathing. He has no intellectual grandeur or strength of character to shield him from the indignation which his immediate conduct provokes: he stands naked and defenseless, in that respect, to the worst we can think of him: and besides, we are impelled to put the very worst construction on his meanness and cruelty by the tender picture of the beauty and helplessness of the object of it, as well as by the frantic and heart-rending pleadings of maternal despair. We do not forgive him the death of Arthur, because he had too late revoked his doom and tried to prevent it; and perhaps because he has himself repented of his black design, our *moral sense* gains courage to hate him the more for it. We take him at his word, and think his purposes must be odious indeed, when he himself shrinks back from them.—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*.

ARTHUR

As to Arthur, he is scarcely a dramatic character with the rest, but rather a vision of something too gentle to be

human, too good for human tears; and while literary judgment is suspended, description must take refuge in similitude; he is, let us say, a fledgling dove in a cage of vultures, a frail Alpine hare-bell swept down by an avalanche: such innocence, tender pity, and gentle pathos were never blended and embodied before or since in drama or poem.—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works*.

Shakespeare has endowed his Arthur not with the charm of precocious talent, but with the pathos and shrinking tenderness of childhood: "I am not worth this coil that's made for me"; and, instead of incurring reproof, it is he who, almost in Elinor's words, appeals to his own fiery advocate to cease pleading: "Good my mother, peace!" Of the death of the princes we have in the earlier play no more than a brief though exquisite picture; but Arthur's perilous captivity is displayed in the most tender and sympathetic dramatic detail; and the pathos of the scene is derived, not from an accumulation of harrowing details, but from the ideal loveliness of childlike character which unfolds itself under the stress of Hubert's threat.—HERFORD, *The Eversley Shakespeare*.

THE DISPUTED SUCCESSION

After the death of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, in virtue of a testament of this king, and at the instigation of the queen-mother Elinor, the rightful heir of England, the young Arthur of Bretagne, is excluded from the throne, and Richard's brother John becomes his successor. The old Elinor—an offense to morality, as Constance upbraids her in our present play and as history exhibits her—an Ate, as the play names her, who in the reign of her husband, Henry II, stirred up the sons against their father, as she now did the dying Richard against the lawful heir—this Elinor is the political genius and guide of her son John. His succession serves her ambition and gratifies her hatred of Arthur's mother, Constance, who, according to Elinor's declaration,

sought on her side the throne for her son only with the ambitious design of ruling herself and "kindling all the world." Constance and her adherents call John a base usurper; John at first, in opposition to his mother, seems to trust his right as much as "his strong possession;" but his mother whispers in his ear as a secret that his throne rests more on strong possession than on right. The testament of the former king, which she has procured, and its judicial validity, rest as the dubious point between the indubitable right of Arthur and the usurpation of John. On his side is the actual possession, on Arthur's and his mother's the armed assistance of an apparently generous friend, the King of France.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare-Commentaries*.

There is a degree of uncertainty allowed to rest in the play, on the true claim of John or Arthur to the crown, which expresses, not so much the hesitations of historians with which a poet has nothing to do, but an actual condition of things. John is found in strong possession, strong in itself in his personal qualities and in national support; beyond this, Queen Elinor, it is true, hints at a will in his favor barring the claim of Arthur of Brittany, the representative of the elder branch, but she scarcely cares to insist on it. Although, however, Elinor whispers a protest of conscience when John appeals to his right; though even Faulconbridge over the dead body of Arthur recognizes some sacred sanction of his prior claim, while it is assumed by the allies of Constance as self-evident; still there is in the abstract such superior fitness of John for his position, and backed by willing English barons, he appears to such advantage in opposition to the allies of Arthur, that we are left with the impression that with such allegiance he had in truth a better claim, had he understood the just principles of sovereign claim, than even he himself supposes.—LLOYD, *Critical Essays*.

JOHN AND THE DEATH OF ARTHUR

John would inspire Hubert with his murderous purpose rather like some vague influence than like a personal will, obscurely as some pale mist works which creeps across the fields, and leaves blight behind it in the sunshine. He trembles lest he should have said too much; he trembles lest he should not have said enough; at last the nearer fear prevails, and the words "death," "a grave," form themselves upon his lips. Having touched a spring which will produce assassination he furtively withdraws himself from the mechanism of crime. It suits the king's interest afterwards that Arthur should be living, and John adds to his crime the baseness of a miserable attempt by chicanery and timorous sophisms to transfer the responsibility of murder from himself to his instrument and accomplice. He would fain darken the eyes of his conscience and of his understanding.—DOWDEN, *Shakspeare—His Mind and Art*.

DRAMATIC USE OF ARTHUR

Shakespeare keeps Arthur alive, after the fashion of the old play, for some years after the real date of his death, and uses him as a dramatic puppet in events which had no relation whatever with him or his claims upon the English throne. Indeed this use of Arthur Plantagenet is the great puzzle in any effort to discriminate between what is historical in the play and what is purely dramatic license. The reader of the play must infer that this twelve-year-old boy was the central figure of human and political interest in the England of that day. He was nothing of the kind. He was of very small importance in the actual shuffling of the cards. But he offered dramatic material of considerable value, and Shakespeare used him, as the older dramatists did, without reference to the chronicles and with no attempt at preserving the real perspective of history.

Thus the assumed position of Arthur, as an abused and

oppressed rightful claimant to the throne, is connected, on no legitimate grounds whatever, with the quarrel between the Pope and King John; and also with the revolts of the Barons. All the critics note the importance attributed by the play to Arthur's movements, but not all of them point out the gross anachronism thus involved.—WARNER, *English History in Shakespeare's Plays*.

CONSTANCE

That which strikes us as the principal attribute of Constance is power—power of imagination, of will, of passion, of affection, of pride: the moral energy, that faculty which is principally exercised in self-control, and gives consistency to the rest, is deficient; or rather, to speak more correctly, the extraordinary development of sensibility and imagination, which lends to the character its rich poetical coloring, leaves the other qualities comparatively subordinate. Hence it is that the whole complexion of the character, notwithstanding its amazing grandeur, is so exquisitely feminine. The weakness of the woman, who by the very consciousness of that weakness is worked up to desperation and defiance—the fluctuations of temper, and the bursts of sublime passion, the terrors, the impatience, and the tears, are all most true to feminine nature. The energy of Constance not being based upon strength of character, rises and falls with the tide of passion. Her haughty spirit swells against resistance, and is excited into frenzy by sorrow and disappointment; while neither from her towering pride, nor her strength of intellect, can she borrow patience to submit, or fortitude to endure. . . .

Constance, who is a majestic being, is majestic in her very frenzy. Majesty is also the characteristic of Hermione [in *A Winter's Tale*]: but what a difference between her silent, lofty, uncomplaining despair, and the eloquent grief of Constance, whose wild lamentations, which come bursting forth clothed in the grandest, the most poetical imagery, not only melt, but absolutely electrify us!

On the whole it may be said that pride and maternal affection form the basis of the character of Constance, as it is exhibited to us; but that these passions, in an equal degree common to many human beings, assume their peculiar and individual tinge from an extraordinary development of intellect and fancy. It is the energy of passion which lends the character its concentrated power as it is the prevalence of imagination throughout which dilates it into magnificence.

Some of the most splendid poetry to be met with in Shakespeare, may be found in the parts of Juliet and Constance; the most splendid, perhaps, excepting only the parts of Lear and Othello; and for the same reason,—that Lear and Othello as men, and Juliet and Constance as women, are distinguished by the predominance of the same faculties—passion and imagination.—MRS. JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines*.

Constance is drawn with far more delicate insight than any of the women in *Richard III*, and is the most highly elaborated female figure in the historical plays. She is another of that numerous company in Shakspeare's earlier dramas whose sensibilities are developed to an extravagant degree. Her instinct of maternal affection is not chastened by reason into a moral principle, but is inflamed by an imagination of hectic brilliance into an abnormal passion that swallows up every thought and energy. It is this exaggerated imagination, as Mrs. Jameson has rightly insisted, that is the controlling force in the nature of Constance. The impetuous ardor of her fancy gives a special quality to her maternal love. The very attribute that is wont to be the source of all that is tenderest in womanhood breeds in her ambition, scorn, and hysterical passion, till at last it consumes her in its fires.—BOAS, *Shakspeare and his Predecessors*.

Constance is a sublime personification of the maternal character, lashed into frenzy by the potency of will, but

impotence of power to right herself of the injustice with which she is surrounded. She is a lioness at bay, her resources failed, and her retreat cut off. In the blind desire to secure her child's birthright, and in her wrath at his oppression, she fatally loses sight of the great privilege of his existence. How true to nature all this, and how accurately do we trace the gradual subsiding of her spirit of fury and resentment into an outpouring of tenderness and deprecation, as all her hopes and prospects of success fade away.—CLARKE, *Shakespeare-Characters*.

PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE

Philip Faulconbridge is an interesting study. It would appear that Shakespeare intended to have him represent the sturdy heart of English manhood, which, while often misused, humiliated, and beaten back, finally conquered and rose to its proper place in the making of later and nobler England, as the commons; not the legislature of that name narrowly, but the makers of legislatures. So while Philip Faulconbridge was an imaginary character he was not an imaginary force.—WARNER, *English History in Shakespeare's Plays*.

Of all the characters in the play, he [Faulconbridge] is the most independent, the most vigorous; a man bound by no prejudice, or by any consideration of the past. This advantage he owes to his very birth which connects him with the reigning dynasty, but also with the people. His motives are of the purest, or, at least, gradually become motives of pure, devoted patriotism and knightly honor; hence he alone can, with impunity, speak the truth to all, and he says it with that overflowing wealth of humor, which, according to Shakspeare's psychology, is generally at the command of minds in a truly vigorous and healthy state. This humor—which does not proceed from subtle reflection, but which springs forth from the genuine, energetic and straightforward naturalness of his disposi-

tion, as from a clear mountain spring, whose source lies high above the abodes of corrupt civilization—he applies, with bold and pertinent epithets, to ridicule the selfishness, the cowardliness and pretentiousness, the fickleness and untruthfulness of the leading characters of the action, as well as the low selfishness of the policy both of Church and State; in the mirror of his cutting irony, he shows us the rotten condition of both. As he alone bears within his breast the enduring, restoring and saving power of morality, so it is mainly through him that England is saved from the misery of civil strife, from the claws of France and of the papacy.—ULRICI, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art*.

ELINOR OF GUIENNE

Queen Elinor preserved to the end of her life her influence over her children, and appears to have merited their respect. While entrusted with the government, during the absence of Richard I, she ruled with a steady hand, and made herself exceedingly popular; and as long as she lived to direct the counsels of her son John, his affairs prospered. For that intemperate jealousy which converted her into a domestic firebrand, there was at least much cause, though little excuse. Elinor had hated and wronged the husband of her youth [Louis VII of France], and she had afterwards to endure the negligence and innumerable infidelities of [Henry II of England,] the husband whom she passionately loved:—"and so the whirly-gig of time brought in his revenges." Elinor died in 1203, a few months after Constance, and before the murder of Arthur—a crime which, had she lived, would probably never have been consummated; for the nature of Elinor, though violent, had no tincture of the baseness and cruelty of her son.—MRS. JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines*.

BLANCHE OF CASTILE

In her exceeding beauty and blameless reputation; her love for her husband, and strong domestic affections; her pride of birth and rank; her feminine gentleness of deportment; her firmness of temper; her religious bigotry; her love of absolute power and her upright and conscientious administration of it, Blanche greatly resembled Maria Theresa of Austria. She was, however, of a more cold and calculating nature; and in proportion as she was less amiable as a woman, did she rule more happily for herself and others. There cannot be a greater contrast than between the acute understanding, the steady temper, and the cool intriguing policy of Blanche, by which she succeeded in disuniting and defeating the powers arrayed against her and her infant son, and the rash confiding temper and susceptible imagination of Constance, which rendered herself and her son easy victims to the fraud or ambition of others. Blanche, during forty years, held in her hands the destinies of the greater part of Europe, and is one of the most celebrated names recorded in history.—MRS. JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines*.

MAGNA CHARTA

Nor does a single phrase, a single syllable, in the whole play, refer to the event which, for all after-times, is inseparably associated with the memory of King John—the signing of the Magna Charta. The reason of this is evidently, in the first place, that Shakespeare kept close to the earlier drama, and, in the second place, that he did not attribute to the event the importance it really possessed, did not understand that the Magna Charta laid the foundation of popular liberty, by calling into existence a middle class which supported even the House of Tudor in its struggle with an overweening oligarchy. But the chief reason why the Magna Charta is not mentioned was, no doubt, that Elizabeth did not care to be reminded of it. She

was not fond of any limitations of her royal prerogative, and did not care to recall the defeats suffered by her predecessors in their struggles with warlike and independent vassals. And the nation was willing enough to humor her in this respect. People felt that they had to thank her government for a greater national revival, and therefore showed no eagerness either to vindicate popular rights against her, or to see them vindicated in stage-history. It was not until long after, under the Stuarts, that the English people began to cultivate its constitution. The chronicle-writers of the period touch very lightly upon the barons' victory over King John in the struggle for the Great Charter; and Shakespeare thus followed at once his own personal bias with regard to history, and the current of his age.—BRANDES, *William Shakespeare*.

SHAKESPEARE AS AN ADAPTER

People have tried, at one time or another, to show that Shakespeare must have belonged to almost every conceivable trade and profession—he has so wonderful a technical knowledge, we are told, of lawyering, doctoring, soldiering, even grave-digging. There is but one thing which, to the best of my knowledge, has never been attempted: which is, to prove that he was a really good stage-manager, that he had a thorough knowledge of what may be called the business part of his art.

For, as a matter of fact, very few purely literary critics see how all-important such skill is to every dramatist—what it has done, above all, for Shakespeare. The principles and details of the construction of plays for the stage, their division into acts and scenes, and the minor rules which regulate such matters as entrances, exits, and so forth, may seem but small things compared with the power which creates living characters, the genius which produces the highest poetry; yet those lesser qualities were in very truth indispensable to his universal fame. Shakespeare would never have been read as widely, nor studied as

closely, as he now is by every class, had he not been acted always and everywhere. There is not an evening in the year during which at some provincial theater in England some play of Shakespeare is not being acted; "on an emergency," country managers will tell you, "we always put up *Hamlet*." No other dramatist ever kept the stage for three hundred years; no other dramatist ever bore translation into every tongue; no other ever so pleased every class of audience, from the roughs of California to the most cultivated gatherings of artists, poets, critics. It cannot be his poetry, his philosophy, his drawing of character, which have thus supremely fitted him for the stage; they could hardly *tell* so through bad acting and bad translation. It is the way in which he makes the framework of his plots, in which he presents his story and his characters, that gives force to his strong "situations," and secures their effect, under however unfavorable circumstances.—ROSE, *King John*, in the *Quarto Facsimile Shakespeare*.

THE PLAYWRIGHT'S TREATMENT OF HIS MATERIAL

Though it is quite true that no good play can be made of the historic John, who degraded himself from the representative of England's independence into the Pope's tool, from a man into a cur, yet it is clear that the old Playwright made a very fair drama on the subject for his time. That scene xi of Part I, p. 41-2, when the Bastard finds the Nun locked up in the Prior's chest "to hide her from lay men," and then discovers "Friar Lawrence" locked up in the ancient Nun's chest, must have been a very telling one on the Elizabethan stage: you can fancy the audience's chuckles over it. So also must the Faulconbridge incident, I, i, p. 7-17, and the Bastard killing Limoges on the stage, Pt. I, sc. xi, p. 35, have been thoroughly appreciated. Besides these scenes, the pathos of Arthur's death, the patriotism of the resistance to the Pope, and to

John's oppressive taxation, the treachery of the French turning the nobles back to their allegiance, the final echo of the Chronicler,

“Let *England* live but true within it selfe,
And all the world can never wrong her state. . . .
If England's Peeres and people ioyne in one,
Nor Pope, nor *France*, nor *Spain* can doo them wrong,”—

all these points must have appealed strongly to an audience of Elizabeth's time, to whom home strife, Armada threats, disputed succession to the throne, and Papal intrigues, were matters of lifelong familiarity.—FURNIVALL, *King John*, in the *Quarto Facsimile of Shakespeare*.

**THE LIFE AND DEATH
OF KING JOHN**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING JOHN

PRINCE HENRY, *son to the king*

ARTHUR, *Duke of Bretagne, nephew to the king*

The Earl of PEMBROKE

The Earl of ESSEX

The Earl of SALISBURY

The Lord BIGOT

HUBERT DE BURGH

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *son to Sir Robert Faulconbridge*

PHILIP the Bastard, *his half-brother*

JAMES GURNEY, *servant to Lady Faulconbridge*

PETER of Pomfret, *a prophet*

PHILIP, *king of France*

LEWIS, *the Dauphin*

LYMOGES, *Duke of AUSTRIA*

CARDINAL PANDULPH, *the Pope's legate*

MELUN, *a French lord*

CHATILLON, *ambassador from France to King John*

QUEEN ELINOR, *mother to King John*

CONSTANCE, *mother to Arthur*

BLANCH of Spain, *niece to King John*

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE

Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers,
Messengers, and other Attendants

SCENE: *Partly in England, and partly in France*

SYNOPSIS

By J. ELLIS BURDICK

ACT I

When Richard Cœur-de-Lion died, the crown of England should have come to his son, Prince Arthur, but his brother John usurped it. Philip of France supports the claims of Arthur and threatens to make war on England. In return John plans an invasion of France and appoints a natural son of Richard as one of the generals under the name and title of Sir Richard Plantagenet.

ACT II

An indecisive battle is fought between the English and French before Angiers in France and afterward a treaty of peace is concluded between the two kings. Blanche, niece to King John, is married to Lewis, Dauphin of France, and for her dowry the English king relinquishes certain English provinces.

ACT III

John refuses to obey a mandate of the Pope and is excommunicated. The papal legate demands that Philip refuse to abide by the terms of the treaty "on peril of a curse." John and Philip again take up arms and the French are defeated in battle. The prince Arthur is taken prisoner and John gives instructions for his murder.

ACT IV

Hubert, an English courtier, is commissioned by John to burn out Arthur's eyes; but the boy's entreaties weaken

Hubert's resolution and he risks disobeying the king's instructions. The French under the Dauphin invade England. Arthur attempts to escape from his prison by leaping from the castle walls, but he is hurt to the death by the stones on which he falls. His body is found by three nobles who, already discontented with John and believing the prince murdered by his order, desert him and join the Dauphin.

ACT V

John, thinking to arrest the invasion of the French, yields to the papal demands. But Lewis refuses to turn back, claiming the crown by right of his marriage since Arthur is dead. A strongly contested battle ensues, but the result is indecisive. The English lords who had joined the French return to their allegiance in time to be pardoned by John before his death from a poison given him by a monk. The French willingly conclude a peace with the English and John's son ascends the throne as Henry III.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

King John's Palace.

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury, and others, with Chatillon.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France

In my behavior to the majesty,
The borrowed majesty, of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning: 'borrowed majesty!'

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island and the territories, 10
To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,

And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war and blood for
blood, —

Controlment for controlment: so answer
France. 20

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my
mouth,

The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my canon shall be heard:

15. "*Thy nephew and right royal sovereign*"; as Richard I died without lawful issue, the crown in the strict order of succession would have fallen to his nephew Arthur, Duke of Brittany, then in his twelfth year. But the crown was then partly elective, the nation choosing from the members of the royal family the one they thought fittest for the office. Arthur held the duchy of Brittany in right of his father, Geoffrey Plantagenet, an elder brother of John. Anjou, Touraine, and Maine, the ancient patrimony of the house of Anjou, were his by hereditary right. As Duke of Brittany Arthur was a vassal of Philip Augustus, King of France; and Constance engaged to Philip that her son should do him homage also for Normandy, Maine, Anjou, Touraine, and Poitou, on condition that Philip should support his claim to the English crown. England having declared for John, the play opens with Philip's interference in behalf of Arthur.—H. N. H.

20. According to the Cambridge editors the line must probably be scanned as an Alexandrine, reading the first "*controlment*" in the time of a trisyllable and the second as a quadrisyllable. This seems very doubtful; the irregularity of the line is not remarkable; there is merely an extra syllable before the pause:—

Contról|ment fôr| contrólment || so áns|wer Fránce.—I. G.

26. "*The thunder of my cannon*"; the Poet here anticipates the use

So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath
And sullen presage of your own decay.

An honorable conduct let him have:

Pembroke, look to 't. Farewell, Chatillon. 30

[*Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.*]

Eli. What now, my son! have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?

This might have been prevented and made
whole

With very easy arguments of love,
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession and our right for
us.

of gunpowder by about a hundred years. Thus, again, in Act ii. he speaks of "bullets wrapp'd in fire." A similar anachronism occurs in *Macbeth*, Act i. sc. 2: "They were as *cannons* overcharg'd with double cracks." John's reign began in 1199, and cannon are said to have been first used at the battle of Cressy, in 1346. In all these cases Shakespeare simply aimed to speak the language that was most intelligible to his audience, rendering the ancient engines of war by their modern equivalents. Of course he is found fault with by those who in a drama prefer chronological accuracy to dramatic effect.—H. N. H.

28. "*sullen presage of your own decay*"; there is perhaps an allusion here to the dismal passing-bell, as Steevens suggested; according to Delius, the trumpet of doom is alluded to. There is, however, no difficulty in the thought as it stands, without these references to a secondary idea.—I. G.

34. "*Her son*"; Elinor's hostility to Constance is thus accounted for by Holinshed: "Surely Queen Elinor, the king's mother, was sore against her nephew Arthur, rather moved thereto by envy conceived against his mother, than upon any just occasion given in the behalf of the child; for that she saw if he were king how his mother Constance would look to bear most rule within the realm of England, till her son should come to lawful age to govern of himself."—H. N. H.

Eli. Your strong possession much more than your
right, 40

Or else it must go wrong with you and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven and you and I shall
hear.

Enter a Sheriff.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy
Come from the country to be judged by you,
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.
Our abbeys and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.

*Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip his
bastard brother.*

What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman 50
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A soldier, by the honor-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

49. "*expedition's*"; first Folio *expeditious*; an obvious misprint.—
I. G.

"*Bastard brother*"; Richard I died without lawful issue. Holinshed, speaking of the first year of John's reign, says,—“The same year also, Philip, bastard son to King Richard, to whom his father had given the castle and honour of Coynack, killed the Viscount of Lymoges, in revenge of his father's death, who was slain in besieging the castle of Chalus Cheverell.” The old play furnished Shakespeare a slight hint towards the character:

“Next them a bastard of the king's deceas'd,
A hardie wild-head, rough and venturous.”—H. N. H.

54. "*Cœur-de-lion*"; "*Cordelion*"; in the Folios and old play; perhaps the spelling should be kept as the popular form of the name.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?

You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king;

That is well known; and, as I think, one father:

But for the certain knowledge of that truth ⁶¹

I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother:

Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy
mother

And wound her honor with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;

That is my brother's plea and none of mine;

The which if he can prove, a' pops me out

At least from fair five hundred pound a year:

Heaven guard my mother's honor and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow. Why, being
younger born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land. ⁷⁰

But once he slander'd me with bastardy:

But whether I be as true begot or no,

That still I lay upon my mother's head;

But that I am as well begot, my liege,—

Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!—

Compare our faces and be judge yourself.

If old Sir Robert did beget us both ⁸⁰

And were our father and this son like him,

54. "*knighted in the field*"; in "*The Troublesome Reign*" he is knighted at the siege of Acon or Acre, by the title of Sir Robert Fauconbridge of Montbery.—I. G.

O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent
us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts
And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah,
speak, 90
What doth move you to claim your brother's
land?

Bast. Because he has a half-face, like my father.
With half that face would he have all my land:
A half-faced groat five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father
lived,

Your brother did employ my father much,—

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land:
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there with the emperor 100
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
The advantage of his absence took the king
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak,
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and
shores

85. "*trick*"; it has been suggested that "*trick*" is used here in the heraldic sense of "copy"; it would seem, however, to be used in a less definite sense.—I. G.

Between my father and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speak himself,
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and took it on his death 110
That this my mother's son was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him,
And if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son, 121
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have
kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth he might; then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes;
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's
land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force 130
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulcon-bridge,

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence and no land beside?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert's his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods, 140
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose
Lest men should say 'Look, where three-farth-
ings goes!'

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I would give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be sir Nob in any case.

137. "*Lord of thy presence*"; that is, the possessor of thy own dignified and manly appearance, resembling thy great progenitor. In Sir Henry Wotton's beautiful poem of *The Happy Man*, we have a line resembling this:

*"Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing yet hath all."*—H. N. H.

139. "*sir Robert's his*," so the Folios; Theobald proposed "*sir Robert his*," regarding "*his*" as the old genitive form; Vaughan "*just sir Robert's shape*"; Schmidt takes the "*'s his*" as a reduplicative possessive. Surely "*his*" is used substantively with that rollicking effect which is so characteristic of Faulconbridge. There is no need to explain the phrase as equivalent to "his shape, which is also his father Sir Robert's"; "*sir Robert's his*" = "*sir Robert's shape*," "*his*" emphasizing substantively the previous pronominal use of the word.—I. G.

143. "*Look, where three-farthings goes*"; three-farthling pieces of silver were coined in 1561 (discontinued in 1582); they were very thin, and were distinguished from the silver pence by an impression of the queen's profile, with a rose behind her ear.—I. G.

145. "*to*"; that is, *in addition* to it.—H. N. H.

147. "*I would not*"; Folio 1 reads "*It would not*," probably a misprint, though Delius makes "*it*" refer to "*His face*."—I. G.

"*sir Nob*," Sir Robert.—C. H. H.

Eli. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him and follow me?

I am a soldier and now bound to France. 150

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my
chance.

Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis dear.
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege, so is my name begun;

Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose
form thou bear'st: 160

Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great,
Arise sir Richard and Plantagenet.

Bast. Brother by the mother's side, give me your
hand:

My father gave me honor, yours gave land.
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away!

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!

I am thy grandam, Richard; call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance but not by truth; what
though?

Something about, a little from the right, 170

153. "*sell your face for five pence and 'tis dear*"; carrying on the jest of l. 94, where it was valued at a groat (i. e. 4d.).—C. H. H.

162. "*Plantagenet*" was not the original name of the house of Anjou; but a surname formerly bestowed upon a member of the family, from his wearing a *broom-stalk*, that is, *planta genista*, in his bonnet.—H. N. H.

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
 Who dares not stir by day must walk by night,
 And have is have, however men do catch:
 Near or far off, well won is still well shot,
 And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy
 desire;

A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.
 Come, madam, and come, Richard, we must
 speed

For France, for France, for it is more than
 need.

Bast. Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee!
 For thou wast got i' the way of honesty. 181

[*Exeunt all but Bastard.*]

A foot of honor better than I was;
 But many a many foot of land the worse.
 Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.

'Good den, sir Richard!'—'God-a-mercy, fel-
 low!'—

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
 For new-made honor doth forget men's names;
 'Tis too respective and too sociable
 For your conversion. Now your traveller,

171. "*Or else o'er the hatch*"; these expressions were common in the time of Shakespeare for being born out of wedlock.—H. N. H.

180. "*Good fortune come to thee*"; there was an old proverb,—"*Bastards are born lucky.*" The speaker here wishes his brother may have good fortune, and implies that, had he been unlawfully begotten, the wish had been needless; alluding to the proverb.—H. N. H.

184. "*any Joan*," any peasant-girl.—C. H. H.

189. "*Your conversion*"; so in the original, which Pope changed to *conversing*. The speaker calls his *new-made honor a conversion*, that is, a change of condition; and means that to remember men's

He and his toothpick at my worship's mess, 190
 And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,
 Why then I suck my teeth and catechize
 My picked man of countries: 'My dear sir,'
 Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,
 'I shall beseech you'—that is question now;
 And then comes answer like an Absey book:
 'O sir,' says answer, 'at your best command;
 At your employment; at your service, sir:'
 'No, sir,' says question, 'I, sweet sir, at yours:'
 And so, ere answer knows what question would,
 Saving in dialogue of compliment, 201
 And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
 The Pyrenean and the river Po,
 It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
 But this is worshipful society,
 And fits the mounting spirit like myself;
 For he is but a bastard to the time

names is to be too careful, to punctilious, too *respective*, for one of his newly-acquired rank.—H. N. H.

190. "*My worship's mess*"; it is said, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, that "a traveler is a good thing after dinner." In that age of newly-excited curiosity, one of the entertainments at great tables seems to have been the discourse of a traveler. To use a toothpick seems to have been one of the characteristics of a traveled man who affected foreign fashions.—"*At my worship's mess*" means at that part of the table where I, as a *knight*, shall be placed.—*Your worship* was the regular address to a knight or esquire, in Shakespeare's time, as *your honor* was to a lord.—H. N. H.

193. "*My picked man of countries*" may be equivalent to *my traveled fop*: *picked* generally signified affected, over nice, or curious in dress. *Conquisite* is explained in the dictionaries *exquisitely*, *pickedly*: so that our modern *exquisites* and *dandies* are of the same race.—H. N. H.

196. "*Absey book*"; an A B C or *absey-book*, as it was then called, is a *catechism*.—H. N. H.

That doth not smack of observation;
 And so am I, whether I smack or no;
 And not alone in habit and device, 210
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
 But from the inward motion to deliver
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
 Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.
 But who comes in such haste in riding-robes?
 What woman-post is this? hath she no husband
 That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

O me! it is my mother. How now, good lady?
 What brings you here to court so hastily? 221

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where
 is he,

That holds in chase mine honor up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?

Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?

Is it sir Robert's son that you seek so?

208. "*Smack of observation*"; that is, he is accounted but a mean man, in the present age, who does not show by his dress, deportment, and talk, that he has traveled and made observations in foreign countries.—H. N. H.

216. "*strew the footsteps*," etc., *i. e.* make my footing surer.—C. H. H.

219. "*Blow a horn before her*"; a double allusion,—to the *horn* which a *post* blows to announce his coming, and to such a *horn* as the speaker's mother had bestowed on her husband.—H. N. H.

225. "*Colbrand*" was a Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of King Athelstan. *The History of Guy* was a popular book in the Poet's age. Drayton has described the combat in his *Poly-Olbion*, Song xii.

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Aye, thou unreverend boy,

Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?

He is sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile? 230

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip! sparrow: James,
There's toys abroad: anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit Gurney.*]

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son:

Sir Robert might have eat his part in me

Upon Good-Friday and ne'er broke his fast:

Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,

Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it:

We know his handiwork: therefore, good mother,

To whom I am beholding for these limbs?

231. "*Sparrow*"; Warburton conjectured this should be, *spare me*; whereupon Coleridge has the following: "Nothing can be more lively or characteristic than 'Philip? sparrow!' Had Warburton read old Skelton's *Philip Sparrow*, an exquisite and original poem, and, no doubt, popular in Shakespeare's time, even Warburton would scarcely have made so deep a plunge into the *bathetic* as to have deathified *sparrow* into *spare me*." The sparrow was called Philip, because its note resembles that name. Thus in Lyly's *Mother Bombe*: "*Phip, phip*, the sparrows as they fly." And Catullus, in his *Elegy on Lesbia's Sparrow*, formed the verb *pipilabat*, to express the note of that bird. Of course the new Sir Richard tosses off the name Philip with affected contempt.—*Toys*, in the next line, means rumors, idle reports.—H. N. H.

234–235. "*eat his part upon Good-Friday*"; evidently a popular proverb, cp. Heywood's *Dialogue upon Proverbs*:

"*He may his part on Good Friday eat,*

And fast never the wurs, for ought he shall geat" (i. e. *get*).

—I. G.

Sir Robert never help to make this leg. 240

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine
honor?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward
knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like.
What! I am dubb'd! I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd sir Robert and my land;
Legitimation, name and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope: who was it,
mother? 250

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulcon-
bridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy
father:

By long and vehement suit I was seduced
To make room for him in my husband's bed:
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!
Thou art the issue of my dear offense,
Which was so strongly urged past my defense.

244. "*Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like*"; an allusion to the old play called "*Soliman and Perseda*" (printed 1599, written probably some ten years before); Piston the buffoon, representing the old Vice of the Morality Plays, jumps on the back of Basilisco, the bragging coward, and makes him take oath on his dagger:—

BAS. "*I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—knight, good fellow, knight, knight,—*

PIST. *Knave, good fellow, knave, knave.*"

(cp. Dodsley's *Old Plays*, ed. Hazlitt, Vol. v. 271-2.)—I. G.

250. "*proper*," comely.—C. H. H.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father. 260
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your
folly:

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's
hand.

He that perforce robs lions of their hearts
May easily win a woman's. Aye, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but say thou didst not
well 271

When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says it was, he lies; I say 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*]

268. "*Robs lions of their hearts*"; Rastell's *Chronicle* yields a good explanation of this: "It is sayd that a lyon was put to Kynge Richarde, beyng in prison, to have devoured him, and when the lyon was gapyng, he put his arm in his mouthe, and pulled the lyon by the harte so hard, that he slew the lyon, and therefore some say he is called Rycharde Cure de Lyon; but some say he is called Cure de Lyon, because of his boldnesse and hardy stomake." See, also, Percy's *Reliques*, introductory Essay on the Ancient Metrical Romances.—H. N. H.

ACT SECOND

SCENE I

France. Before Angiers.

Enter Austria and forces, drums, etc., on one side: on the other King Philip of France and his power; Lewis, Arthur, Constance and attendants.

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.
 Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
 Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
 By this brave duke came early to his grave:
 And for amends to his posterity,
 At our importance hither is he come,

2. "*that great forerunner of thy blood*"; Shakespeare, by some oversight, here makes Arthur directly descended from Richard.—I. G.

5. "*by this brave duke*," so the old play. Richard was, however, slain by an arrow at the siege of Chaluz, some years after the Duke's death.—I. G.

Richard I fell by the hand of one of his own vassals, the Viscount of Lymoges. Shakespeare followed the old play in making Lymoges and Austria the same person. Thus in Act iii. Constance says to the Archduke,—“O, Lymoges! O, Austria! thou dost shame that bloody spoil.” And in the old play: “The bastard chaseth Lymoges the Austrich duke, and maketh him leave the lyon’s skin.” In point of fact, Leopold, the duke of Austria, who imprisoned Richard I, died by a fall from his horse in 1195, four years before John came to the throne.—H. N. H.

To spread his colors, boy, in thy behalf,
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John: 10
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome
hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death
The rather that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of
war:

I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee
right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love, 20
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring
tides

And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedged in with the
main,

That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy, 30
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

27. "secure and confident from foreign purposes," fearless of invasion.—C. H. H.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,

Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength

To make a more requital to your love!

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords

In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well, then, to work: our cannon shall be bent

Against the brows of this resisting town.

Call for our chiefest men of discipline,

To cull the plots of best advantages: 40

We'll lay before this town our royal bones,

Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,

But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,

Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood:

My Lord Chatillon may from England bring

That right in peace which here we urge in war,

And then we shall repent each drop of blood

That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter Chatillon.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wish, 50

Our messenger Chatillon is arrived!

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;

We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

40. "*Best advantages*"; that is, to select the most advantageous places.—H. N. H.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege
 And stir them up against a mightier task.
 England, impatient of your just demands,
 Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,
 Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him
 time

To land his legions all as soon as I;
 His marches are expedient to this town, 60
 His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
 With him along is come the mother-queen,
 An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife;
 With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;
 With them a bastard of the king's deceased;
 And all the unsettled humors of the land,
 Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
 With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,
 Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
 Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
 To make a hazard of new fortunes here: 71
 In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
 Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er
 Did never float upon the swelling tide,
 To do offense and scath in Christendom.

[*Drum beats.*]

60. Shakespeare uses "*expedient*" in the classical sense of *expeditious*; literally *free-footed*. From *expedire*, to hasten.—H. N. H.

63. "*Ate*"; the Goddess of Discord.—H. N. H.

64. "*her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain*," i. e. her granddaughter; Blanch was the daughter of John's sister Eleanor and Alphonso VIII King of Castile.—I. G.

65. "*of the king's deceased*," i. e. "*of the deceased king*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*king*"; but Folio 1, "*kings*" = "*king's*" is idiomatically correct.—I. G.

73. "*Waft*" for *wafted*.—H. N. H.

The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parley or to fight; therefore prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much 80
We must awake endeavor for defense;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then; we are prepared.

*Enter King John, Elinor, Blanch, the Bastard,
Lords, and Forces.*

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace
permit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own;
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to
heaven,

Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats His peace to
heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace.
England we love; and for that England's sake
With burden of our armor here we sweat. 92

This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced infant state and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of
his: 100

This little abstract doth contain that large
 Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time
 Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
 That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
 And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,
 And this is Geffrey's: in the name of God
 How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,
 When living blood doth in these temples beat,
 Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commis-
 sion, France, 110

To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good
 thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,
 To look into the blots and stains of right:
 That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
 Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
 And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France? 120

Const. Let me make answer; thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,

101. "*large*," full-grown form.—C. H. H.

103. "*huge*"; Rowe read "*large*," doubtless a misprint for "*huge*" restored by Capell.—I. G.

106. "*this is Geffrey's*"; i. e. this boy is Geffrey's son (and as such inheritor of his "right" to England). The phrase is ambiguous, but the other possible interpretations (e. g. this territory is Geffrey's) are less natural.—C. H. H.

113. "*breast*"; Folio 1, "*beast*."—I. G.

119. "*Excuse; it is*," etc.; Malone's correction of the Folios, "*Excuse it is*"; Rowe (ed. 2) "*Excuse it, 'tis*."—I. G.

That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world!

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey
Than thou and John in manners; being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think
His father never was so true begot: 130
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace!

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An a' may catch your hide and you alone:
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valor plucks dead lions by the beard:

123. "*a queen, and check the world*"; an allusion to the queen at chess.—C. H. H.

131. "*If thou wert his mother*"; Constance alludes to Elinor's infidelity to her husband, Louis VII, when they were in the Holy Land; on account of which he divorced her. She was afterwards, in 1151, married to King Henry II.—H. N. H.

134. "*Hear the crier*"; alluding to the usual proclamation for silence made by criers in the courts of justice.—H. N. H.

136. "*You alone*"; the lion's skin was part of the spoil which the old play represented the Archduke of Austria as having taken from Richard I. Of course the Archduke wore it in honor of his exploit in killing Richard.—H. N. H.

137. "*of whom the proverb goes*," i. e. "*Mortuo leoni et lepores insulant*"; cp. Kyd's Spanish Tragedy, "*Hares may pull dead lions by the beard*."—I. G.

I 'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to 't; i' faith, I will, i' faith. 140

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass:
But, ass, I 'll take that burthen from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
King Philip, determine what we shall do
straight.

K. Phi. Women and fools, break off your confer-
ence. 150

King John, this is the very sum of all;
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon: I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And out of my dear love I 'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

144. "*Great Alcides' shows upon an ass*"; alluding to the skin of the Nemean lion won by Hercules. The Folios read "*shooes*"; the reading of the text was first proposed by Theobald.—I. G.

149. "*King Philip*," etc.; the line is printed in the Folios as part of Austria's speech, with "*King Lewis*" instead of "*King Philip*"; the error was first corrected by Theobald.—I. G.

152. "*Anjou*," Theobald's correction of "*Angiers*" of the Folios.—I. G.

156. "*Bretagne*"; Folios 1, 2, "*Britaine*"; Folio 3, "*Britain*"; Folio 4, "*Brittain*."—I. G.

159. ll. 159 to 197 considered as spurious by Pope.—I. G.

Const. Do, child, go to it grandam, child; 160
 Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
 Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
 There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!
 I would that I were low laid in my grave:
 I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whether she does or no!

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,

Draws those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,

Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee; 170

Aye, with these crystal beads heaven shall be bribed.

To do him justice and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!

Call not me slanderer; thou and thine usurp

The dominations, royalties and rights

Of this oppressed boy: this is thy eld'st son's son,

160, 161. "*it*," old form of possessive, so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, "*yt . . . it*"; Johnson, "*it . . . it*"; Capell, "*it's . . . it's*." In the Lancashire dialect "*hit*" is still the common form of the possessive, an archaism used here in imitation of the language of the nursery.—I. G.

167. "*whether*," monosyllabic; Folios 1, 2, 3, "*where*"; Folio 4, "*where*."—I. G.

168. "*wongs*," the wrongs done by her.—C. H. A.

171. "*beads*" (playing on the original sense, "prayer").—C. H. H.

177. "*this is thy eld'st*"; Capell's emendation of the Folios, "*this*

Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
 Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
 The canon of the law is laid on him, 180
 Being but the second generation
 Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,
 That he is not only plagued for her sin,
 But God hath made her sin and her the plague
 On this removed issue, plagued for her
 And with her plague; her sin his injury,
 Her injury the beadle to her sin,
 All punish'd in the person of this child,
 And all for her; a plague upon her! 190

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
 A will that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Aye, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
 A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate:
 It ill beseems this presence to cry aim
 To these ill-tuned repetitions.

is thy eldest"; Fleay proposed "*this' thy eld'st*"; Ritson, "*thy eld'st*," omitting "*this is.*"—I. G.

180. "*the canon of the law*," *cp.* Exodus xx. 5.—I. G.

187. "*And with her plague; her sin his injury*," etc.; the Folios, "*And with her plague her sin: his injury*," etc. The punctuation adopted was first proposed by Mr. Roby, who explains the passage thus:—"God hath made her sin and herself to be a plague to this distant child, who is punished for her and with the punishment belonging to her: God has made her sin to be an injury to Arthur, and her injurious deeds to be the executioner to punish her sin: all which (viz., her first sin and her now injurious deeds) are punished in the person of this child."—I. G.

196. "*aim*"; Folio 1, "*ayme*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*ay me*"; Rowe conjectured "*amen*"; Moberly, "*hem*"; Jackson, "*shame*"; Johnson, "*j'aime*."—I. G.

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
 These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak
 Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's. 200

*Trumpet Sounds. Enter certain Citizens
 upon the walls.*

First Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for herself.

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle,—

K. John. For our advantage; therefore hear us first.

These flags of France, that are advanced here
 Before the eye and prospect of your town,
 Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
 The cannons have their bowels full of wrath, 210
 And ready mounted are they to spit forth
 Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
 All preparation for a bloody siege
 And merciless proceeding by these French
 Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates;
 And but for our approach those sleeping
 stones,

206. "*For our advantage*," on our behalf. The French trumpet, blown on English territory, is admittedly sounded "*for England*"; John turns to account Philip's ambiguous expression.—C. H. H.

207. "*advanced*," *lifted*.—C. H. H.

215. "*Confronts your*," Capell's emendation; Folios 1, 2, "*Comfort yours*"; Folios 3, 4, "*Comfort your*"; Rowe suggested, "*Confront your*"; Collier, "*Come 'fore your*."—I. G.

That as a waist doth girdle you about,
 By the compulsion of their ordinance
 By this time from their fixed beds of lime
 Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made 220
 For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
 But on the sight of us your lawful king,
 Who painfully with much expedient march
 Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
 To save unscratch'd your city's threatened
 cheeks,

Behold, the French amazed vouchsafe a parle;
 And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
 To make a shaking fever in your walls,
 They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,
 To make a faithless error in your ears: 230
 Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
 And let us in, your king, whose labor'd spirits,
 Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
 Crave harborage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.
 Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
 Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
 Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
 Son of the elder brother of this man,
 And king o'er him and all that he enjoys: 240
 For this down-trodden equity, we tread
 In warlike march these greens before your town,

217. "*waist*"; Folios 1, 2, 3, "*waste*"; Folio 4, "*waiste*"; "*doth*"; the singular by attraction to the preceding word; Rowe, "*do*."—I. G.

230. "*To make a faithless error in your ears*," to seduce you to a breach of faith.—C. H. H.

234. "*Crave*," so Pope; Folios read "*Craues*."—I. G.

Being no further enemy to you
 Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
 In the relief of this oppressed child
 Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
 To pay that duty which you truly owe
 To him that owes it, namely this young prince:
 And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
 Save in aspect, hath all offense seal'd up; 250
 Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
 Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
 And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
 With unhack'd swords and helmets all un-
 bruised,

We will bear home that lusty blood again
 Which here we came to spout against your
 town,

And leave your children, wives and you in peace.
 But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
 'Tis not the roundure of your old-faced walls
 Can hide you from our messengers of war, 260
 Though all these English and their discipline
 Were harbor'd in their rude circumference.
 Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,
 In that behalf which we have challenged it?
 Or shall we give the signal to our rage
 And stalk in blood to our possession?

First Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's
 subjects:

For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

259. "roundure," so Capell; Folios read "rounder"; Singer, "ron-
 dure."—I. G.

262. "rude"; Williams conjectured "wide."—I. G.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

First Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the king, 270

To him will we prove loyal: till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?

And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many and as well-born bloods as those—

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face to contradict his claim. 280

First Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,

We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls

That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, amen! Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Bast. Saint George, that swung the dragon, and e'er since

Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door,

289. "*Mine hostess' door*"; the reader will of course understand that the picture of St. George armed and mounted, as when he overthrew the Dragon, was used as an innkeeper's sign. Nothing could be more spiritedly characteristic of the speaker than his thus running

Teach us some fence! [*To Aust.*] Sirrah, were
I at home, 290

At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace! no more.

Bast. O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set
forth

In best appointment all our regiments.

Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so; and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God and our
right! [*Exeunt.*]

*Here after excursions, enter the Herald of France,
with trumpets, to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your
gates, 300

And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English
mother,

Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding
ground:

Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolored earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play

his favorite war-cry into an humorous allusion. Mr. Knight points out a similar passage in Sir Walter Scott, where Callum Beg compares Waverley to "the bra' Highlander tat's painted on the board afore the mickle change-house they ca' Luckie Middlemass's."—H. N. H.

Upon the dancing banners of the French,
 Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
 To enter conquerors, and to proclaim 310
 Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.

Enter English Herald, with trumpet.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your
 bells;

King John, your king and England's, doth ap-
 proach,

Commander of this hot malicious day:

Their armors, that march'd hence so silver-
 bright,

Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;

There stuck no plume in any English crest

That is removed by a staff of France:

Our colors do return in those same hands

That did display them when we first march'd
 forth; 320

And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come

Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,

Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes:

Open your gates and give the victors way.

First Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might
 behold,

316. "*Frenchmen's blood*"; Shakespeare has used this image again in *Macbeth*, Act ii. sc. 3: "Here lay Duncan, his *silver skin* laced with his *golden blood*." It occurs also in Chapman's translation of the sixteenth *Iliad*: "The cures from great Hector's breast all *gilded with his gore*."—H. N. H.

323. "*Dyed*"; Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Dide*"; Folio 4, "*dy'd*." Pope suggested "*Stain'd*"; Vaughan, "*Dipp'd*."—I. G.

325. In the Folios "the first citizen" is throughout named "Hubert," in all probability owing to the fact that the actor of the part of Hubert also took this minor character of the play.—I. G.

From first to last, the onset and retire
 Of both your armies; whose equality
 By our best eyes cannot be censured:
 Blood hath bought blood and blows have answered blows;
 Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power: 330
 Both are alike; and both alike we like.
 One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
 We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

Re-enter the two Kings, with their powers, severally.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?

Say, shall the current of our right run on?
 Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
 Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell
 With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
 Unless thou let his silver water keep
 A peaceful progress to the ocean. 340

K. Phi. England, thou hast not saved one drop of blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France;
 Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,
 That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
 Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
 We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms
 we bear,

335. "*run*," so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, "*rome*"; Malone reads, "*roam*"; Nicholson conjectured, "*foam*."—I. G.

Or add a royal number to the dead,
 Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss
 With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers, 350
 When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
 O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with
 steel;

The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
 And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
 In undetermined differences of kings.

Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?

Cry 'havoc!' kings; back to the stained field,
 You equal potents, fiery kindled spirits!

Then let confusion of one part confirm

The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and
 death! 360

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

First. Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
 And bear possession of our person here,
 Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

347. "Add a royal number to the dead," i. e. the dead shall number a king among them.—C. H. H.

353. "fangs," Steevens' spelling for "phangs" of the Folios.—I. G.

358. "equal potents"; Collier reads "equal potent"; Delius, "equal-potents"; Dyce, "equal-potent."—I. G.

"fiery kindled," so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, "ferie kindled"; Pope, "fiery-kindled"; Collier (ed. 2), "fire-ykindled"; Lettsom conjectures "fire-enkindled."—I. G.

First Cit. A greater power than we denies all this;
 And till it be undoubted, we do lock 369
 Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates;
 King'd of our fears, until our fears, resolved,
 Be by some certain king purged and deposed.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout
 you, kings,

And stand securely on their battlements,
 As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
 At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
 Your royal presences be ruled by me:
 Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
 Be friends awhile and both conjointly bend
 Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town: 380
 By east and west let France and England
 mount

Their battering cannon charged to the mouths,
 Till their soul-fearing clamors have brawl'd
 down

The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city
 I 'ld play incessantly upon these jades,
 Even till unfenced desolation

371. "*King'd of our fears*"; the Folios, "*Kings of our fear*"; the excellent emendation adopted in the text was first proposed by Tyrwhitt.—I. G.

373. "*Scroyles*"; *Escroulles*, Fr., scabby fellows.—H. N. H.

378. "*the mutines of Jerusalem*," i. e. the mutineers of Jerusalem, evidently alluding to John of Giscala and Simon bar Gioras, the leaders of the opposing factions, who combined in order to resist the Roman attack. Shakespeare probably derived his knowledge from Peter Morwyng's translation (1558) of the spurious Josephus, the "*Joseppon*," as it is called: Josephus was first Englished in 1602.—I. G.

383. "*Soul-fearing*"; that is, *soul-appalling*; from the verb to *fear*, to make afraid.—H. N. H.

Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
 That done, dissever your united strengths,
 And part your mingled colors once again;
 Turn face to face and bloody point to point; 390
 Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth
 Out of one side her happy minion,
 To whom in favor she shall give the day,
 And kiss him with a glorious victory.
 How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
 Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our
 heads,

I like it well. France, shall we knit our pow-
 ers

And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
 Then after fight who shall be king of it? 400

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
 Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
 Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
 As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
 And when that we have dash'd them to the
 ground,

Why then defy each other, and pell-mel'
 Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so. Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
 Into this city's bosom. 410

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south
 Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

412. "*drift*" (concrete noun from "drive"), driving shower.—C.
 H. H.

Bast. O prudent discipline! From north to south:
Austria and France shoot in each other's
mouth:

I'll stir them to it. Come, away, away!

First Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe awhile
to stay,

And I shall show you peace and fair-faced
league;

Win you this city without stroke or wound;

Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,

That here come sacrifices for the field: 420

Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on with favor; we are bent to hear.

First Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady
Blanch,

Is niece to England: look upon the years

Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid:

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,

Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?

If zealous love should go in search of virtue,

Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?

If love ambitious sought a match of birth, 430

Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady

Blanch?

Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,

Is the young Dauphin every way complete:

If not complete of, say he is not she;

423. "*The Lady Blanch*" was daughter to Alphonso, the ninth king of Castile, and was niece to King John by his sister Eleanor.—H. N. H.

425. "*Dauphin*," so Rowe; Folios, "*Dolphin*" (*passim*).—I. G.

428. "*zealous*," holy, devout.—C. H. H.

434. "*If not complete of, say he is not she*"; that is, if he be not

And she again wants nothing, to name want,
 If want it be not that she is not he:
 He is the half part of a blessed man,
 Left to be finished by such as she;
 And she a fair divided excellence,
 Whose fulness of perfection lies in him. 440
 O, two such silver currents, when they join,
 Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
 And two such shores to two such streams made
 one
 Two such controlling bounds shall you be,
 kings,
 To these two princes, if you marry them.
 This union shall do more than battery can
 To our fast-closed gates; for at this match,
 With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
 The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
 And give you entrance: but without this match,
 The sea enraged is not half so deaf, 451
 Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
 More free from motion, no, not Death himself
 In mortal fury half so peremptory,
 As we to keep this city.

Bast.

Here's a stay

complete of or *in* those qualities, say it is because he is not like her, or equal to her. The use of *of* for *in respect of*, or *in*, is not uncommon in the old writers. Modern editions generally print the line thus: "If not complete, O say he is not she."—H. N. H.

455. A "*stay*" here seems to mean a *supporter of a cause*. Baret translates *columen vel firmamentum reipublicæ* by "the *stay*, the chiefe mainteyner and succour of," &c. It has been proposed to read, "Here's a *say*," that is, a speech; and it must be confessed that it would agree well with the rest of Faulconbridge's speech. Perhaps, however, *stay* should be understood as referring to the

That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, in-
deed,

That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and
seas,

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs! 460

What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?

He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke and
bounce;

He gives the bastinado with his tongue:

Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his

But buffets better than a fist of France:

Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words

Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;

Give with our niece a dowry large enough:

For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie 470

Thy now unsured assurance to the crown,

That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe

The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.

I see a yielding in the looks of France;

Mark, how they whisper; urge them while their
souls

Are capable of this ambition,

Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath

Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,

Cool and congeal again to what it was.

First Cit. Why answer not the double majesties 480

This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

beginning of the Citizen's former speech,—“vouchsafe awhile to
stay.”—H. N. H.

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first

To speak unto this city: what say you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,

Can in this book of beauty read 'I love,'

Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:

For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,

And all that we upon this side the sea,

Except this city now by us besieged,

Find liable to our crown and dignity, 490

Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich

In titles, honors and promotions,

As she in beauty, education, blood,

Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find

A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,

The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;

Which, being but the shadow of your son,

Becomes a sun and makes your son a shadow:

I do protest I never loved myself 501

Till now infixed I beheld myself

Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with Blanch*

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!

And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy

Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,

That, hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there
should be

In such a love so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine: 510

If he see aught in you that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.

Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this; that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be
your judge,

That I can find should merit any hate. 520

K. John. What say these young ones? What say
you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honor still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you
love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine,
Maine,

Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin. 530
Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

527. "*Volquessen*," Vexin, the district round Rouen (occupied by the Velocasses in ancient Gaul).—C. H. H.

K. Phi. It likes us well; young princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for I am well assured
That I did so when I was first assured.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop? 540
I know she is not, for this match made up
Her presence would have interrupted much:
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league that we have made
Will give her sadness very little cure.
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all; 550

533. "*Close your hands*"; this marriage treaty is thus narrated by Holinshed: "So King John returned from York, and sailed again into Normandy, because the variance still depended between him and the King of France. Finally, upon the Ascension-day in this second year of his reign, they came eftsoons to a communication betwixt the towns of Vernon and Lisle Dandelie, where they concluded an agreement, with marriage to be had betwixt Lewis, the son of King Philip, and the lady Blanch, daughter to Alfonso King of Castile, the eighth of that name, and niece to King John by his sister Eleanor." It was further stipulated that "the foresaid Blanch should be conveyed into France to her husband, with all speed"; which infers that she was not personally consenting to the treaty.—
H. N. K.

For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bre-
tagne

And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the Lady Con-
stance;

Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp. 560

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*]

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And France, whose armor conscience buckled
on,

Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier, rounded in the err
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men,
maids,

Who, having no external thing to lose 571
But the word 'maid,' cheats the poor maid of
that,

That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Com-
modity,

Commodity, the bias of the world,

574. "*the bias of the world*"; the influence which causes all men

The world, who of itself is peised well.
 Made to run even upon even ground,
 Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
 This sway of motion, this Commodity,
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent: 580
 And this same bias, this Commodity,
 This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
 Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
 Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
 From a resolved and honorable war,
 To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
 And why rail I on this Commodity?
 But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
 Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
 When his fair angels would salute my palm; 590
 But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
 Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
 Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail
 And say there is no sin but to be rich;
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be
 To say there is no vice but leggary.
 Since kings break faith upon commodity,
 Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee. [*Exit.*

to swerve from their normal course. Technically the *bias* was, in the game of bowls, a piece of lead introduced into one side of the bowl, causing it to swerve from the direct line. The globe of the earth is here conceived as a bowl thus "biassed."—C. H. H.

583. "*Clapp'd on the outward eye.*" The figure of the biassed bowl is still kept up. The "eye" of a bowl was "the aperture on one side which contained the bias."—C. H. H.

584. "*aid*"; Collier (ed. 2, Mason's conjecture) "*aim*."—I. G.

ACT THIRD

SCENE I

The French King's Pavilion.

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be
friends!

Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those
provinces?

It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;

Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again:

It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so:

I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word

Is but the vain breath of a common man:

Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;

I have a king's oath to the contrary. 10

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,

For I am sick and capable of fears,

Oppress'd with wrongs and therefore full of
fears,

A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,

A woman, naturally born to fears;

And though thou now confess thou didst but
jest,

With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,

16-17. "thou didst but jest, With my vex'd spirits," etc.; Rowe's

But they will quake and tremble all this day.
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son? 20
 What means that hand upon that breast of
 thine?

Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
 Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
 Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
 Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
 But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I believe you think them false
 That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
 Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die, 30
 And let belief and life encounter so
 As doth the fury of two desperate men
 Which in the very meeting fall and die.
 Lewis marry Blanch! O boy, then where art
 thou?

France friend with England, what becomes of
 me?

Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight:
 This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
 But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is 40
 As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

emendation of the punctuation of the Folios, "*jest . . . spirits.*"
 —I. G.

23. "*Peering o'er his bounds*"; this seems to have been imitated by
 Marston, in his *Insatiate Countess*, 1603: "Then how much more in
 me, whose youthful veins *like a proud river, overflow their bounds!*"
 —H. N. H.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert
grim,

Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending
marks,

I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou
Become thy great birth nor deserve a crown. ⁵⁰
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast
And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune,
O,

She is corrupted, changed and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John,
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on
France

To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune and King John,
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John! ⁶¹
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal.

Pardon me, madam,

46. "*Swart*" is dark, dusky. See *The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii. sc. 2. "*Prodigious*" is *portentous*, so deformed as to be taken for a *foretoken of evil*.—H. N. H.

I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt; I will not go with thee:

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
 For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.
 To me and to the state of my great grief 70
 Let kings assemble; for grief's so great
 That no supporter but the huge firm earth
 Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[Seats herself on the ground.]

Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Eleanor, the Bastard, Austria, and Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day

Ever in France shall be kept festival:
 To solemnize this day the glorious sun
 Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,
 Turning with splendor of his precious eye

69. "*Owner stoops*"; the meaning seems to be, that *grief* is so *proud* that even in receiving the homage of kings its *owner stoops*, or condescends. Sir Thomas Hanmer proposed to read *stout*, and has been followed by many editions. Dr. Johnson thus comments on the passage: "In *Much Ado about Nothing* the father of Hero, depressed by her disgrace, declares himself so subdued by grief that a *thread may lead him*. How is it that grief in Leonato and Lady Constance produces effects directly opposite, and yet both agreeable to nature? Sorrow softens the mind while it is yet warmed by hope, but hardens it when it is congealed by despair. Distress, while there remains any prospect of relief, is weak and flexible; but when no succour remains, is fearless and stubborn: angry alike at those that injure, and those that do not help; careless to please where nothing can be gained, and fearless to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such was this writer's knowledge of the passions."—H. N. H.

The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold: 80
 The yearly course that brings this day about
 Shall never see it but a holiday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day! [*Rising.*
 What hath this day deserved? what hath it done,
 That it in golden letters should be set
 Among the high tides in the calendar?
 Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
 This day of shame, oppression, perjury.
 Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
 Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
 Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd: 91
 But on this day let seamen fear no wreck;
 No bargains break that are not this day made:
 This day, all things begun come to ill end,
 Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
 To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
 Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit
 Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and
 tried, 100
 Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn;

86. "*high tides*," festivals of the church.—C. H. H.

92. "*But on this day*"; in the ancient almanacs the days supposed to be favorable or unfavorable to bargains are distinguished among a number of particulars of the like importance. This circumstance is alluded to in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, 1623: "By the almanack, I think to choose good days and shun the critical." So in Macbeth: "Let this pernicious hour stand aye accursed in the calendar."—H. N. H.

99. "*counterfeit*"; that is, a false coin; a representation of the king being usually impressed on his coin. A *counterfeit* formerly signified also a *portrait*. The word seems to be here used equivocally.—H. N. H.

You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigor and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league.
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured
kings!

A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset, 110
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace!

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.

O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou
coward!

Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjured too, 120
And soothest up greatness. What a fool art
thou,

A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side,
Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune and thy strength,
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me! 130

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou darest not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter Pandulph.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!

To thee, King John, my holy errand is.

I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,

And from Pope Innocent the legate here,

Do in his name religiously demand 140

Why thou against the church, our holy mother,

So willfully doth spurn; and force perforce

Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop

Of Canterbury, from that holy see:

This, in our foresaid holy father's name,

134. "*Thou dost forget thyself*"; the following lines from the old play explain the ground of the Bastard's quarrel with Austria:

"Aust. Methinks that Richard's pride, and Richard's fall
Should be a precedent to fright you all.

Faulc. What words are these? How do my sinews shake!

My father's foe clad in my father's spoil!

How doth Alecto whisper in my ears,

Delay not, Richard, kill the villain straight;

Disrobe him of the matchless monument,

Thy father's triumph o'er the savages!—

Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,

Twice will I not review the morning's rise,

Till I have torn that trophy from thy back,

And split thy heart for wearing it so long."—H. N. H.

Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy and ridiculous, 150
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of Eng-
land

Add thus much more, that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we, under heaven, are supreme head,
So under Him that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope, all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority. 160

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in
this.

K. John. Though you and all the kings of Chris-
tendom

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself,
Though you and all the rest so grossly led
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose 170

Against the pope and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,

148. "*task*," Theobald's correction of the Folios; Folios 1, 2, "*tast*"; Folios 3, 4, "*taste*"; Rowe conjectured "*tax*."—I. G.

Thou shalt stand cursed and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worship'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile!
Good father cardinal, cry thou amen 181
To my keen curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him
right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my
curse.

Const. And for mine too: when law can do no
right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law;
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse? 190

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy
hand.

Const. Look to that, devil; lest that France repent,
And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

OF KING JOHN

Act III. Sc. i.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these
wrongs, 200

Because—

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference

Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,

Or the light loss of England for a friend:

Forgo the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee
here

In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from her
faith,

But from her need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need, 211

Which only lives but by the death of faith,

That need must needs infer this principle,

That faith would live again by death of need.

O then, tread down my need, and faith mounts
up;

Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down!

K. John. The king is moved, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be removed from him, and answer well!

209. "*new untrimmed bride*"; so the Folios; Theobald, "*new and trimmed*," or, "*new untamed*," "*new betrimmed*"; Dyce, "*new-up-trimmed*." Staunton was probably right when he suggested that "*untrimmed*" is descriptive of the bride with her hair hanging loose.—I. G.

213. "*infer*," prove.—C. H. H.

Aust. Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet
lout.

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to
say. 221

Pand. What canst thou say but will perplex thee
more,

If thou stand excommunicate and cursed?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person
yours,

And tell me how you would bestow yourself.

This royal hand and mine are newly knit,

And the conjunction of our inward souls

Married in league, coupled and link'd together

With all religious strength of sacred vows;

The latest breath that gave the sound of words

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love

Between our kingdoms and our royal selves, 232

And even before this truce, but new before,

No longer than we well could wash our hands

To clap this royal bargain up of peace,

Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-
stain'd

With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did
paint

The fearful difference of incensed kings:

And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,

So newly join'd in love, so strong in both, 240

Unyoke this seizure and this kind regret?

Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with
heaven,

225. "bestow yourself," act.—C. H. H.

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm,
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so!
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose 250
Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest
To do your pleasure and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore to arms! be champion of our church,
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the
tongue,
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth, 260
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost
hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So makest thou faith an enemy to faith;
And like a civil war set'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven per-
form'd,
That is, to be the champion of our church.
What since thou swore'st is sworn against thy-
self

259. "*chafed lion*"; Theobald's correction of the Folios, "*cased*."—
I. G.

And may not be performed by thyself,
 For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss 270
 Is not amiss when it is truly done,
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
 The truth is then most done not doing it:
 The better act of purposes mistook
 Is to mistake again; though indirect,
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
 And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire
 Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.
 It is religion that doth make vows kept;
 But thou hast sworn against religion, 280
 By what thou swear'st against the thing thou
 swear'st,
 And makest an oath the surety for thy truth
 Against an oath: the truth thou art unsure
 To swear, swears only not to be forsworn;
 Else what a mockery should it be to swear!

271. "*Truly done*"; that is, not amiss when done *according to truth*, because it is then *left undone*: in the sense of *truly*, as here used, a crime is done *truly*, when it is *not* done.—H. N. H.

273. "*Not doing it*"; that is, where an intended act is criminal, the *truth* is *most done* by *not doing* the act.—H. N. H.

280–284. In the First Folio the reading is:—

*"But thou hast sworn against religion;
 By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
 And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,
 Against an oath the truth, thou art unsure
 To swear, sweares only not to be forsworn."*

In line 281 a plausible emendation is "*swar'st* (= "*swor'st*") for the second "*swear'st*." "*By what*" = "in so far as"; lines 281, 282 are evidently parallel in sense; a slight obscurity may perhaps be cleared away by taking the first "*truth*" as used with a suggestion of the secondary meaning "*troth*": lines 283, 284 are considered the crux of the passage, but possibly all difficulty is removed by placing a semi-colon after "*unsure*," and rendering "to swear" with the force of "if a man swear."—I. G.

But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost
swear.

Therefore thy later vows against thy first
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;
And better conquest never canst thou make 290
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know
The peril of our curses light on thee
So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast. Will 't not be?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day? 300
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered
men?

Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,
Clamors of hell, be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me! aye, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth! even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pro-
nounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee, 310
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom

Forethought by heaven!

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love: what motive may

Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,

His honor: O, thine honor, Lewis, thine honor!

Lew. I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,

When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need. England, I will
fall from thee. 320

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within
this hour.

Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton
Time,

Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: fair day,
adieu!

Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both: each army hath a hand;

And in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder and dismember me. 330

Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;

Assured loss before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

318. "profound respects," grave considerations.—C. H. H.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.
[*Exit Bastard.*

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage whose heat hath this condition, 341
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens. To arms
let's hie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

The same. Plains near Angiers.

Alarums, excursions. Enter the Bastard, with Austria's head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;

Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there,

2. "airy devil"; in Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse* his *Supplication*, 1592, we find the following passage: "The spirits of the *aire* will mixe themselves with thunder and lightning, and so infect the clyme where they raise any tempest, that sodainely great mortalitie shall ensue to the inhabitants. The spirits of *fire* have their mansions under the regions of the moone."—H. N. H.

While Philip breathes.

Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy. Philip, make up:

My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labor to an happy end. 10
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

The same.

Alarums, excursions, retreat. Enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, the Bastard, Hubert, and Lords.

K. John. [*To Elinor*] So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind
So strongly guarded. [*To Arthur*] Cousin, look not sad:

Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief!

K. John. [*To the Bastard*] Cousin, away for England! haste before:

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels

4. "*Philip*"; Theobald, "*Richard*"; the error was probably Shakespeare's; "*Philip*" was "*Sir Richard*."—I. G.

Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
 Must by the hungry now be fed upon: 10
 Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me
 back,

When gold and silver becks me to come on.
 I leave your highness. Grandam, I will pray,
 If ever I remember to be holy,
 For your fair safety; so, I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell.

[*Exit Bastard.*]

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle
 Hubert,

We owe thee much! within this wall of flesh 20
 There is a soul counts thee her creditor,

12. "*Bell, book and candle*"; the order of the horrible ceremony here referred to, as given by Fox and Strype, was for the bishop, and clergy, and all the several sorts of friars in the cathedral, to go into the Church, with the cross borne before them, and three wax tapers lighted. A priest, all in white, then mounted the pulpit, and began the denunciation. At the climax of the cursing each taper was extinguished, with the prayer that the souls of the ex-communicate might be "given over utterly to the power of the fiend, as this candle is now quench'd and put out." Thus described, also, in *Bale's Pageant*:

"For as moch as kyng Johan doth Holy Church so handle,
 Here I do curse hym wyth crosse, boke, bell, and candle:
 Lyke as this same roode turneth now from me his face,
 So God I requyre to sequester hym of his grace:
 As this boke doth speare by my worke mannual,
 I wyll God to close uppe from hym his benefytttes all:
 As this burnyng flame goth from this candle in syght,
 I wyll God to put hym from his eternall lyght:
 I take hym from Crist, and after the sownd of this bell,
 Both body and sowle I geve hym to the devyll of hell."

—H. N. H.

And with advantage means to pay thy love:
 And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
 Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
 Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,
 But I will fit it with some better time.
 By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
 To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say
 so yet, 30

But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so
 slow,

Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say, but let it go:

The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,

Attended with the pleasures of the world,

Is all too wanton and too full of gawds

To give me audience: if the midnight bell

Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,

Sound on into the drowsy ear of night;

If this same were a churchyard where we stand,

And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs; 41

Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,

Had baked thy blood and made it heavy-thick,

Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,

Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes

And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,

A passion hateful to my purposes;

26. "*time*," Pope's emendation for "*tune*" of the Folios.—I. G.

39. "*Sound on into the drowsy ear of night*"; the Folios, "*race*"; Dyce and Staunton, "*ear*"; Bulloch, "*face*," etc. Theobald suggested "*sound one unto*," as plausible an emendation as so many of his excellent readings.—I. G.

Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone, 50
Without eyes, ears and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But, ah, I will not! yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lovest me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my
friend, 60

He is a very serpent in my way;
And whereso'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember. Madam, fare you well:

52. "*brooded watchful day*"; Pope's "*broad-ey'd*," Mitford's "*broad and*," and various emendations have been proposed, but "*brooded*" = "having a brood to watch over," hence "*brooding*" = "sitting on brood."—I. G.

I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty. 70
Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin, go:
 Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
 With all true duty. On toward Calais, ho!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

The same. The French King's tent.

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
 A whole armado of convicted sail
 Is scattered and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
 Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
 And bloody England into England gone,

72. "*attend on you*," so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, "*to attend*"; Pope reads "*t' attend*."—I. G.

73. King John, after he had taken Arthur prisoner, sent him to the town of Falaise, in Normandy, under the care of Hubert, his chamberlain, from whence he was afterwards removed to Rouen, and delivered to the custody of Robert de Veypont. Here he was secretly put to death.—H. N. H.

2. "*convicted*," i. e. "*overcome*"; there is perhaps a reference here to the Spanish Armada. Pope proposed "*collected*"; other suggestions have been "*convented*," "*connected*," "*combined*," "*convexed*," etc.—I. G.

6. "*Is not Angiers lost?*" etc. Arthur was made prisoner at the capture of Mirabeau in 1202. Angiers was captured by John four years later.—I. G.

O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified: 10

So hot a speed with such advice disposed,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this
praise

So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.

I prithee, lady, go away with me. 20

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace.

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Con-
stance!

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,

But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death; O amiable lovely death!

Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!

Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,

Thou hate and terror to prosperity,

And I will kiss thy detestable bones

And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows 30

And ring these fingers with thy household
worms

And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust

19. "*afflicted breath*"; the body; the same vile prison in which the breath is confined.—H. N. H.

32. "*Gap of breath*"; that is, this mouth.—H. N. H.

And be a carrion monster like thyself:
 Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smilest,
 And buss thee as thy wife. Misery's love,
 O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace!

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:
 O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
 Then with a passion would I shake the world;
 And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy 40
 Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
 Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so;
 I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
 My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
 Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
 I am not mad: I would to heaven I were!
 For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
 O, if I could, what grief should I forget! 50
 Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
 And thou shalt be canonized, cardinal;
 For, being not mad but sensible of grief,
 My reasonable part produces reason
 How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
 And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
 If I were mad, I should forget my son,
 Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:
 I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
 The different plague of each calamity. 60

44. "not holy," so Folio 4; Folios 1, 2, 3, "holy"; Delius and Staunton (Steevens' conjecture) "unholy."—I. G.

60. "plague," torment.—C. H. H.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses. O, what love I
note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief,
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?

I tore them from their bonds and cried aloud, 70
'O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in
heaven:

If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire, 80
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud
And chase the native beauty from his cheek
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meager as an ague's fit,
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never

64. "*friends*," Rowe's emendation of "*fiends*" of the Folios.—I. G.

Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief. 90

Const. He talks to me that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,

Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,

Remembers me of all his gracious parts,

Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;

Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,

I could give better comfort than you do. 100

I will not keep this form upon my head,

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!

My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!

[*Exit.*

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[*Exit.*

Lew. There's nothing in this world can make me
joy:

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale

Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;

And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's
taste, 110

98. "*Then have I reason to be fond of grief*," Rowe's reading; Folios 1, 2, 3 read "*Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?*"; Folio 4, "*Then . . . grief?*"—I. G.

108. "*Twice-told tale*"; "For when thou art angry, all our days are gone, we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told" (Psalm xc).—H. N. H.

110. "*world's taste*," Pope's emendation of the Folios, "*words taste*"; Jackson's conjecture, "*word, state*."—I. G.

That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lew. All days of glory, joy and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no; when Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye. 120
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath
lost

In this which he accounts so clearly won:

Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lew. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore
mark. 130

John hath seized Arthur; and it cannot be
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's
veins,

The misplaced John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.

A scepter snatch'd with an unruly hand
Must be as boisterously maintained as gain'd;
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:

That John may stand, then Arthur needs must
fall;

So be it, for it cannot be but so. 140

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's
fall?

Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your
wife,

May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are and fresh in this old
world!

John lays you plots; the times conspire with
you;

For he that steeps his safety in true blood

Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.

This act so evilly born shall cool the hearts

Of all his people and freeze up their zeal, 150

That none so small advantage shall step forth

To check his reign, but they will cherish it;

No natural exhalation in the sky,

No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,

No common wind, no custom'd event,

But they will pluck away his natural cause

And call them meteors, prodigies and signs,

Abortives, presages and tongues of heaven,

Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be he will not touch young Arthur's
life, 160

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,

If that young Arthur be not gone already,

Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts

Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot:
And, O, what better matter breeds for you 170
Than I have named! The bastard Faulcon-
bridge

Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side,
Or as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topful of offense. 180
For England go: I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions: let us
go:

If you say aye, the king will not say no.

[*Exeunt.*

176. "*A little snow*"; Bacon, in his *History of Henry VII*, speaking of Simnel's march, observes that their *snowball* did not gather as it went.—H. N. H.

182. "*strong actions*," so Folios 2, 3, 4. Folio 1 misprints "*strange actions*."—I. G.

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

A room in a castle.

Enter Hubert and Executioners

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand

Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

First Exec. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to 't.
[*Exeunt Executioners.*

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince, having so great a title 10
To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks no body should be sad but I:

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practices more harm to me: 20
He is afraid of me and I of him:

Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?

No, indeed, is 't not; and I would to heaven

I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [Aside] If I talk to him, with his innocent
prate

He will awake my mercy which lies dead:

Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,

That I might sit all night and watch with you:

I warrant I love you more than you do me. 31

Hub. [Aside] His words do take possession of my
bosom.

Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*

[Aside] How now, foolish rheum!

Turning dispiteous torture out of door!

I must be brief, lest resolution drop

Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.

Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine
eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will. 40

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did
but ache,

I knit my handkercher about your brows,
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies your
grief?'

Or 'What good love may I perform for you?'
Many a poor man's son would have lien still ⁵⁰
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine
eyes?

These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you.

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it! ⁶⁰
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my
tears

And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,

46. "*watchful minutes to the hour*," minutes that serve as watches to the hour (succeed one another at regular intervals).—C. H. H.

But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?

An if an angel should have come to me

And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,

I would not have believed him,—no tongue but

Hubert's.

70

Hub. Come forth.

[*Stamps.*

Re-enter Executioners, with a cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

80

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angrily.

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

First Exec. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Executioners.*

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend!

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:

Let him come back, that his compassion may

Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself. 90

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,

Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue, 101
So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head. 111

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. An if you do, you will but make it blush

92. "*mote*," Steevens' emendation for "*moth*" of the Folios, a frequent spelling of the word.—I. G.

99. "*want pleading*," be insufficient to plead.—C. H. H.

And glow with shame of your proceedings,
Hubert:

Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses. 121

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,
With this same iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace; no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead;
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee. 132

Arth. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: go closely in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

134. "*Much danger do I, etc.*"; Holinshed gives the following account of the matter of this scene: "It was reported that King John appointed certain persons to go into Falaise, where Arthur was kept in prison under the charge of Hubert de Burgh, and there to put out the young gentleman's eyes. But through such resistance as he made against one of the tormentors that came to execute the king's command, (for the other rather forsook their prince and country, than they would consent to obey the king's authority therein,) and such lamentable words as he uttered, Hubert de Burgh did preserve him from that injury, not doubting but rather to have thanks than displeasure at the king's hands, for delivering him of such infamy as

SCENE II

*King John's palace.**Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again
crown'd,

And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This 'once again,' but that your highness
pleased,

Was once superfluous: you were crown'd be-
fore,

And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off,
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before, 10
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,

would have redounded to his highness, if the young gentleman had been so cruelly dealt withal." It should be observed that Arthur was then fifteen years old.—H. N. H.

1. "Once again crowned"; that is, this one time more was one time more than enough. It should be remembered that King John was now crowned for the *fourth time*.—H. N. H.

This act is as an ancient tale new told,
 And in the last repeating troublesome,
 Being urged at a time unseasonable. 20

Sal. In this the antique and well noted face
 Of plain old form is much disfigured;
 And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
 It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
 Startles and frights consideration,
 Makes sound opinion sick and truth suspected,
 For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
 They do confound their skill in covetousness;
 And oftentimes excusing of a fault 30
 Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,
 As patches set upon a little breach
 Discredit more in hiding of the fault
 Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd,
 We breathed our counsel: but it pleased your
 highness

To overbear it, and we are all well pleased,
 Since all and every part of what we would
 Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
 I have possess'd you with and think them
 strong; 41

And more, more strong, then lesser is my fear,

29. "*Skill in covetousness*"; Lord Bacon, in like manner, attributes the failures of certain to the *love*, not of *excellence*, but of *excelling*. The text is a fine commentary on the elaborate artificialness which springs far more from ambition than from inspiration, and which the Poet too often exemplifies in his own pages.—H. N. H.

42. "*then lesser is my fear*," so Folio 1; "*then*" a common spelling

I shall indue you with: meantime but ask
 What you would have reform'd that is not well,
 And well shall you perceive how willingly
 I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,
 To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
 Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,
 Your safety, for the which myself and them 50
 Bend their best studies, heartily request
 The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose re-
 straint

Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
 To break into this dangerous argument,—
 If what in rest you have in right you hold,
 Why then your fears, which as they say, attend
 The steps of wrong, should move you to mew
 up

Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
 With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
 The rich advantage of good exercise. 60
 That the time's enemies may not have this
 To grace occasions, let it be our suit
 That you have bid us ask his liberty;

of "than" in Elizabethan English; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*then less is my fear*"; Pope, "*the lesser is my fear*."—I. G.

"*more, more strong, than lesser is my fear*," more reasons, even stronger than in proportion to my diminished fear; *i. e.* the superior cogency of his new arguments, far from indicating a greater anxiety, would even exceed the measure of his relief. Ff. read "then lesser (*lesse*)," where "then" is a common sixteenth-century spelling of "than." Tyrwhitt's "when" is very plausible.—C. H. H.

48. "*To sound*"; to declare, to publish the purposes of all.—H. N. H.

50. "*myself and them*" = (perhaps) "*myself and themselves*"; hence the ungrammatical "*them*."—I. G.

Which for our goods we do no further ask
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

Enter Hubert.

K. John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth
To your direction. Hubert, what news with
you? [*Taking him apart.*

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine: 70
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The color of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear will issue
thence 80

The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us Arthur is deceased to-night.

65. "*than whereupon our weal,*" etc. The meaning of the passage seems to be, "we ask for his liberty only in so far as the common-wealth (*i. e.* '*our weal, on you depending*') counts it your welfare," etc.—I. G.

85. "*Arthur is deceased,* etc."; here again we must quote from Holinshed, who, after telling how Hubert spared to do the king's order, goes on thus: "Howbeit, to satisfy his mind for the time, and to stay the rage of the Bretons, he caused it to be bruited abroad

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed we heard how near his death he was,

Before the child himself felt he was sick:

This must be answer'd either here or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me? 90

Think you I bear the shears of destiny?

Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame

That greatness should so grossly offer it:

So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,

And find the inheritance of this poor child,

His little kingdom of a forced grave.

That blood which owed the breadth of all this isle,

Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while! 100

This must not be thus borne: this will break out

To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent

There is no sure foundation set on blood,

No certain life achieved by others' death.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood

through the country, that the king's commandment was fulfilled, and that Arthur also, through sorrow and grief, was departed out of this life. For the space of fifteen days this rumour incessantly ran through both the realms of England and France, and there was ringing for him through towns and villages, as it had been for his funerals."—H. N. H.

That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
 So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
 Pour down thy weather: how goes all in
 France?

Mess. From France to England. Never such a
 power 110

For any foreign preparation
 Was levied in the body of a land.
 The copy of your speed is learn'd by them:
 For when you should be told they do prepare,
 The tidings comes that they are all arrived.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been
 drunk?

Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's
 care,

That such an army could be drawn in France.
 And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
 Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April died 120
 Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lord,
 The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
 Three days before: but this from rumor's
 tongue

110. "*From France to England*"; meaning that all in France are going to England.—H. N. H.

113. "*The copy*"; that is, the *example*.—H. N. H.

117. "*care*"; it is impossible to determine whether the First Folio reads "*eare*" or "*care*"; the other Folios "*care*." There is considerable doubt as to whether the first letter is Roman or Italic, and taking all the evidence into account it seems possible that "*care*" was corrected to "*eare*" in some copies of the First Folio.—I. G.

120. "*first of April*"; according to history, Eleanor died in 1204 in the month of July.—I. G.

123. "*Three days before*"; Constance died in reality three years, and not three days before, in August, 1201.—I. G.

I idly heard; if true or false I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleased
My discontented peers! What! mother dead!
How wildly then walks my estate in France!
Under whose conduct came those powers of
France 129

That thou for truth givest out are landed here?

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.

Enter the Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amazed
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will. 140

Bast. How I have sped among the clergy-men,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumors, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
And here 's a prophet, that I brought with me

128. "wildly walks," totters, reels.—C. H. H.

"my estate," the state of my affairs.—C. H. H.

147. "a prophet," i. e. Peter of Pomfret (Pontefract).—I. G.
This man was a hermit in great repute with the common people.

From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I
found

With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding
rhymes, 150

That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou
so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon he says
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety; and return,
For I must use thee. [*Exit Hubert with Peter.*]

O my gentle cousin,

Notwithstanding the event is said to have fallen out as he prophesied, the poor fellow was inhumanly dragged at horses' tails through the streets of Warham, and, together with his son, who appears to have been even more innocent than his father, hanged afterwards upon a gibbet. Speed says that Peter was suborned by the pope's legate, the French king, and the barons for this purpose. The Poet here brings together matters that were in fact separated by an interval of some years. The event in question took place in 1213, and is thus delivered by the chronicler: "There was this season an hermit whose name was Peter, dwelling about York, a man in great reputation with the common people, because that, either inspired with some spirit of prophecy, as the people believed, or else having some notable skill in art magic, he was accustomed to tell what should follow after. . . . This Peter, about the first of January last past, had told the king that at the feast of the Ascension it should come to pass, that he should be cast out of his kingdom. And he offered himself to suffer death for it, if his words should not prove true. . . . One cause, and that not the least, which moved King John the sooner to agree with the pope, rose through the words of the said hermit, that did put such a fear of some great mishap in his heart, which should grow through the disloyalty of his people, that it made him yield the sooner."—H. N. H.

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are
arrived? 160

Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full
of it:

Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot
before. 170

O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.
[*Exit.*

K. John. Spoke like a sprightful noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he perhaps shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. John. My mother dead! 181

Re-enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night;

Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons!

Hub. Old men and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:

Young Arthur's death is common in their
mouths:

And when they talk of him, they shake their
heads

And whisper one another in the ear;

And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's
wrist, 190

Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling
eyes.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,

The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,

With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;

Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,

Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste

Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,

Told of a many thousand warlike French

184. "*Wondrous motion*"; thus in Holinshed: "About the month of December, there were seen in the province of York five moons, one in the east, the second in the west, the third in the north, the fourth in the south, and the fifth, as it were, set in the midst of the other, having many stars about it, and went five or six times encompassing the other, as it were the space of one hour, and shortly after vanished away."—H. N. H.

198. "*Upon contrary feet*"; the commentators, it seems, were for a long time puzzled what this might mean, till at last the forgotten fashion of *right* and *left* shoes came back, and the mystery was cleared up at once.—H. N. H.

That were embattailed and ran'k in Kent: 200

Another lean unwash'd artificer

Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?

Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause

To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. No had, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended

By slaves that take their humors for a warrant

To break within the bloody house of life, 210

And on the winking of authority

To understand a law, to know the meaning

Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns

More upon humor than advised respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal

Witness against us to damnation!

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds

Make deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,

A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd, 221

Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,

214. "*More upon humor than advised respect*," more from caprice than deliberate consideration.—C. H. H.

222. "*Quoted*," bearing the "note" or observed character (of a criminal).—C. H. H.

This murder had not come into my mind:
 But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
 Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
 Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
 I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
 And thou, to be endeared to a king,
 Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

230

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head or made
 a pause

When I spake darkly what I purposed,
 Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
 As bid me tell my tale in express words,
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me
 break off,

And those thy fears might have wrought fears
 in me:

But thou didst understand me by my signs
 And didst in signs again parley with sin;
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
 And consequently thy rude hand to act

240

231. "*Or made a pause*"; "There are many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. These reproaches vented against Hubert are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind swelling with consciousness of a crime, and desirous of discharging its misery on another. This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn, *ab ipsis recessibus mentis*, from the intimate knowledge of mankind; particularly that line in which he says, that *to have bid him tell his tale in express words* would have *struck him dumb*: nothing is more certain than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subterfuges" (Johnson).—H. N. H.

The deed, which both our tongues held vile to
name.

Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign pow-
ers:

Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies, 249

I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought;
And you have slander'd nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the
peers, 260

Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not, but to my closet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste.

268. "*Bring the angry lords*"; Holinshed thus continues the story

I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

Before the castle.

Enter Arthur, on the walls.

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down:
Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not!
There's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me
quite.

I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die and go, as die and stay.

[*Leaps down.*]

O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my
bones! [Dies]

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, and Bigot.

of Hubert's doings touching the prince: "When the Bretons were nothing pacified, but rather kindled more vehemently to work all the mischief they could devise, in revenge of their sovereign's death, there was no remedy but to signify abroad again, that Arthur was as yet living, and in health. Now when the king heard the truth of all this matter, he was nothing displeased for that his commandment was not executed, sith there were divers of his captains which uttered in plain words, that he should not find knights to keep his castles, if he dealt so cruelly with his nephew. For if it chanced any of them to be taken by the King of France or other their adversaries, they should be sure to taste of the like cup."—H. N. H.

10. "*Heaven take my soul*"; the old chroniclers give various accounts of Arthur's death. of which Shakespeare took the least offensive. Matthew Paris relating the event uses the word *evanuit*;

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmundsbury:

It is our safety, and we must embrace

This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France;

Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love

Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or rather then set forward; for 'twill be 19

Two long days' journey, lords, or ere we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!

The king by me requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us:

and it appears to have been conducted with impenetrable secrecy. The French historians say that John, coming in a boat during the night to the castle of Rouen, where the young prince was confined, stabbed him while supplicating for mercy, fastened a stone to the body, and threw it into the Seine, in order to give some color to a report, which he caused to be spread, that the prince, attempting to escape out of a window, fell into the river, and was drowned. Holinshed's statement of the matter is very affecting. "Touching the manner in very deed of the end of this Arthur, writers make sundry reports. Nevertheless, certain it is that in the year next ensuing he was removed from Falaise unto the castle or tower of Rouen, out of the which there was not any that would confess that ever he saw him go alive. Some have written, that as he essayed to have escaped out of prison, and proving to climb over the walls of the castle, he fell into the river of Seine, and so was drowned. Other write, that through very grief and languor he pined away, and died of natural sickness. But some affirm that King John secretly caused him to be murdered and made away, so as it is not thoroughly agreed upon, in what sort he finished his days; but verily King John was had in great suspicion, whether worthily or not, the Lord knoweth."—H. N. H.

11. "*him*"=the Dauphin.—I. G.

We will not line his thin bestained cloak
 With our pure honors, nor attend the foot
 That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.
 Return and tell him so: we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think,
 were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief; 30
 Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison. What is he lies here?

[*Seeing Arthur.*

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely
 beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
 Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
 Found it too precious-princely for a grave. 40

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? have you beheld,
 Or have you read or heard? or could you think?
 Or do you almost think, although you see,
 That you do see? could thought, without this
 object,

Form such another? This is the very top,
 The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
 Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
 The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
 That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage
 Presented to the tears of soft remorse. 50

Pem. All murders past do stand excused in this:
 And this, so sole and so unmatchable,
 Shall give a holiness, a purity,
 To the yet unbegotten sin of times;
 And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
 Exemplified by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;
 The graceless action of a heavy hand,
 If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand! 60
 We had a kind of light what would ensue.
 It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
 The practice and the purpose of the king:
 From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
 Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
 And breathing to his breathless excellence
 The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
 Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
 Never to be infected with delight,
 Nor conversant with ease and idleness, 70
 Till I have set a glory to this hand,
 By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem. }
Big. } Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
 Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

71. "*Glory to this hand*"; so in the original; obviously meaning, till I have ennobled this hand with the honor of revenging so foul a crime. Pope proposed *head*, which has been commonly adopted, Gray the poet having been pleased with it. It is not easy to see how the change betters the passage.—H. N. H.

Sal. O, he is bold and blushes not at death.

Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law?

[*Drawing his sword.*]

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin. 80

Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;

By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours:

I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defense;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill! darest thou brave a nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so; 90
Yet I am none: whose tongue soe'er speaks
false,

Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,

79. "*Your sword is bright*"; so in *Othello*: "Keep up your bright swords; for the dew will rust them."—H. N. H.

84. "*True defense*"; *honest* defense, defense in a good cause.—H. N. H.

Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
 I 'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
 Or I 'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
 That you shall think the devil is come from hell.
Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
 Second a villain and a murderer? 102

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well;
 I honor'd him, I loved him, and will weep
 My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
 For villany is not without such rheum;
 And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
 Like rivers of remorse and innocency. 110
 Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
 The uncleanly savors of a slaughter-house;
 For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

Pem. There tell the king he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

Bast. Here 's a good world! Knew you of this fair
 work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
 Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
 Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha! I 'll tell thee what; 120
 Thou 'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so
 black;

Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer:

There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul —

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a
beam

To hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon, 131

And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.

I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me.
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way 140
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scramble and to part by the teeth

132. "ocean" (trissyllabic).—C. H. H.

133. "stifle up." "Up" adds the sense of completion to the action.
—C. H. H.

The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace: 150
Now powers from home and discontents at home
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child
And follow me with speed: I'll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt.*

147. "*Unowed interest*"; that is, *unowned* interest; the interest that now has no acknowledged *owner*. On the death of Arthur, the *right* to the crown devolved to his sister Eleanor.—H. N. H.

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I

King John's palace.

Enter King John, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory. [*Giving the crown.*

Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the pope
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the
French,
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are inflamed.
Our discontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul 10
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistempered humor
Rests by you only to be qualified:
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

8. "*counties*"; it is difficult to determine whether "*counties*" = (i.) "*counts*," i. e. "the nobility," or (ii.) "the divisions of the country": probably the former.—I. G.

10. "*love of soul*," heartfelt love.—C. H. H.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well, 22
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.
[*Exit.*

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the
prophet
Say that before Ascension-day at noon
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds
out 30
But Dover Castle: London hath received,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy,
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead and cast into the
streets,
An empty casket, where the jewel of life 40
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en
away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.

But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?

Be great in act, as you have been in thought;

Let not the world see fear and sad distrust

Govern the motion of a kingly eye:

Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;

Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow

Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes, ⁵⁰

That borrow their behaviors from the great,

Grow great by your example and put on

The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away, and glisten like the god of war,

When he intendeth to become the field:

Show boldness and aspiring confidence.

What, shall they seek the lion in his den,

And fight him there? and make him tremble
there?

O, let it not be said: forage, and run

To meet displeasure farther from the doors, ⁶⁰

And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me

And I have made a happy peace with him;

And he hath promised to dismiss the powers

Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league!

Shall we, upon the footing of our land,

Send fair-play orders and make compromise,

Insinuation, parley and base truce

To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,

67. "*fair-play orders*"; instructions for courteous treatment (of the enemy).—C. H. H.

A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields, 70
 And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
 Mocking the air with colors idly spread,
 And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
 Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace;
 Or if he do, let it at least be said
 They saw we had a purpose of defense.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away, then, with good courage! yet, I know,

Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

The Dauphin's camp at St. Edmundsbury.

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, and Soldiers.

Lew. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
 And keep it safe for our remembrance:
 Return the precedent to these lords again;
 That, having our fair order written down,
 Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
 May know wherefore we took the sacrament
 And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
 And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
 A voluntary zeal and an unurged faith 10
 To your proceedings; yet believe me, prince,

1. "*this*," i. e. "this compact with the English lords."—I. G.

I am not glad that such a sore of time
 Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
 And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
 By making many. O, it grieves my soul,
 That I must draw this metal from my side
 To be a widow-maker! O, and there
 Where honorable rescue and defense
 Cries out upon the name of Salisbury!
 But such is the infection of the time, 20
 That, for the health and physic of our right,
 We cannot deal but with the very hand
 Of stern injustice and confused wrong.
 And is 't not pity, O my grieved friends,
 That we, the sons and children of this isle,
 Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
 Wherein we step after a stranger, march
 Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
 Her enemies' ranks,—I must withdraw and
 weep

Upon the spot of this enforced cause,— 30
 To grace the gentry of a land remote,
 And follow unacquainted colors here?
 What, here? O nation, that thou couldst re-
 move!

That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
 Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
 And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;

27. "*step after a stranger, march,*" so the Folios; Theobald "*stranger march,*" but the original reading seems preferable.—I. G.

30. "*The spot*"; that is, the *stain*.—H. N. H.

36. "*grapple,*" Pope's emendation of "*cripple*" of the Folios; Steevens conjectured "*gripple,*" Gould "*couple.*"—I. G.

Where these two Christian armies might combine

The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighborly!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this; 40

And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
Doth make an earthquake of nobility.

O, what a noble combat hast thou fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect!

Let me wipe off this honorable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks;

My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;

But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul, 50

Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven

Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.

Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,

And with a great heart heave away this storm:

Commend these waters to those baby eyes

That never saw the giant world enraged;

Not met with fortune other than at feasts,

Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping.

Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as
deep 60

Into the purse of rich prosperity

44. "*Brave respect*"; this *compulsion* was the necessity of a reformation in the state; which, in Salisbury's opinion, could only be procured by foreign arms; and the *brave respect* was the love of country.—H. N. H.

59. "*Full of warm blood*," Heath's conjecture for "*Full warm of blood*" of the Folios.—I. G.

As Lewis himself: so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.
And even there, methinks, an angel spake:

Enter Pandulph.

Look, where the holy legate come apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this, King John hath reconciled
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in, 70
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threatening colors now wind up;
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control, 80
Or useful serving-man and instrument
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastised kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this
fire;

And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out

64. "*an angel spake*"; "*angel*" used probably equivocally with a play upon "*angel*" the gold coin, the quibble being suggested by the previous "*purse*," "*nobles*."—I. G.

With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
 You taught me how to know the face of right,
 Acquainted me with interest to this land,
 Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart; 90
 And come ye now to tell me John hath made
 His peace with Rome? What is that peace to
 me?

I, by the honor of my marriage-bed,
 After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
 And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back
 Because that John hath made his peace with
 Rome?

Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome
 borne,

What men provided, what munition sent,
 To underprop this action? Is 't not I
 That undergo this charge? who else but I, 100
 And such as to my claim are liable,
 Sweat in this business and maintain this war?
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out
 'Vive le roi!' as I have bank'd their towns?
 Have I not here the best cards for the game,

89. "*Interest to the land*"; this was the phraseology of the time.
 Thus in 2 *Henry IV*:

He hath more worthy interest *to the state*
 Than thou, the shadow of succession."

Again in Dugdale's *Warwickshire*: "He had a release from Rose, the daughter and heir of Sir John de Arden, before specified, of all her *interest to the manor of Pedimore*."—H. N. H.

104. "*Bank'd their towns*"; that is, passed along the banks of the river. Thus in the old play: "From the hollow holes of Thamesis echo apace replied, *Vive le roi!*" We still say to *coast* and to *flank*; and to *bank* has no less propriety, though not reconciled to us by modern usage.—H. N. H.

To win this easy match play'd for a crown?

And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?

No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return 110

Till my attempt so much be glorified

As to my ample hope was promised

Before I drew this gallant head of war

And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,

To outlook conquest and to win renown

Even in the jaws of danger and of death.

[*Trumpet sounds.*

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair-play of the world,

Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:

My only lord of Milan, from the king 120

I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;

And, as you answer, I do know the scope

And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too willful-opposite,

And will not temporize with my entreaties;

He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breathed,

The youth says well. Now hear our English
king;

For thus his royalty doth speak in me.

He is prepared, and reason too he should: 130

This apish and unmannerly approach,

115. "*outlook*," outface, face-down; "conquest" is conceived as cowed into submission by the defiant looks of the victor.—C. H. H.

This harness'd masque and unadvised revel,
 This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,
 The king doth smile at; and is well prepared
 To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
 From out the circle of his territories.
 That hand which had the strength, even at your
 door,

To cudgel you and make you take the hatch,
 To dive like buckets in concealed wells,
 To crouch in litter of your stable planks, 140
 To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks,
 To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out
 In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake
 Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
 Thinking his voice an armed Englishman;
 Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
 That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
 No: know the gallant monarch is in arms
 And like an eagle o'er his aery towers,
 To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.
 And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts, 151
 You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
 Of your dear mother England, blush for shame;
 For your own ladies and pale-visaged maids
 Like Amazons come tripping after drums,
 Their timbles into armed gauntlets change,

133. "*unhair'd*," Theobald's correction of Folios; Folio 1, "*vnheard*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*unheard*"; Keightly proposed "*un-beard*."—I. G.

144. "*your nation's crow*"; probably, the cock as the Gallic bird (*gallus*), derisively so called by a play on the double sense of "*crow*." But there may be an allusion to the ominous flight of ravens which terrified the French before the battle of Poitiers, an incident utilized in the play of *Edward III*.—C. H. H.

Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in
peace;

We grant thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent 161
With such a brabblor.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither.

Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry
out;

And so shall you, being beaten: do but start
An echo with the clamor of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready braced
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine; 170
Sound but another, and another shall
As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at
hand,

Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need,
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not
doubt. [Exeunt. 180

SCENE III

The field of battle.

Alarums. Enter King John and Hubert.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me,
Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so
long,

Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulcon-
bridge,

Desires your majesty to leave the field
And send him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the ab-
bey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply
That was expected by the Dauphin here, ¹⁰
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin
Sands.

This news was brought to Richard but even
now:

The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Aye me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.

8. "*Swinstead*"; so in "*The Troublesome Reign*"; "*Swinstead*" = Swineshead, near Spalding, in Lincolnshire.—I. G.

9. "*Supply*" is here used as a noun of multitude.—H. N. H.

Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

Another part of the field.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the king so stored with friends.

Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French:

If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,

In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say King John sore sick hath left the
field.

Enter Melun, wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion 11

And welcome home again discarded faith.

Seek out King John and fall before his feet;

For if the French be lords of this loud day,

He means to recompense the pains you take

By cutting off your heads: thus hath he sworn

10. "*Bought and sold*"; a proverbial expression intimating treachery.—H. N. H.

15. "*He*," i. e. the Dauphin; perhaps "*lords*" in the previous line is an error for "*lord*."—I. G.

And I with him, and many moe with me,
 Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury;
 Even on that altar where we swore to you
 Dear amity and everlasting love. 20

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
 Retaining but a quantity of life,
 Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
 Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
 What in the world should make me now deceive,
 Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
 Why should I then be false, since it is true
 That I must die here and live hence by truth?

20. "*Everlasting love*"; the chronicler tells the following story of this Melun upon the authority of Matthew Paris: "The Viscount of Melun, a Frenchman, fell sick at London, and, perceiving that death was at hand, he called unto him certain of the English barons, which remained in the city, upon safeguard thereof, and to them made this protestation: 'I lament, saith he, your destruction and desolation at hand, because you are ignorant of the perils hanging over your heads. For this understand that Lewis, and with him sixteen earls and barons of France, have secretly sworn, if it shall fortune him to conquer this realm of England, and be crowned king, that he will kill, banish, and confine all those of the English nobility, which now do serve him, and persecute their own king, as traitors and rebels. And because you shall have no doubt hereof, I, which lie here at the point of death, do now affirm unto you, and take it on the peril of my soul, that I am one of those sixteen that have sworn to do this thing.' The Dauphin's oath runs thus in the old King John:

"There's not an English traitor of them all,
 John once despatch'd, and I fair England's king,
 Shall on his shoulders bear his head one day,
 But I will crop it for their guilt's desert."—H. N. H.

24-25. "*even as a form of wax Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire,*" alluding to the images of wax used in witchcraft; as the figure melted before the fire, so the person it represented dwindled away.—I. G.

I say again, if Lewis do win the day, 30
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night, whose black contagious
breath

Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble and day-wearied sun,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated treachery
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert with your king: 40
The love of him, and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumor of the field,
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee: and beshrew my soul
But I do love the favor and the form 50
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-
look'd,
And calmly run on in obedience

37. "*rated*," assessed at its value.—C. H. H.

44. "*In lieu whereof*," in return for which.—C. H. H.

50. "*favor*," aspect.—C. H. H.

Even to our ocean, to our great King John.
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death
 Right in thine eye. Away, my friends! New
 flight; 60
 And happy newness, that intends old right.
 [*Exeunt, leading off Melun.*]

SCENE V

The French camp.

Enter Lewis and his train.

Lew. The sun of heaven methought was loath to
 set,
 But stay'd and made the western welkin blush,
 When English measure backward their own
 ground
 In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,
 When with a volley of our needless shot,
 After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
 And wound our tottering colors clearly up,
 Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lew. Here: what news?

Mess. The Count Melun is slain; the English lords

60. "*Right in thine eye*"; it has been suggested that "*right*" is a misprint for "*riot*"; "*pight*," "*fight*," "*fright*," etc., have been proposed: there is no reason at all for emending the word.—I. G.

By his persuasion are again fall'n off, 11
And your supply, which you have wish'd so
long,

Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news! beshrew thy very
heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary pow-
ers?

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter and good care to-
night: 20

The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI

*An open place in the neighborhood of
Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter the Bastard and Hubert, severally.

Hub. Who 's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I
shoot.

Bast. A friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What 's that to thee? why may not I demand

20. "*Good quarter*"; that is, keep in your allotted posts or stations.
—H. N. H.

Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:

I will upon all hazards well believe

Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue
so well.

Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: and if thou please,
Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think 10
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night
Have done me shame: brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news
abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible. 20

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news:
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless; and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

12. "*Unkind*," i. e. for having failed him.—C. H. H.

"*eyeless night*," Theobald's emendation of the Folios, "*endles*."—

I. G.

26. "*time*," emergency.—C. H. H.

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king 30
Yet speaks and peradventure may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come
back,

And brought Prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!

I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide; 40
These Lincoln Washes have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.

Away before: conduct me to the king;
I doubt he will be dead or ere I come.

[*Exeunt.*

30. "*The King yet speaks*"; not one of the historians who wrote within sixty years of the event mentions this story. Thomas Wykes is the first who mentions it. According to the best accounts John died at Newark, of a fever. The following account is given by Holinshed from Caxton: "After he had lost his army, he came to the abbey of Swineshead in Lincolnshire, and there understanding the cheapness and plenty of corn, showed himself greatly displeased therewith, and said in his anger, that he would cause all kind of grain to be at a far higher price ere many days should pass. Whereupon a monk that heard him speak such words, being moved with zeal for the oppressions of his country, gave the king poison in a cup of ale, whereof he first took the assay, to cause the king not to suspect the matter, and so they both died in manner at one time." —H. N. H.

SCENE VII

The orchard at Swinstead Abbey.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly, and his pure brain,
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-
house,
Doth by the idle comments that it makes
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak, and holds belief
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.
Doth he still rage? [*Exit Bigot.*

Pem. He is more patient 11
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them invisible, and his siege is now

1. Prince "*Henry*" was only nine years old when his father died.—H. N. H.

2. "*his pure brain*," his otherwise clear mind.—C. H. H.

16. "*Leaves them invisible, and his siege*"; so Folio 1; the other Folios, "*and her siege*"; Pope, "*leaves them; invisible his siege*"; Hanmer, "*leaves them insensible; his siege*"; Steevens, "*invincible*," etc.—I. G.

Against the mind, the which he pricks and
wounds

With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last
hold,

Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death
should sing. 20

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

*Enter Attendants, and Bigot, carrying King John
in a chair.*

K. John. Aye, marry, now my soul hath elbow-
room;

It would not out at windows nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom, 30
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare—dead, forsook, cast
off:

And none of you will bid the winter come

21. "cygnet"; Rowe's correction of "*Symet*" of the Folios.—I. G.

26. "*Indigest*"; a description of Chaos almost in the very words of
Ovid "*Quem dixere Chaos rudis indigestæque moles.*"—H. N. H.

To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,
 Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
 Through my burn'd bosom, nor entreat the
 north

To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips
 And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you
 much, 41

I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait
 And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O that there were some virtue in my tears,
 That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.
 Within me is a hell; and there the poison
 Is as a fiend confined to tyrannize
 On unreprieveable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
 And spleen of speed to see your majesty! 50

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
 The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd,
 And all the shrouds wherewith my life should
 sail

Are turned to one thread, one little hair
 My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
 Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
 And then all this thou seest is but a clod
 And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
 Where heaven He knows how we shall answer
 him; 60

For in a night the best part of my power.

As I upon advantage did remove,
 Were in the Washes all unwarily
 Devoured by the unexpected flood.

[*The King dies.*

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.

My liege! my lord! but now a king, now thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,

When this was now a king, and now is clay?

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind 70

To do the office for thee of revenge,

And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,

As it on earth hath been thy servant still.

Now, now, you stars that move in your right
 spheres,

Where be your powers? show now your mended
 faiths,

And instantly return with me again,

To push destruction and perpetual shame

Out of the weak door of our fainting land.

Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be
 sought;

The Dauphin rages at our very heels. 80

Sal. It seems you know not, then, so much as we:

The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,

62. "*upon advantage*," as a favorable opportunity occurred.—C.
 H. H.

64. "*Unexpected flood*"; this untoward accident really happened to King John himself. As he passed from Lynn to Lincolnshire he lost by an inundation all his treasure, carriages, baggage, and regalia.—
 H. N. H.

82. "*Cardinal Pandulph*." The historic cardinal who effected the negotiations was no longer Pandulph, but Gualo (Hol. iii. 192).—C.
 H. H.

Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
 And brings from him such offers of our peace
 As we with honor and respect may take,
 With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it when he sees
 Ourselves well sinewed to our defense.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
 For many carriages he hath dispatch'd 90
 To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
 To the disposing of the cardinal:
 With whom yourself, myself and other lords,
 If you think meet, this afternoon will post
 To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so: and you, my noble prince,
 With other princes that may best be spared,
 Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
 For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then: 100
 And happily may your sweet self put on
 The lineal state and glory of the land!
 To whom, with all submission, on my knee
 I do bequeath my faithful services
 And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
 To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul that would give you
 thanks

And knows not how to do it but with tears.

99. "*At Worcester*"; a stone coffin, containing the body of King John, was discovered in the cathedral church of Worcester, July 17, 1797.—H. N. H.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe, 110
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make
us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [*Exeunt.*

GLOSSARY

By ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.

- A' = he; I. i. 68.
- ABSEY BOOK, i. e. A B C book; a primer, which sometimes included a catechism; I. i. 196.
- ABSTRACT, epitome, summary; II. i. 101.
- ADJUNCT, consequent; III. iii. 57.
- ADVANTAGE, profit, interest; III. iii. 22.
- ADVERSE, inimicable, hostile; IV. ii. 172.
- ADVICE, deliberate consideration; III. iv. 11.
- ADVISED, "well a.," considerate; III. i. 5.
- AERY, eagle's brood; V. ii. 149.
- AFFECTETH, resembleth; I. i. 86.
- AFFECTIONS, passions, feelings; V. ii. 41.
- AFFLICTION, afflicted one; III. iv. 36.
- AIM; "cry a.," an expression borrowed from archery = to encourage the archers by crying out *aim*, when they were about to shoot, and then in a general sense to applaud, to encourage with cheers; II. i. 196.
- AIRY, dwelling in the air; III. ii. 2.
- AMAZED, bewildered; IV. ii. 137.
- AN; "an if"; *an* used to emphasize *if*; I. i. 138.
- ANATOMY, skeleton; III. iv. 40.
- ANGEL; a gold coin of the value of ten shillings, with the figure of Michael and the dragon; II. i. 590; III. iii. 8; play upon "angel" and "noble" (value six shillings and eightpence); V. ii. 64.
- ANGERLY, angrily; IV. i. 82.
- ANGIERS, Angers, the capital of Anjou; II. i. 1.
- ANSWER, face; V. vii. 60.
- ANSWER'D, atoned; IV. ii. 89.
- APPARENT, plain, evident; IV. ii. 93.
- ARMADO, fleet of war-ships; III. iv. 2.
- ARMS, heraldic device; IV. iii. 47.
- ARMS, "in arms," armed; III. i. 102; in embracement; III. i. 103.
- ARRAS, embroidered hangings which covered the walls; IV. i. 2.
- ARTICLES, particular items in a writing or discourse; II. i. 111.
- ARTIFICER, artisan; IV. ii. 201.
- ASPECT, look, air; IV. ii. 72.
- ASSURED, betrothed; II. i. 535.
- AT = by; V. ii. 75.
- ATE (Folios, "Ace"), Goddess of Mischief; II. i. 63.
- AVAUNT, exclamation of contempt or abhorrence, away! be-gone! IV. iii. 77.
- AWELESS, unawed, fearless; I. i. 266.

- BACK, go back; V. ii. 78, 95.
- BANK'D, sailed along the river-banks; V. ii. 104.
- BARE-RIBB'D, skeleton; V. ii. 177.
- BASTINADO, a sound beating; II. i. 463.
- BATED, abated, diminished; V. iv. 53.
- BATTLES, armies drawn up in battle array; IV. ii. 78.
- BECKS = beckons; III. iii. 13.
- BECOME, adorn, grace; V. i. 55.
- BEDLAM, lunatic; II. i. 183.
- BEGUILED, cheated; III. i. 99.
- BEHALF; "in right and true b.," on behalf of the rightful and true claim; I. i. 7.
- BEHAVIOR, "in my b.," i. e. "in the tone and character which I here assume"; I. i. 3.
- BEHOLDING, beholden; I. i. 239.
- BELDAMS, old women, hags; used contemptuously; IV. ii. 185.
- BENT, directed, pointed; II. i. 37.
- BEQUEATH, transfer; V. vii. 104.
- BESHREW MY SOUL, a mild oath; V. iv. 49.
- BETIME, quickly, before it is too late; IV. iii. 98.
- BETTERS, superiors in rank; I. i. 156.
- BIAS, that which draws in a particular direction, preponderant activity; originally the weight of lead let into one side of a bowl in order to make it turn towards that side; II. i. 574.
- BLOOD, "lusty blood," hasty, impetuous spirit; II. i. 461.
- BLOOD; "true b.," blood of the rightful heir; III. iv. 147.
- BLOODS, men of mettle; II. i. 278.
- BLOTS, disfigurements; III. i. 45.
- BOISTEROUS, rude, violent; IV. i. 95.
- BORROWED, false, counterfeit; I. i. 4.
- BOTTOMS, ships; II. i. 73.
- BOUGHT AND SOLD, betrayed; V. iv. 10.
- BOUNDS, boundaries; III. i. 23.
- BRABBLER, quarreler, noisy fellow; V. ii. 162.
- BRAVE, bravado, defiant speech; V. ii. 159.
- BRAVE, defy; V. i. 70.
- BREATHE, takes breath; III. ii. 4.
- BRIEF, short document; a legal term; II. i. 103.
- BRIEF IN HAND, speedily to be dispatched; IV. iii. 158.
- BROKE OUT, escaped; V. vi. 24.
- BROKE WITH, opened my heart, communicated; IV. ii. 227.
- BROKER, agent; II. i. 568.
- BROWS, walls (used figuratively); II. i. 38.
- BUSS, kiss; III. iv. 35.
- BUT, except; III. i. 92; but that; IV. i. 128; "but now" = just now; V. vii. 66.
- BY THIS LIGHT, a mild oath; I. i. 259.
- CALF'S-SKIN, a coat made of calf's-skin; the distinguishing garment of a fool; III. i. 129.
- CALL, a cry to entice birds to return; III. iv. 174.
- CANKER, corroding evil; V. ii. 14.
- CANKER'D, venomous, wicked; II. i. 194.
- CAPABLE OF, susceptible to; III. i. 12.
- CENSURED, judged; II. i. 328.
- CHAFED (the Folios "cased"; Theobald's emendation), enraged; III. i. 259.
- "CHAMPION OF OUR CHURCH"; "the King of France was

- styled the Eldest son of the Church and the Most Christian King"; III. i. 267.
 CHAPS, jaws, the mouth; II. i. 352.
 CHASTISED, severely punished; V. ii. 84.
 CHATILLON (Chatillion, in the Folios), quadrisyllabic; I. i. 30.
 CHECK, control; -an allusion to the game of chess; "the Queen of the chessboard was, in this country, invested with those remarkable powers that render her by far the most powerful piece in the game, somewhere about the second decade of the 16th century" (Staunton); II. i. 123.
 CHRISTENDOM, baptism, Christianity; IV. i. 16.
 CHURLISH, rough, rude; II. i. 76; niggardly; II. i. 519.
 CINCTURE (Pope's reading; Folios "*center*," perhaps = French *ceinture*), girdle; IV. iii. 155.
 CIRCUMSTANCE, details; II. i. 77.
 CLAP UP, join hands to ratify a compact; III. i. 235.
 CLEARLY, completely; V. v. 7.
 CLIMATE, region of the sky; II. i. 344.
 CLIPPETH ABOUT, embraceth; V. ii. 34.
 CLOSE, secret; IV. ii. 72.
 CLOSELY, secretly; IV. i. 133.
 CLOSET, private apartment; IV. ii. 267.
 CLOUTS; "a babe of c.," a doll made of pieces of cloth, a rag-doll; III. iv. 58.
 CLUTCH, shut close; II. i. 589.
 COCKER'D, pampered; V. i. 70.
 COIL, ado, turmoil; II. i. 165.
 COLBRAND THE GIANT; a famous legendary giant, overthrown by Guy of Warwick before King Athelstan at Winchester (*cp.* Ballad of Guy and Colebrande, in Percy's *Reliques*); I. i. 225.
 COLDLY, calmly, tranquilly; II. i. 53.
 COMMANDMENT ON, command of, over; IV. ii. 92.
 COMMODITY, profit, self-interest; II. i. 573.
 COMPANIES = *company*; IV. ii. 167.
 COMPOSITION, compact; II. i. 561.
 COMPOUND, agree, settle; II. i. 281.
 COMPULSION, compelling circumstances; V. ii. 44.
 CONCEIT, mental faculty, intelligence; III. iii. 50.
 CONCLUDES, settles the matter; I. i. 127.
 CONDUCT, escort, guard; I. i. 29.
 CONFOUNDED, destroyed; V. vii. 58.
 CONFUSION, ruin, overthrow; II. i. 359.
 CONJURE, solemnly enjoin; IV. ii. 269.
 CONSEQUENTLY, accordingly; IV. ii. 240.
 CONTEMN'D, despised; V. ii. 13.
 CONTROL, constraint; I. i. 17.
 CONTROLMENT, compulsion; I. i. 20.
 CONVERSION, change to superior rank; I. i. 189.
 CONVERTITE, convert; V. i. 19.
 CONVICTED, defeated, overpowered; III. iv. 2.
 COOPS, shuts up (for protection); II. i. 25.
 CORRUPTIBLY, causing corruption; V. vii. 2.

- COUNTRIES**; "man of c.," traveler; I. i. 193.
- COUSIN**, any kinsman or kinswoman not nearly related; III. i. 339.
- COVETOUSNESS**, eagerness, desire; IV. ii. 29.
- CRACKER**, blusterer, braggart; II. i. 147.
- CREATE**, created; IV. i. 107.
- CROSS'D**, thwarted; III. i. 91.
- CULL**, choose out, select; II. i. 40.
- CUSTOMED**, accustomed, customary, common; III. iv. 155.
- DEAD NEWS**, news of death; V. vii. 65.
- DEAFS** = deafens; II. i. 147.
- DEALT**, acted; V. ii. 121.
- DEAR**; "my d. offense," "the offense which has cost me dear"; I. i. 257.
- DEFFY**, despise, renounce; III. iv. 23.
- DEPARTED**, parted; II. i. 563.
- DEVICE**, "cut and ornaments of a garment"; I. i. 210.
- DIM**, "wanting the fresh aspect of life and health"; III. iv. 85.
- DISALLOW OF**, refuse; I. i. 16.
- DISCONTENTS**, discontented spirits; IV. iii. 151.
- DISHABITED**, dislodged; II. i. 220.
- DISPITEOUS**, pitiless; IV. i. 34.
- DISPOSE**, disposal; I. i. 263.
- DISOSED**, managed, arranged; III. iv. 11.
- DISTEMPER'D**, disturbed by the elements; III. iv. 154; angry, ill-humored; IV. iii. 21.
- DOFF**, take off; III. i. 128.
- DOGGED**, cruel; IV. i. 129; IV. iii. 149.
- DOMINATIONS**, dominion, sovereign power; II. i. 176.
- DOUBT**, suspect, fear; IV. i. 19.
- DOUBTLESS**, free from fear; IV. i. 130.
- DOWN-TRODDEN**, trampled to the ground; II. i. 241.
- DRAW**, draw out, lengthen; II. i. 103.
- DRAWN**, drawn together; IV. ii. 118.
- DREW**, levied; V. ii. 113.
- DUNGHILL**; a term of contempt for a person meanly born (= "dunghill cur"); IV. iii. 87.
- DUST**, "a d.," a particle of dust; IV. i. 93.
- EAT**, eaten; I. i. 234.
- EFFECT**, import, tenor; IV. i. 38.
- EMBASSY**, message entrusted to an ambassador; I. i. 6; I. i. 22.
- EMBATTALLED**, drawn up in battle order; IV. ii. 200.
- EMBOUNDED**, enclosed; IV. iii. 137.
- ENDAMAGEMENT**, injury, harm; II. i. 209.
- ENFORCED**, compelled; V. ii. 30.
- ENFRANCHISEMENT**, release from prison, deliverance; IV. ii. 52.
- EQUITY**, justice; II. i. 241.
- EVEN**, exactly, just; III. i. 233.
- EXCOMMUNICATE** = excommunicated; III. i. 173.
- EXERCISE**; "good exercise," education befitting a noble youth; IV. ii. 60.
- EXHALATION**, meteor; III. iv. 153.
- EXPEDIENT**, expeditious, quick; II. i. 60.
- EXPIRE**, come to an end, cease; V. iv. 36.
- EXTREMES**, acts of cruelty; IV. i. 108.
- FAIR**, clearly, distinctly; IV. i. 37.

FAIR FALL, fair fortune befall;
I. i. 78.

FALL FROM, desert; III. i. 320.

FALL'N OFF, deserted; V. v. 11.

FANTASIED; "strangely f.," filled
with strange fancies; IV. ii.
144.

FASHION'D; "so new a f. robe,"
a robe of so new a fashion;
IV. ii. 27.

FAST AND LOOSE, a cheating game
of gipsies and other vagrants,
the drift of which was to en-
courage wagers, as to whether
a knot was fast or loose; III.
i. 242.

FEARFUL; "fearful action," ges-
tures of fear; IV. ii. 191.

FEATURE, form, external appear-
ance; IV. ii. 264.

FELL, fierce, cruel; III. iv. 40.

FENCE, skill in fencing; II. i.
290.

FETCH ABOUT, turn, veer round;
IV. ii. 24.

FIELD, battle-field; V. i. 55.

FINE, punishment; V. iv. 37; V.
iv. 38, end; with a play upon
the two senses of the word.

FLATS, low ground; V. vi. 40.

FLEET, pass away with rapidity;
II. i. 285.

FLESH, "make fierce and eager
for combat"; V. i. 71.

FLESHLY LAND, land of flesh; IV.
ii. 245.

FLOOD, ocean, sea; III. iv. 1.

FOUT, scorn, mock; II. i. 373.

FONDLY, foolishly; II. i. 258.

FOOTING; "upon the f. of our
land," standing upon our own
soil; V. i. 66.

FOR, because; II. i. 591.

FORAGE, prowl about like a lion
in search of prey; V. i. 59.

FOR BECAUSE = because; II. i.
588.

FORGO, give up, renounce; III. i.
207.

FORWEARIED, worn out, exhausted;
II. i. 233.

FOSTER'D UP, reared; V. ii. 75.

FRANCE, the King of France; I.
i. 1.

FROM, away from, foreign; IV.
iii. 151.

FULSOME, nauseous, disgusting;
III. iv. 32.

GALL, wound, hurt; IV. iii. 94,
95.

GAWDS, toys, trifling ornaments;
III. iii. 36.

GIVE OFF, take off, give up; V.
i. 27.

GIVE WAY, permit to pass before
us; I. i. 156.

GLISTER, glitter, shine; V. i. 54.

GONE, despatched, dead; III. iv.
163.

GOOD DEN, good evening; I. i.
185.

GOODS, good, advantage; IV. ii.
64.

GRACIOUS, full of grace, lovely;
III. iv. 81.

GREENS, grassy plains, meadows;
II. i. 242.

GROSSLY, stupidly; III. i. 163,
168.

GUARD, ornament; IV. ii. 10.

HALF-FACED GROAT; groats and
half-groats with the profile or
half-face of the King, were
first struck in 1503; I. i. 94.

HALTING, dilatory; V. ii. 174.

HANDKERCHER = handkerchief;
IV. i. 42.

HARBORAGE, shelter; II. i. 234.

- HARNESS'D**, dressed in armor; V. ii. 132.
- HATCH**, half door; "take the h.," jump the half door; V. ii. 138.
- HEAD OF WAR**, armed force; V. ii. 113.
- HEAT** = heated; IV. i. 61.
- HEINOUS**, odious; III. iv. 90.
- HENCE**, hereafter; V. iv. 29.
- HIS** = its; IV. iii. 32.
- HOLD**, restrain; IV. ii. 82.
- HOLDS HAND WITH**, is on terms of equality with; II. i. 494.
- HOLP**, helped; I. i. 240.
- HUMOROUS**, capricious; III. i. 119.
- HUMORS**, "unsettled h.," restless spirits; II. i. 66; whims; IV. ii. 209.
- HURLY** = *hurly-burly*, confusion, uproar; III. iv. 169.
- IDLY**, casually, carelessly; IV. ii. 124.
- IMPEACH**, accuse; II. i. 116.
- IMPORTANCE**, importunity; II. i. 7.
- IN** = on; I. i. 99.
- INDIFFERENCY**, impartiality; II. i. 579.
- INDIGEST**, chaos; V. vii. 26.
- INDIRECT**, lawless, wrong; III. i. 275.
- INDIRECTION**, wrong, dishonest practice; III. i. 276.
- INDIRECTLY**, wrongfully; II. i. 49.
- INDUSTRIOUS**, zealous, laborious; II. i. 376.
- INFANT STATE**, infant majesty, or, state that belongs to an infant; II. i. 97.
- INFORTUNATE**, unfortunate; II. i. 178.
- INGRATE**, ungrateful; V. ii. 151.
- INNOCENCY**, innocence; IV. iii. 110.
- INQUIRE OUT**, seek out; IV. iii. 115.
- INTELLIGENCE**, spies, informers; IV. ii. 116.
- INTEREST TO**, claim to; V. ii. 89.
- INTERROGATORIES**, a technical law-term; questions put to a witness which were to be answered with the solemnities of an oath; III. i. 147.
- INVASIVE**, invading; V. i. 69.
- INVETERATE**, deep-rooted; V. ii. 14.
- JOAN**, a common name for a woman among rustics; I. i. 184.
- JOY**, glad; III. iv. 107.
- LASTING**, everlasting, eternal; III. iv. 27.
- LIABLE**, subject; II. i. 490; fit; IV. ii. 226; allied, associated; V. ii. 101.
- LIEN** = lain; IV. i. 50.
- LIGHTNING**; "as l.," as swift as lightning; I. i. 24.
- LIKE**, likely, probable; III. iv. 49.
- LIMITED**, fixed, appointed; V. ii. 123.
- LINE**, thicken, strengthen; IV. iii. 24.
- LINEAL**, hereditary, due by right of birth; II. i. 85.
- LIST**, listen, give ear; II. i. 468.
- LITTER**, a couch for ladies and sick persons in traveling; V. iii. 16.
- MAKE UP**, hasten forward; III. ii. 5.
- MANAGE**, taking of measures, administration; I. i. 37.
- MATTER**, material, fuel; V. ii. 85.

Glossary

MAX, can; V. iv. 21.
MEAGER, thin, lean; III. iv. 85.
MEANS, intends, purposes; III. iv. 119.
MEASURES, stately dances; here used for the music accompanying and regulating the motion of the dance; III. i. 304.
MIGHT, could, were able; II. i. 325.
MINION, favorite; II. i. 392.
MISTEMPERED = distempered, ill-tempered; V. i. 12.
MISTOOK, mistaken; III. i. 274.
MOCKING, deriding, ridiculing; V. i. 72.
MODERN, commonplace; III. iv. 42.
MODULE, mould, image; V. vii. 58.
MOE, more; V. iv. 17.
MORE, greater; II. i. 34.
MORTAL, deadly; III. i. 259.
MOTION, impulse; I. i. 212.
MOUNTING, aspiring; I. i. 206.
MOUSING, worrying, tearing (as a cat does a mouse); II. i. 354.
MUNITION, materials for war; V. ii. 98.
MUSE, marvel, wonder; III. i. 317.
MUTINES, mutineers; II. i. 378.

NEW, lately; III. i. 233.
NICE, "makes nice of," is scrupulous about; III. iv. 138.
NOB, contemptuous diminutive of Robert; I. i. 147.
NO HAD, had I not? IV. ii. 207.
NOTE, "of note," noted, well known; IV. i. 121.
NOTED, known; IV. ii. 21.

OCCASION, necessity, cause; II. i. 82; "occasions," opportunities; IV. ii. 62; course of events; IV. ii. 125.

LIFE AND DEATH

O'ERBEARING, bearing down, overpowering; III. iv. 9.
OF = from; III. iv. 55.
OFFEND, harm, hurt; IV. i. 132.
OFFER, attempt; IV. ii. 94.
OPPOSITE, contrary; III. i. 254.
OPPRESSION; "our o." = oppression of us, our injury; III. i. 106.
OUT-FACED, supplanted, put down by arrogance and intimidation; II. i. 97.
OUTLOOK, face down; V. ii. 115.
OUTWARD EYE; a metaphor derived from the game of bowls; "the eye of a bowl was the aperture on one side which contained the bias or weight"; II. i. 583.
OVERBEAR, overrule; IV. ii. 37.
OWE, own; II. i. 109.

PAINTED, artificial, counterfeit; III. i. 105.
PARLE, parley; II. i. 205.
PASS, refuse; II. i. 258.
PASSIONATE, full of lamentation; II. i. 544.
PAWNS, pledges; V. ii. 141.
PEERING O'ER = overpeering, overflowing; III. i. 23.
PEEVISH, wayward; II. i. 402.
PEISED, poised, balanced; II. i. 575.
PENCIL, small brush used to lay on colors; III. i. 237.
PERADVENTURE, perhaps; V. vi. 31.
PEREMPTORY, determined; II. i. 454.
PERFECT, right, correct; V. vi. 6.
PHILIP! SPARROW; the popular name of the sparrow was Philip, suggested by its peculiar chirp (*cp.* Skelton's

- Boke of Phylp Sparowe*"); I. i. 231.
- PICKED, affected; I. i. 193.
- PLOTS, positions; II. i. 40.
- POSSESS'D WITH, informed of; IV. ii. 41.
- POTENTS, potentates; II. i. 358.
- POWERS, armed force; III. iii. 70.
- PRACTICES, plots; IV. i. 20.
- PRATE, prattle; IV. i. 25.
- PRECEDENT, "original copy of a writing"; V. ii. 3.
- PRESAGES, prognostications; III. iv. 158.
- PRESENCE; "lord of thy p.," lord of only your fine person; I. i. 137.
- PRESENTLY, immediately; V. vii. 86.
- PRINCES = lords; V. vii. 97.
- PRIVATE, private communication; IV. iii. 16.
- PRODIGIOUSLY, by the birth of a monster; III. i. 91.
- PROPERTIED, made a property or tool of; V. ii. 79.
- PROVOKE, incite, instigate; IV. ii. 207.
- PUISSANCE, armed force; III. i. 339.
- PURE, clear; V. vii. 2.
- PURPLED HANDS, hands stained with blood, like those of huntsmen, by cutting up the deer; II. i. 322.
- PURPOSE, "had a p.," intention; V. i. 76.
- PUT O'ER, refer; I. i. 62.
- PYRENEAN, the Pyrenees; I. i. 203.
- QUANTITY, small portion; V. iv. 23.
- QUARTER; "keep good q.," guard carefully your posts; V. v. 20.
- QUOTED, noted, marked; IV. ii. 222.
- RAGE = rave; V. vii. 11.
- RAMPING, rampant; III. i. 122.
- RANKNESS, fullness to overflowing; V. iv. 54.
- REASON, it is reasonable; V. ii. 130.
- RECREANT, cowardly, faithless; III. i. 129.
- REFUSE, reject, disown; I. i. 127.
- REGREET, greeting; III. i. 241.
- REMEMBERS, reminds; III. iv. 96.
- REMEMBRANCE, memory (quadrisyllabic); V. ii. 2; V. vi. 12.
- REMORSE, compassion; II. i. 478.
- RESOLVED, resolute; V. vi. 29.
- RESOLVETH, melteth; V. iv. 25.
- RESPECT, consideration, reflection; IV. ii. 214.
- RESPECTIVE, showing respect; I. i. 188.
- REST, quiet possession; IV. ii. 55.
- RETIRE THEMSELVES = retire, retreat; V. iii. 13.
- REVOLTS, deserters, rebels; V. ii. 151.
- RHEUM, moisture, here used for tears; III. i. 22.
- RIBS, walls; II. i. 384.
- RIPE, ripen; II. i. 472.
- ROUNDED, whispered; II. i. 566.
- ROUNDURE, enclosure; II. i. 259.
- RUB, obstacle, impediment; III. iv. 128.
- RUMOR, din, tumult; V. iv. 45.
- SAFETY, safe custody; IV. ii. 158.
- SAVAGERY, atrocity; IV. iii. 48.
- SCAMBLE = scramble, struggle; IV. iii. 146.
- SCATH, injury, damage; II. i. 75.
- SCOPE OF NATURE, natural effect

- (Pope "scape," *i. e.* freak); III. iv. 154.
- SCROYLES, scabby fellows, rascals; II. i. 373.
- SECONDARY, subordinate; V. ii. 80.
- SECURE, free from care; IV. i. 130.
- SEMBLANCE, appearance, disguise; IV. iii. 4.
- SET, a term at cards, as well as at tennis; V. ii. 107.
- SET FORWARD, start on the journey; IV. iii. 19.
- SHADOW, reflection; II. i. 498.
- SHADOWING, shielding, protecting; II. i. 14.
- SHALL, must; V. ii. 78.
- SHREWD, evil, bad; V. v. 14.
- SHROUDS, sail-ropes; V. vii. 53.
- SICK SERVICE, service in sickness; IV. i. 52.
- SIGHTLESS, unsightly, ugly; III. i. 45.
- SIGN'D, marked, branded; IV. ii. 222.
- SET, close; V. vii. 51.
- SKIN-COAT, *i. e.* lion's skin (taken from Richard); II. i. 139.
- SMACKS, savors; II. i. 396.
- SMOKE, thrash (a dialect word); II. i. 139.
- So = if only; IV. i. 17.
- SOLE, alone, unique; IV. iii. 52.
- SOLEMNITY, marriage ceremony; II. i. 555.
- SOOTH, truth; IV. i. 29.
- SOOTHEST UP, dost flatter ("up" used intensively); III. i. 121.
- SOUL-FEARING, soul-frightening, terrifying; II. i. 383.
- SOUND, give voice to, proclaim; IV. ii. 48.
- SOUSE, a term in falconry, to pounce upon; V. ii. 150.
- SPED, succeeded; IV. ii. 141.
- SPEND, waste; V. ii. 39.
- SPIRIT, monosyllabic; II. i. 232; V. i. 53.
- SPLEEN, heat, passion; IV. iii. 97.
- SPOT, stain, disgrace; V. ii. 30.
- SPRIGHTFUL, full of spirit, high-spirited; IV. ii. 177.
- STAFF, lance; II. i. 318.
- STATE, power, majesty; IV. ii. 243.
- STATES, lords of high estate; II. i. 395.
- STAY, a peremptory check, a command to stop; II. i. 455.
- STILL, continually; V. vii. 37.
- STILL AND ANON, now and again; IV. i. 47.
- STRAIGHT, straightway; II. i. 149.
- STRAIT, parsimonious, niggardly; V. vii. 42.
- STRANGER, foreign; V. i. 11.
- STUMBLING NIGHT, night which causes stumbling; V. v. 18.
- SUDDEN, quick, hasty; IV. i. 27; unprepared; V. vi. 26.
- SUGGESTIONS, temptations, incitements to evil-doing; III. i. 292.
- SUPERNAL, placed above, heavenly; II. i. 112.
- SUSPIRE, draw breath; III. iv. 80.
- SWINGED, thrashed, whipped; II. i. 288.
- TABLE, tablet (on which a picture is painted); II. i. 503.
- TAKE = make; III. i. 17.
- TARRE ON, set on, incite; IV. i. 117.
- TASK (Theobald's correction of "tast" of the Folios), challenge, command; III. i. 148.
- TASTE, to act the part of taster, an officer whose duty it was

- to "take the assay" of each dish before it passed to his master; V. vi. 28.
- TEMPORIZE, come to terms, compromise; V. ii. 125.
- TERRITORIES, (probably) feudal dependencies; I. i. 10.
- THEN, than; IV. ii. 42.
- THREATS, threatens; III. i. 347.
- TICKLING, cajoling, flattering; II. i. 573.
- TIDES; "high t.," high days; III. i. 86.
- TIME'S ENEMIES, the enemies of the times, *i. e.* of the present state of affairs; IV. ii. 61.
- TITHE, take a tithe; III. i. 154.
- TO, added to; I. i. 144.
- TOASTING-IRON, an iron used for toasting cheese; used contemptuously of a sword; IV. iii. 99.
- TOLL, take toll, raise a tax; III. i. 154.
- TONGUE, alluding to the serpent's tongue, in which the venom was supposed to be secreted; III. i. 258.
- TOOK IT ON HIS DEATH, swore by the certainty of his death; I. i. 110.
- TOFFUL, full to the brim; III. iv. 180.
- TOTTERING, tattered; V. v. 7.
- TOUCH'D AND TRIED, tested by the touchstone; III. i. 100.
- TOWERS, rises in circles in flight; V. ii. 149.
- TOYS, idle fancies, follies; I. i. 232.
- TRICK, characteristic expression; I. i. 85.
- TRUE; "my t. defense," *i. e.* "the defense of my honesty"; IV. iii. 84.
- UNADVISED, without due thought, consideration; II. i. 45; rash; II. i. 191.
- UNCONSTANT = inconstant, unsteady, fickle; III. i. 243.
- UNDER-BEAR, bear, endure; III. i. 65.
- UNDERPROP, support; V. ii. 99.
- UNDER-WROUGHT, undermined; II. i. 95.
- UNDESERVED, not merited; IV. i. 108.
- UNHAIR'D (Theobald's emendation of "vn-heard," the reading of Folio 1), beardless; V. ii. 133.
- UNMATCHABLE, not able to be equaled; IV. iii. 52.
- UNOWED, unowned, left without an owner; IV. iii. 147.
- UNREVEREND, disrespectful; I. i. 227.
- UNRULY, not submitting to rule; III. iv. 135.
- UNSURED, unstable, insecure; II. i. 471.
- UNTHREAD THE RUDE EYE, retrace the hazardous road (Theobald "untread"; but the metaphor is evidently derived from threading a needle); V. iv. 11.
- UNURGED, unsolicited, voluntary; V. ii. 10.
- UNVEX'D, not molested, not troubled; II. i. 253.
- UP, used with intensive force; IV. iii. 133.
- UPON, on the side of; I. i. 34; on account of; II. i. 597.
- VEX'D, disquieted; III. i. 17.
- VOLQUESSEN, the ancient country of the Velocasses, whose capital was Rouen; II. i. 527.
- VOLUNTARIES, volunteers; II. i. 67.

W^{AFT} = wafted, borne over the sea; II. i. 73.

W^{AIT UPON}, attend; V. vii. 98.

W^{ALKS}; "wildly w.," *i. e.* goes to confusion; IV. ii. 128.

W^{ALL-EYED}, glaring-eyed ("having an eye in which the iris is discolored or wanting in color"); IV. iii. 49.

W^{ANT}, lack; IV. i. 99.

W^{ANTON}, one brought up in luxury, an effeminate boy; V. i. 70.

W^{ANTONNESS}, sportiveness; IV. i. 16.

W^{ARN'D}, summoned; II. i. 201.

W^{ATCHFUL}; "the w. minutes to the hour," the minutes which are watchful to the hour; IV. i. 46.

W^{AY}, line of descent; V. vi. 11.

W^{EAL}, common-wealth; IV. ii. 65; welfare; IV. ii. 66.

W^{EAR OUT}, let come to an end; III. i. 110.

W^{EATHER}, storm, tempest; IV. ii. 109.

W^{HAT}! an ejaculation of impatience; I. i. 245.

W^{HAT THOUGH}, what does it matter! I. i. 169.

W^{HET ON}, incite; III. iv. 181.

W^{HETHER} (Folios, "where"), monosyllabic; I. i. 75; II. i. 167.

W^{ILLFUL-OPPOSITE}, refractory, stubborn; V. ii. 124.

W^{IND UP}, furl together; V. ii. 73.

W^{INKING}, closed; II. i. 215.

W^{ITH} = by; II. i. 567; III. iv. 135.

W^{ORSHIP}, honor, dignity; IV. iii. 72.

W^{RESTED}, taken by violence; IV. iii. 154.

Y^{ET}, as yet; II. i. 361.

Y^{ON}, yonder; III. iii. 60.

Y^{OU} = for you, in your interests; III. iv. 146.

Z^{EAL}, ardor, intense endeavor; II. i. 565.

Z^{OUNDS}; a corruption of "God's wounds"; a common oath; II. i. 466.

